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Review

Christmas
1913



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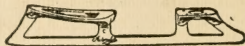
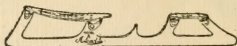
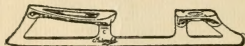
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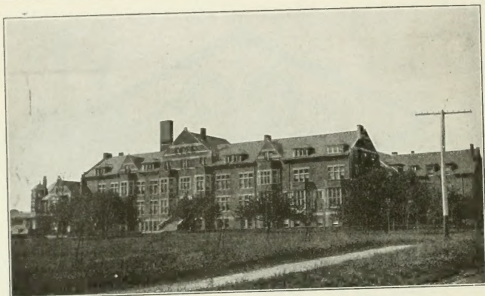
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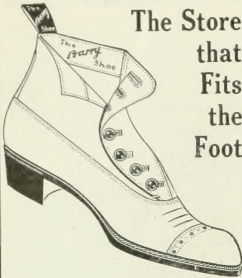
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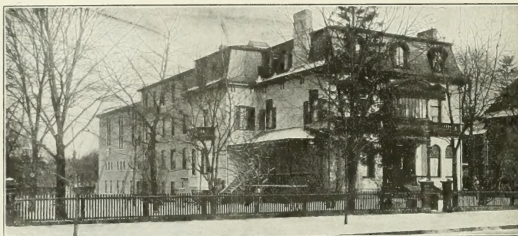
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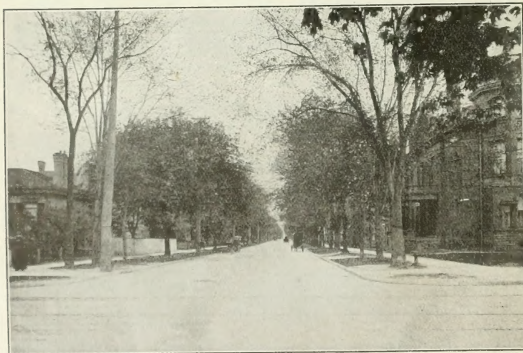
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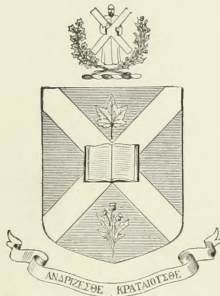
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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1913

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St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1913

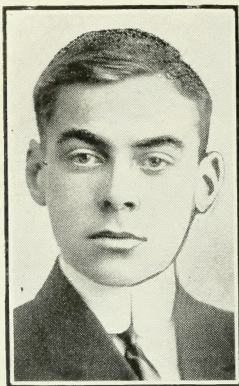
Editorials

OUR first duty is to thank our contributors for their generous response to our appeal for reading matter. Our difficulty has been mainly that of selecting among a large number of articles of almost equal merit, and our choice has been guided, in some cases, by clearness, terseness and vividness of narration to pass over compositions which, though interesting and carefully written, suffered from prolixity and too strenuous an attempt at "fine writing." A great authority on English prose once said that, "the finest stylist was he whose work showed least signs of style," and the dictum is worth pondering on. But rich as we are in essayists we lack a poet, and miss him sadly. Is there no budding Robert Service in St. Andrew's College?

Except for the sad bereavement of which a notice will be found in this issue, the term has been blissfully uneventful, and interest has centred mainly on the doings of our First Football Team, which has covered itself with glory during a most successful season, and has restored to our keeping the trophy of the "Little Big Four." All honor to Wright and his team of stalwarts who have played a hard, clean game from start to finish. The comparative immunity of our team from injury, and the excellent staying powers which were largely responsible for their success, speak volumes for the careful supervision of Mr. Chapman.

In conclusion we would appeal to all our readers for any information that might be of interest about the doings of old boys. Such interest is not confined to their correct initials, address, and date of birth or demise. We should like to know all about them and theirs; and it will be a proud day for the Editors when they can go to press with four or five pages of Old Boys news.

Obituary



DONALD R. COOPER

(Son of Rev. W. B. Cooper.)

BORN DEC. 13, 1896—DIED OCT. 30, 1913.

ON the 22nd of April, 1908, Donald Cooper entered St. Andrew's College as a pupil in the second form. He had previously attended the Bristol Grammar School in Bristol, England, where his ability attracted attention, and from the day of his entry at St. Andrew's high expectations were entertained for him by all his teachers.

As a pupil he seemed to experience no difficulty in learning, his powers of concentration and attention were of a high order, while he possessed at the same time the industry and patience always necessary to success. A bright future seemed to lie before this promising boy.

On entering the Upper School he devoted himself at first to Classics and made good progress in the study of Latin and Greek. In the latter he exhibited a capacity for languages which would have enabled him to win distinction in this department. His success in languages is the more remarkable because his real choice was science, and to this subject, together with mathematics, he devoted himself during his last year at St. Andrew's.

While possessed of exceptional mental ability he always took his full share in the athletic activities of the school, playing on whatever teams required his services, and taking a keen interest in out-of-door sports.

Possessing so happily these qualities of mind and body it is not surprising that he was always popular with his companions. His success inspired emulation never marred by jealousy. He was a good comrade as well as a good scholar.

The sudden death of a companion so highly esteemed came as a shock to boys and masters. Cooper had spent the past summer in a visit to England, and on his way back, it is thought, contracted typhoid fever. Hopes of his recovery were entertained in spite of very serious complications, but a sudden turn for the worse ended fatally. During his illness the boys of the Upper Sixth sent, with some flowers, a message of sympathy, and it is pleasant to know that Cooper was able, before the end, to appreciate the thoughtfulness of this action.

During his course at St. Andrew's, Cooper won the following prizes:—

1909, iii A.—1st general proficiency and first-class honors.

1910, iv A.—1st general proficiency, and first-class honors.

1911, v A.—1st, general proficiency and first-class honors.

1912, L vi.—1st general proficiency and first-class honors.

The Wyld prize in Latin; the Lieutenant-Governor's medal; the Chairman's gold medal; matriculation at Toronto University.

Strange and inscrutable the fate that has deprived us of one so richly endowed. Donald Cooper will long be remembered by the boys and masters of St. Andrew's College.

Fiction

EARLY DAYS IN THE WEST

IN the spring of '83, my parents went to Calgary, then little more than the Hudson's Bay trading-post and headquarters for the Royal North-West Mounted Police, with a population, of white people, not exceeding one hundred. My father at that time started the first stage line, running north to Edmonton and south to Fort McLeod. He had the government contract of carrying all the mail and express between these points. At the time of the Indian rising in '85, he drove a Hudson's Bay commissioner two hundred miles, from Calgary to Edmonton, in record time, a little less than twenty-four hours, for which he received five hundred dollars.

There were only a few ranch houses scattered throughout the country, and these could scarcely be called houses, for they were mostly two-roomed shacks. Nevertheless, a stranger was always heartily welcomed, and room could always be made for one more. Beds were scarce and there were not many other household articles. The ranchers had a hard time keeping their men; for these would light a fire in the oven, wash their feet in the cooking utensils, trade everything they had for trinkets, and leave on a moment's notice with the excuse that there were not enough girls around. Cowboys came to town and rioted about the streets. They stopped at nothing and would even ride their horses into the stores, break windows, and do just as they liked with anything and anybody. About once a month the cowboys held a bucking contest, and would bet their month's salary that they could ride any horse produced. This always proved a most interesting and exciting exhibition.

Social life consisted chiefly of dances. To attend these people would drive twenty or thirty miles, and were quite often storm-staid. When this happened they would make a house-party of the occasion, the men sleeping in the dairy, and the women in the house. During the dances water was passed in a bucket and served with a tin dipper, and the music was generally furnished

by a mouth organ and a squeaky violin. In spite of this dancing was kept up until daylight because it was too dangerous to drive home in the dark on account of the bad muskegs, at that time very numerous.

Much credit is due to the Mounted Police for keeping peace throughout the country. They would make regular rounds of the ranches and take reports of the conditions. If there were no complaints the rancher signed a paper to that effect. Such was their power that three of the riders of the plains could conduct scores of Indians about the country, because they wore the scarlet uniforms that the Redmen had learned to respect and fear; indeed, in the old days the policy of the force was to send as few men as possible.

The country's first boom seemed to come with the rush for the Klondyke in 1898, when English capital was squandered in a vain attempt to reach the Northland by way of Edmonton. This opened up the country; for more settlers brought in money, and gave the country its start.

J. S. LEESON.



" Peek-a-Boo, Lin and Babe "

PHILLIP WARING, HERO

PHILLIP Waring had a high opinion of his own ability and physical courage. And he was ambitious. For, though but a humble bank-teller, he entertained hopes of some time securing a government position. After that,—well, anything may happen to a government clerk.

On his list of acquaintances were two members of parliament, on whose influence he based his expectations. His "intimate friendship," as he termed it, consisted of having several times honored their cheques, but this, of course, he said nothing about. But, during the transaction of his business with them, he had succeeded in winning their sympathies and they had consented to recommend him to those in authority.

As he sauntered through the residential section of the city, the future shone bright before him. He pictured himself rising, step by step, until his mighty brain ruled the Empire. He invested one of his rather scarce pennies in an evening paper, but, unlike his fellow bankers, he turned, not to the sport page, but to the political reports. There met his eye a photograph of the Prime Minister, who, it stated, would leave that same evening for the Hague, to attend an international conference. Substituting his own name for that of the Premier, the sought caught his fancy: "Sir Philip Waring, K.C.G." He knew nothing of the meaning of those letters, having a hazy idea that it might be the number of his automobile license. But this in no way lessened his sense of self-importance, nor the tilt of his chin from making an angle still more obtuse with his collar, as he continued on his way.

Turning a corner, he suddenly encountered a small crowd of people congregated about the gate of a stately mansion. On enquiry, he was informed that they were waiting to cheer the departing Premier. Waring decided that it would be worth while to have a good look at the great man, as he would some day have a closer acquaintance with him. So he made himself as comfortable as he could against an iron picket fence, and waited.

As he stood there comparing the Prime Minister's house with that of his dreams for the future, he became aware of two men behind him talking in low and earnest tones. One of Phillip's

weaknesses was curiosity, and he could not resist the temptation of listening.

"This is our last chance," said a deep harsh voice, "he leaves to-night for Europe. Once in his carriage, we have lost him." Then, after a pause: "the thing seems to be working smoothly. Hand me the other cartridge; I'll do the job."

These words were accompanied by several metallic clicks, and Phillip's last doubt left him. He was quick to draw his conclusions.

"Probably foreigners whose nation will profit by the statesman's absence from the Hague; or, if not, they are anarchists. I must prevent them."

Waring liked to pose as a hero. He knew that a real hero in fiction should be tall, broad and handsome, and although he possessed none of these essentials, in his conceit he was thus distinguished.

Phillip was not actuated by a patriotic love of country in his determination to save the most eminent statesman of the day. It was a selfish motive. "For," he thought, "with *his* support it will be only a matter of days until the position of bank-teller will no longer know Phillip Waring."

He made his way to the side entrance of the house and rang. On his way he passed the two conspirators, but could not get a glimpse of the weapon referred to by the big man. However, the latter's coat bulged suspiciously, and Phillip concluded that the revolver was hidden there.

To the questions of the servant who opened the door, he replied that he was not a reporter, and followed the butler nervously into the hall. "I wonder what he's selling?" pondered the puzzled domestic.

Phillip gazed in awe upon the great man, then blurted out his tidings. The Prime Minister seemed inclined to doubt him at first, but Waring's manner was convincing, and he succeeded in obtaining a posse of four plainclothes policemen to assist him in arresting the would-be assassins. The five took up a position near the plotters and awaited developments.

The Premier had promised Phillip any reward in his power if he captured the anarchists, and with these words ringing in his ears, he was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

The front door opened and the statesman stepped forth simultaneously, the conspirators pressed through the crowd to the front, where their shadowers proceeded to surround them.

Waring, intending to nudge his nearest companion, elicited a storm of abuse from a stout peasant woman who had received his elbow in the back. Phillip pointed to the bulge in the big man's coat, and the plainclothesman nodded wisely, and muttered "Revolver."

As the foremost of their quarry produced something from under his coat, they sprang upon him with shouts of "Anarchists! Assassins!" The unknown object fell clattering to the pavement. The Premier laughed aloud from relief, and Phillip perceived the cause of the others mirth as his gaze fell upon the "mysterious thing." It was a reporter's small camera!

Still Phillip was undaunted. "Hand over that cartridge you spoke about," he commanded impressively. The sniggers of the by-standers ceased abruptly at these words, only to burst forth uproariously as the "anarchist" produced an oblong pasteboard box, on which was printed in large letters: "Eastman non-curling Film Cartridge."

Waring stalked down the street in disgust. But still he plods his weary way through an unappreciative world, talking and dreaming of a government position, to the lasting amusement of his fellow-clerks.

F. G. GRANT.



Types of Classical Beauty

HUNTING DEER IN THE HILLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

WE started on this hunting trip on the sixth of September, because on the eighth I was to leave the valley in which I was staying for Vancouver, and I wished to have a last good hunt before my departure. There were four of us in the party, the eldest being about nineteen years of age. He was our guide, as he had been to the place where we were now going the week before, and had been very successful. This spot lay on the far side of a 6,000 feet mountain, which formed one of the sides of the valley. We had to climb the mountain to get there, and therefore decided to camp on top of it and hunt on the slope below us.

We set out at two o'clock in the afternoon with one pack-horse, which was to carry our supplies, and bring back a deer if we did manage to get one. We all felt as if it would be an easy matter to reach the summit; that is, all but the guide; but when we had gone what I thought was one-quarter of the way I began to feel tired. The guide, however, was going as fast as ever, seemingly without exertion. The others looked a little tired also; so, thinking that it was time for a rest, I leaned against the side of the mountain, followed by all but our leader. He turned round and told us that we had better be moving, as he wished to get to the top before darkness; besides, we hadn't started yet. We did as he said and continued the climb. The guide went first, leading the horse, while we followed wearily after. The trail, if you could call it that, had been made by deer, so that it was very steep in places.

After a long while, as it seemed to me, the guide stopped, and we all lay down for a few minutes rest. I felt better after this, though I was very thirsty, as were the others of the party. On asking the guide how soon it would be before we could get water, he replied, quite cheerfully: "Oh! we have not gone quite half-way, the hardest part is to come yet, and there is no water 'till we get to the top."

It was as he said. Though encouraged by the fact that we shot two large blue grouse for supper, when we arrived at the summit we were completely exhausted. We were also very thirsty, not having touched water for nearly five hours, so that when the guide showed us the springs we made for them like one man. The water, however, was so cold at this altitude that we

could hardly drink it, which, no doubt, was better for us than if we had gulped it down, as we wished to. The guide, while we were satisfying our thirst and resting a bit, attended to the horse, made a fire and prepared supper. Though it was now dark the fire gave us enough light to eat by. We just sat and ate until we could eat no more, after which we made our bed under a jack-pine tree, and the four of us rolled in for a good night's rest.

The guide tried to spoil our slumbers by remarking that two weeks ago the game warden and a companion were camping about half a mile from where we were now and that during the night a grizzly bear of immense size had wandered into the camp and licked the face of one of the sleepers. The other was awakened by the yell of his companion, and not seeing a gun handy, climbed a tree. The grizzly, not being hungry, then quietly ambled away. This little bedtime story had no effect on any of us, for we were too tired to care whether a grizzly or any other animal chose to lick our faces.

In the morning we arose at four o'clock; our water and eatables were frozen, but were soon thawed by a good fire. After breakfast our hunt started. We went in two parties, one consisting of a boy named Alfred Causton and myself. The slope on which we were to hunt was hardly a slope at all, as it was almost level. At the bottom was a small creek where we knew the deer had their watering places. My friend and I went in a south-westerly direction, while the guide and the other went towards the south-east, but all of us headed indirectly for the creek. My friend and I hunted for an hour without success, seeing only tracks and a number of grouse. We had reached the creek by this time and were resting when we heard five shots in rapid succession. It was the guide's rifle, and though we knew he was a fine shot we did not think that he would get anything firing so quickly. Nevertheless, we fired a shot in the air and started in the direction from which the sound had come.

On finding our companions we were astonished to see three shapes, which we knew to be deer, lying on the ground beside them. Closer examination proved that the guide had killed a doe and two fawns, not quite a year old. Then, tired and hungry, but feeling as if we never had enjoyed and never would enjoy a more successful outing, we journeyed back more cheerily than we had come.

A NARROW ESCAPE

IT was early one spring when the weather was so warm that the people of St. John's thought that Nature had at last relented and was going to give them a much longer and warmer summer than usual that I had an experience which I shall not forget for many years.

I returned home from school at four in the afternoon, brought out my wheel and decided to go for a ride—a ride that nearly cost me my life. I had been riding back and forth for about fifteen minutes, when I came to a road which had another one running at right angles to it. It was here the accident happened.

A runaway horse maddened with fear came thundering down the road and, unable to take the sharp turn, swerved right in upon me. I knew nothing of this until a roar behind me attracted my attention. I looked over my shoulder and to my horror saw the horse, which had collided with an iron fence, greatly damaging the light waggon which it was hauling.

I heard screams and frenzied instructions from the bystanders to which I gave no heed. Unconsciously I gripped the handles and pedalled as hard as I could; but the horse still came on. It seemed to chase me and I expected to feel its fore legs on my back at any moment. I continued pedalling. I heard nothing and I knew nothing but that aching fear which clung to me. The huge brute seemed to tower above me, and I could turn neither to the right nor the left, for those deathly looking forelegs would catch me in my turning.

The horse was now only about two feet behind and I felt that the end had come; when an inclination seized me, a half-conscious prompting to throw myself off. This I did, and for a few moments lay utterly dazed. When I came to my senses I found myself lying on the ground with my shattered wheel a few feet from me. The horse had been caught farther up the road. The whole thing lasted only a few moments, but the escape was narrow enough for me to remember it as vividly as though it happened yesterday.

R. E. BENNETT.

A ROUGH RIDE

ONE Sunday last summer some of the boys from the different ranches and I were sitting on the corral fence talking and killing time. As there was very little excitement in this I suggested that someone should ride Queen, one of my father's horses. She had been running out for the last two years, and as she had always been wild and mean she was not likely to be very quiet.

Every one was willing; so they decided to match for who would ride her; and as I had suggested it, they insisted that I should go in for it, too.

Well, I won or lost, whichever you like, but anyway it was up to me to ride her. I felt as though my ride would be short, for she had thrown me several times before, when she was being ridden every day and was much quieter.

The boys roped her and put my heavy stock saddle on and a good strong bridle. I locked my spurs, which is done by tying the rowels so they will not turn. This enables the rider to stick them into the horse and prevents them from pulling up. If the rider gets a good grip in this way it gives him a great advantage.

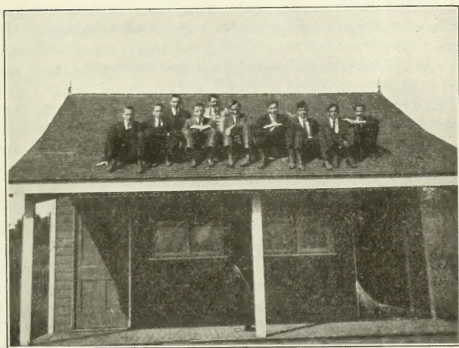
Queen fought a little while they were putting the saddle on, but not much, and my hopes began to rise. Two of them held her head while I got on. She stood stock still and they let her loose. She did not move and I said to her in my most authoritative voice: "Get up, Queen!" Still Queen refused to move, so I gently reminded her of her duty with my spurs. It seemed as though I touched a hidden spring for in a flash she humped her back, down went her head between her front legs, and she started to buck.

The first jump left me, as I thought, somewhere up in the air. As I was coming down she met me half-way and gave me another start towards the sun, which was shining brightly. About six jumps like this and I felt my balance going. My left hand was free and I groped for something to hang on to. The saddle had a rolled back, so I grabbed it, and hung on. She bucked into a corner and then stopped travelling and bucked straight up and down. "This is where I go over the fence," I thought; but I kept feeling for a hold with my spurs, and at last got them hooked in between the cinch strings, which were of wool.

The pain of the spurs made her turn and she started off across the corral, still bucking, but not so hard. The boys all shouted for me to let go leather, and I thought, too, this was not a very good way to ride a horse, especially before spectators; so I let go the saddle back and took out the spurs. She was not bucking hard then, and after I took out the spurs she stopped.

On starting to get off I discovered that there were sharp pains shooting through my back and left shoulder. When I had hold of the back of the saddle I was sitting in a twisted position and strained the muscles. However, I got off as best I could, and let the boys unsaddle her; but I thought that that was about enough excitement for one day, so I took it easy the remainder of the afternoon.

A. P. HUNTER.



Pigeons Near the Corn

A CHRISTMAS STORY

YES, my boy, yes, those were the good, old times. None of your bargain-hunting, temper-wearing Christmases then. No, Sir!" said the old man as he gently smoothed the curls of the youngster who sat at his feet, listening to him.

The pair, grandfather and grandson, made a pretty picture as they sat in front of the big, open fireplace, whose cheery, crackling flames showed them in strong relief against the flickering shadows cast upon the walls of the room by the massive old furniture.

A child's small stocking hung from the mantel, in expectation of the morrow.

"Tell me about the wolves," demanded the child, becoming restless as his grandsire mused; "tell me how you saved Grandma."

"How I saved Grandma, dear? Very well, just wait till I collect my thoughts."

The room in which they were sitting was furnished with age-darkened mahogany, carved in quaint and intricate designs. The walls were wainscoted by a dark panelling, above which hung the family portraits of past generations, alternating here and there with coats of arms, or shields and spears.

The whole room was obviously an apartment in a mansion of some pretensions. It had, indeed, in bygone days, been the banquetting-hall of the old castle, of which it formed a part; it was now used as a sitting-room, though seldom frequented by others than the grandfather and his favorite.

"Well, Bub, it was this way," began the grandfather, in his high, quavering voice. "Your grandma and I were out for a sleigh-ride one Christmas morning, many years ago. We had left the last houses far behind and were out in the open country. The sleigh-bells were tinkling merrily, and the runners were creaking as they slipped over the snow.

"It was one of those clear, cold, December days, that you don't have now. The snow covered all the fences, and had a crust on it, so that we could drive where we pleased. As far as could be seen, there was nothing but snow and sky, except in the distance, some woods.

"We were just silently enjoying it all, when your Grandma asked me if it wasn't curious for the dogs to be so far from home.

"I asked her what she meant, and she told me to listen. Sure enough, in the distance I could hear a deep baying—but I knew they were not dogs that bayed. They were wolves!

"As I looked over the snow I could see a large pack of them in the distance just topping a rise in the ground. Well, I headed the horses towards the woods and lashed the poor brutes mercilessly. I hated to do it, but our lives depended upon our reaching the woods in time.

"The wolves still gained on us, so I threw out the buffalo robes, hoping to delay them. By this time they were within a mile of us, and we had to cover at least twice that distance, before we reached the woods and comparative safety. They had gained considerably before they reached the rugs, and these stopped them for but a few seconds.

"On they came again, and were not a hundred yards behind us when we reached the woods. I swung your Grandma up into the branches of a tree, and then caught hold of the next low branch and lifted myself up.

"I was none too soon, for, as it was, one of them came within an inch or two of my foot. We were not held up there long, as the woods were thin and the horses dashed through with the wolves in full cry after them.

"I noticed a hut within a few yards of the trees we were in, and this we managed to enter and barricade well before the wolves returned, licking their chops. They did not remain long. Perhaps the poor horses had served as a good meal, and the wolves were not hungry enough to bother about us. We remained there till a lumberman came by, that evening, in his big sleigh and took us to town.

"Now, Bub, it's time you were in bed. Kiss your Grandpa good-night."

For a while the old man sat alone, gazing into the fire in abstraction ruminating over the past. There were no candles in the room, the fire alone illuminating the dark corners, and the stately old furniture.

The flames became lower, dimmer—the old man nodded, all was quiet. A clock in some distant room chimed eleven. So quiet was it that a mouse ventured out of a corner, and darting across the floor hit the fire-tongs in its headlong flight. This disturbed the old man.

"Go to bed, Bub, go to bed," he muttered sleepily.

All was again quiet. Again the chimes rang out—twelve o'clock. Still the old man slept on. And now the room suddenly seemed to have changed—only the old man remained the same.

There was now no piano—in its place stood a harp. The furniture looked newer. The centre of the floor was clear. Chairs were ranged round the walls.

The door opened. In came a young and pretty maiden, closely followed by a fine looking young man—whose appearance reminded one strongly of the old man sitting by the fire. A lively chase now ensued. The youth chasing the maid, who always evaded him, till at last she sat down, laughing and breathless, on a chair; only to be gathered into his arms.

"You will drive with me to-morrow, dear?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied.

Now others began to arrive. In a short time several fiddlers entered. A minuet was danced. Then followed divers merry-makings, till at last a clock, which had appeared with the changing of the room, chimed midnight.

The guests began to depart. At last only the boy and girl remained, and he took an affectionate farewell, after reminding her of the promised sleigh-drive on the morrow. The girl seated herself at the harp and began to play the opening chords of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

A change came over the old man. He half rose in his chair and appeared to be attempting to speak. At last he found utterance.

"Is that you, Mary? Wait for me, I——." He sank back in the chair. One would have said he slept. The fire had burned itself out, and the room had resumed its former appearance.

Outside, some waits were chanting "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

It was Christmas morn.

K. MICKLEBOROUGH.

NEW BOYS' NIGHT AT ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

THE New Boys' Night, at St. Andrew's College, or, as some call it, "The Breaking-in of the New Boys," was held this year on Friday evening, the 26th of September. Dr. MacDonald called for order at a quarter past eight, and Travis, as head prefect, took the chair. There was a large audience, including many of the house masters.

The first item on the programme was a selection on the piano, by Mr. Taylor, of college songs and a few old-time melodies, which were enjoyed so much by the fellows, who joined in singing whenever an opportunity offered, that Mr. Taylor was obliged to return to the piano for an encore, which consisted of a few popular songs.

Engle was then called upon for a reading, which was exceedingly comical and which elicited loud peals of laughter from the audience. It was a parody on Mark Antony's oration on the burial of Caesar.

Before the laughter had ceased Findley, McMurtry and Smith were called for a trio to the accompaniment of Hewson and MacPherson on their respective instruments, the violin and piano. They sang "When I Lost You," making several breaks in the time and words. This caused great amusement for the audience and some embarrassment for the trio. However, they were encored, and this time they seemed to sing more in harmony with the piano.

The next item was a reading by McLaurin. This was, in some places, very humorous, but in others very dry.

Taylor II. followed with a clarinet solo. His wind was hardly equal to the music, and once or twice he was forced to stop to take a breath. But as he stood manfully on the platform and played well he was applauded loudly and encored.

When the applause had ceased, Crowe gave us a reading, which was entitled, "The New Food." This food, which was in the form of a pill of highly expansive quality, was unfortunately swallowed by the family baby, who subsequently exploded. This afforded much amusement and was applauded very loudly.

Amid vain appeals for encore the chairman's voice was heard above the laughter, calling on Horn, Fleming, Niell, Smith, McRae and Stonehouse. They sang (at least one or two did)

"Everybody's Doing It" and "Good-Night Nurse." The audience rocked with laughter while the blushing artists gave an encore.

Harrison was next with a reading, which fell a little flat after the previous excitement.

Then followed a performance as successful as it was novel to the audience: a clog-dance by Taylor I., accompanied by Parker, on the mouth-organ.

Emerson's reading, which came next, might have been more amusing had it been audible.

Bennett II. then gave a solo on a flute. He was rather nervous, but he made it appear that he was quite in his element by sitting on the corner of the table and swinging his legs to keep time. He, too, was encored.

The twelfth item on the programme was a poetic reading by Williams of a story of the North, entitled, "I'm Scared of It All." Unhappily, the effect was somewhat marred before he had concluded, by the entrance of the second team, which had been playing Rugby with Pickering College, and caused some commotion.

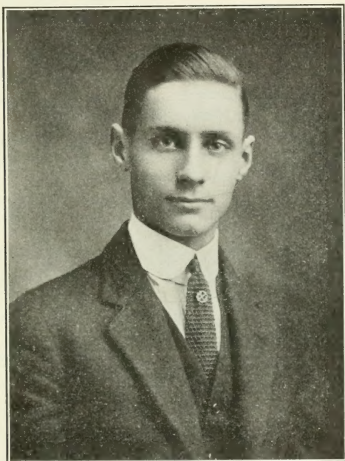
The same unhappy fate met Roger's reading, which was to the accompaniment of a babble of whispers as to the score.

A violin solo by Schattner was the last item on the programme, which, though rather long, was deservedly encored.

After Travis had congratulated the second team on their victory and Dr. MacDonald had conducted prayers; ices, cake and lemonade, in the dining-room, brought a splendid evening to a comforting finish.

G. E. WHITTAKER.

Athletics



L. Wright

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

Wright I. ("Lin"), captain—came up from last year's Second Team and played centre half; the best kicker in the league, and directed his team with excellent judgment; showed great ability in finding weak spots in the opposing teams.

McMichael ("Pete"), right half—came up from Lower School, a fair catch and a good running half; improved greatly during the season.

Parker ("Peek-a-Boo"), left half—a new boy; a good catch and kicker; very fast; showed up extremely well in T. C. S. game.

Scott ("Scottie"), quarter—came up from Fourth Team; a snappy, heady player; tackled well all year and played his position ably.

Willoughby ("Willie"), centre scrimmage—the hardest player on the team; followed up well on kicks and tackled hard.

Stonehouse ("Stony"), scrimmage—a new boy; played a good scrimmage game all year; a hard worker, and was of great value to his team.

McRae ("Mac"), scrimmage—a new boy; a fast, steady, good tackling man; played his position to perfection.

Soot ("Himer"), inside—came up from Second Team; a great buckler, and was of great value to the team, but was handicapped all year with a strained ankle.

McLennan ("Fat"), inside—an old color, excellent on stopping bucks; played steady game all season, showing up to great advantage in Ridley game.

Trow ("Stout"), middle—an old color; the best on the line, bucks and tackles well; was out of Ridley game with a bad elbow.

Wallace ("Ham"), middle—came up from Second Team; a good, hard worker and played a good steady game all season, being always in his position.

Cassels ("Cassy"), outside—captain last year's Thirds; very fast and a hard tackler; follows up well on kicks; showed up well in U.C.C. game.

Brown I. ("Bud"), outside—came up from Second Team; good on end runs, a good tackler and played his position well.

Davis I. ("Rick"), flying wing—came up from last year's Thirds; a good, hard worker and a splendid tackle; was always where he was needed.

Ingram ("Merk"),—substituted in Trow's place in Ridley game; a splendid tackle and got his head down on bucks; filled the place well.

Cantley ("Bunny")—Was hurt in U.C.C. game; a good kicker and a hard worker.

Leishman ("George")—substitute in Parker's place; a sure catch and steady runner.

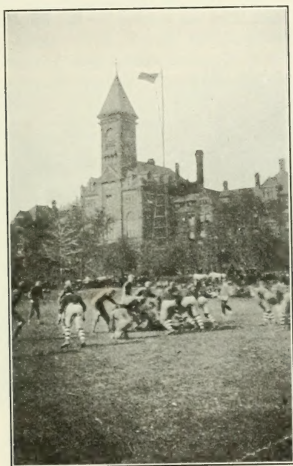
The team wishes to thank Travis and Leckie for their able management during the season.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA.

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.

Outplayed in every department of the game, U.C.C. fourteen went down to defeat at the hands of the St. Andrew's team by 16—11.

The day was perfect for football, with a clear sky and a brisk north-east breeze.



S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

Tremendous cheers greeted the teams as they stepped on the field. Dr. Hendry and Mr. W. A. Hewitt had been secured to officiate.

S.A.C. won the toss and elected to kick west with the wind. Tenant kicked off to Wright, who returned to Raymond. U.C.C. were penalized for offside work, and on first down Cantley kicked

over to Tisdale, who was held by Cassells and Wilson for a rouge.—S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 0.

Upper Canada followed the old custom of two bucks and a kick, while the Saints punted often on first down. Wright's long spirals outdistanced those of Raymond and finally resulted in a touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 0.

Cantley was hurt in tackling Raymond, but pluckily continued. U.C.C. were still bucking, though they seldom penetrated the sturdy crimson line. After several successful end runs, Raymond kicked to Wright, who was downed for the Blue's first point.—S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 1.

The majority of Raymond's punts were going to Wright, but the visiting captain caught and returned perfectly. The Saints



The Raw Material

now commenced to use their bucks, against which the U.C.C. line was powerless. Several of Raymond's kicks were blocked, and Heinzman was often unable to clear the ball. Offside interference left St. Andrew's in possession on the home team's 20-yard line. They proceeded to hammer their way to within a yard of the Blue's goal line. Soot was called back and plowed through the U.C.C. line for a try. Wright judged his kick perfectly from a difficult angle.—S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 1.

Upper Canada were now using their fleet half line and gradually left off bucking. Quarter time was called with the home team in possession on their 30-yard line.

Early in the second period McLennan blocked Tenant's kick and carried the ball over the line, only to be called back for U.C.C.'s offside. After two bucks, Wright kicked high to Raymond, a rouge resulting.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 1.

Several interferences and successful end runs enabled Raymond to kick over to Cantley, who was forced to rouge.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 2.

Shortly after, Cantley lost the ball on an attempted fake play



The Finished Article on the Way to U.C.C.

and Raymond added a point by a kick to touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 3.

The Saints scrimmaged and after an exchange of punts Raymond kicked to Cantley and a rouge followed.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 4.

Though S.A.C. were netting substantial gains from their bucks, the game was rapidly resolving itself into a punting duel between Wright and Raymond. Cantley's ankle was injured and McMichael replaced him. Back and forth soared the oval until Wright's only fumble occurred, and that on his line. Swift fol-

lowing gave Upper Canada a touch-down, which went unconverted.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 9.

Neither team had been able to break the tie when the whistle shrilled for half-time, with St. Andrew's in possession on U.C.C.'s 10-yard line.

Second Half.

Wright received the kick-off; two bucks followed and the captain kicked to Tisdale for a rouge.—S.A.C., 10; U.C.C., 9.

U.C.C. lost the ball for offside; S.A.C. bucked twice and Wright booted to the dead-line.—S.A.C., 11; U.C.C., 9.

Upper Canada scrimmaged, but lost possession on downs. Soot bucked and Parker dropped a goal from U.C.C.'s 10-yard line.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 9.

After McMichael had received the kick-off, Wright's kick was blocked and Tenant booted to Wright for a rouge.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 10.

Tenant returned Wright's drop to Parker, and another rouge resulted.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 11.

The ball changed hands frequently for interference. Willoughby was penalized for rough work, for five minutes. After slowly but surely forcing his opponents back, Wright kicked into touch-in-goal for a point.—S.A.C., 15; U.C.C., 11.

Three-quarter time was called shortly after, with no change in the score.—S.A.C., 15; U.C.C., 11.

During the final period, S.A.C. bucked incessantly, while the Blue resorted to half-back work. After hammering their way to their opponent's quarter-way line, the Saint's added the last point to their score on Wright's kick into touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 16; U.C.C., 11.

Upper Canada's line plungers had already gone under from the steady pace and the Crimson line was fast tiring. The Saints' strength now lay in the remarkable and consistent kicking of Wright. The latter and Parker essayed to drop goals, but failed.

Pepler and Heinzman electrified their supporters by 40-yard runs. These went for nought, however, as time was called ere they could increase their score, leaving the victory with S.A.C. by 16 points to 11.

It is well nigh impossible to pick individual stars, but the work of Wright, Cassells and Scott is worthy of special mention.

The captain, by his all-round playing and example, was the greatest factor in the Saints' victory.

As for Cassells, the Principal's words describe his playing: "No outside wing playing for St. Andrew's ever played a better game than did Cassells."

Scott cleared the ball cleanly, passed perfectly, and tackled very well.

The bucking of the line was of the highest class and is worthy of much praise.

The line-up:

S.A.C.—Halves, Wright I. (capt.) Parker, Cantley (McMichael); quarter, Scott; scrimmage, Stonehouse, Willoughby, McRae; insides, McLennan, Soot; middles, Trow, Wallace; outsides, Cassells, Wilson; flying wing, Davis I.

U.C.C.—Halves, Tenant, Raymond, Tisdale; quarter, Heinzman; scrimmage, Walker, Denovan, Phillips; insides, Jones (capt.), Peterson; middles, Daverin, Helmskin; outsides, Dean, Pepler; flying wing, Turner.

F. GRANT II.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

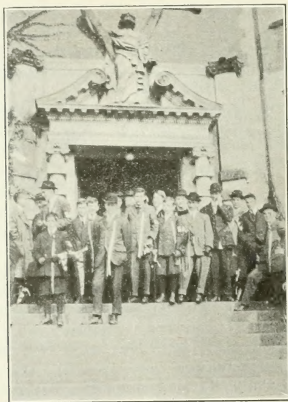
On Saturday, November 1st, the second league game, which was between Trinity College and St. Andrew's, took place on St. Andrew's grounds. The day was ideal from the player's point of view, but the spectators considered it extremely chilly. A warm sun shone, but a strong, cold wind blew across the field.

Trinity, who won the toss, chose to defend the north goal. Willoughby kicked off to Taylor, who fumbled, but recovered. St. Andrew's quickly warmed up to the game and soon had two points, one coming when Cassells downed Dawe, and the other from a touch-in-goal, kicked by Wright. S. A. C., 2; T. C. S., 0. St. Andrew's continued to keep the play in Trinity's territory, and from a punt by Taylor, Wright ran forty yards for a touch which was not converted. S.A.C., 7; T.C.S., 0.

Trinity braced themselves up and began to play, keeping St. Andrew's on the defence. Dawe helped considerably by long runs and then Taylor kicked to the dead line for Trinity's first score. S.A.C., 7; T.C.S., 1. St. Andrew's came back strong, and good bucks by Trow and McLennan forced the ball down the field and

Wright then kicked for a dead line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 1. Trinity now played hard and again put St. Andrew's on the defensive. By good playing they notched another point by touch-in-goal. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 2. A few minutes later time was called for the first quarter. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 2.

St. Andrew's slackened up somewhat in this quarter and allowed Trinity to add three more points. Dawe got away for a 30-yard run, and on a good kick by Taylor, Cooke forced Wright to



"Some" Supporters

rouge. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 3. Trinity kept forcing the play, and in a couple of minutes kicked for a dead line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 4. St. Andrew's now took the ball down the field, but failed to make anything on it, and Dawe again came into the limelight by a 40-yard run. On St. Andrew's being offside, Trinity got the ball and kicked to advantage, forcing McMichael to rouge. Half-time came soon after with St. Andrew's in possession on their 30-yard line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 5.

T.C.S. kicked off to Parker, who was held on his 30-yard line. On second down the most sensational run of the season was pulled off by Parker, who having received the ball from Wright ran around the end and, evading all tackles, went for sixty yards for a touch-down, which was not converted. S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 5. T.C.S. now put St. Andrew's on the defensive. A couple of runs by Rowland and a nice kick by Taylor resulted in Trinity's last score by touch-in-goal. S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 6. St. Andrew's now made a steady attack and kept Trinity continually on the defensive. Good runs by Rowland kept St. Andrew's from scoring, but at last Wright succeeded in kicking for another point, after which time was called. S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 6.

St. Andrew's in the last quarter outplayed Trinity, who were kept on defence throughout. T.C.S. were not in very good condition, as was evident from the number of times the game was called. Dawe was forced to rouse soon after the quarter started, which was followed by a touch, McRae falling on the ball after Rowland had muffed one of Wright's high kicks. S.A.C., 20; T.C.S., 6. Soon after Wright punted to the dead-line, followed a few minutes later by another. S.A.C., 22; T.C.S., 6. Time was called with St. Andrew's the victors.

For Trinity Rowland and Dawe were perhaps the best, their fine runs keeping St. Andrew's from scoring. Bradfield tackled well and played a good game at quarter, until he was hurt and had to desist.

On St. Andrew's team Wright as usual played a stellar game, his high kicks being very effective. Parker and Scott also played well.

The teams:

T.C.S. (6)—Flying wing, Pepler; halves, Rowland, Taylor, Dawe; quarter, Bradfield; scrimmage, Harvey, Dempster, Vipert; wings, Hogg, McKendrick, Burt, Grey, Cook, Morris.

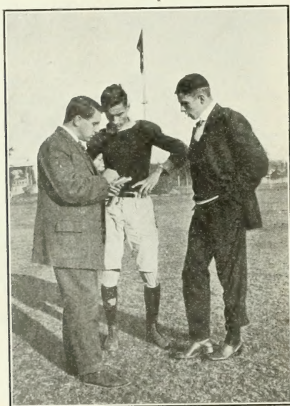
S.A.C. (22)—Flying wing, Davis; halves, Parker, Wright, McMichael; quarter, Scott; scrimmage, McRae, Willoughby, Stonehouse; wings, Trow, Wallace, Soot, McLennan, Cassels, Brown.

H. S. L.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. RIDLEY.

On Saturday, November 8th, the last and deciding game for the championship took place on the College campus between Ridley and St. Andrew's.

The day was not at all suitable for football, as it had rained the previous night and for the most part of the game, only stopping at the end of the third quarter. A light breeze blew up the field, but not heavy enough to be of any great advantage.



A Hint or Two

As both teams had easily disposed of Upper Canada and Trinity College, it was a life-and-death struggle for the championship. Ridley had the edge on St. Andrew's in speed, their half-line being of exceptionally good variety, but, owing to the day, were unable to show any great amount, except at intervals. St. Andrew's had it over Ridley in wing line and kicking; otherwise the teams were evenly matched.

Ridley won the toss and decided to defend the south goal, having advantage of the light breeze blowing in the first and third quarters. Willoughby started the game by kicking off to Marani, who returned. St. Andrew's resorted to wing bucks and McLennan got away for a good ten yards, but next down St. Andrew's lost ball on interference. Marani kicked on first down; again St. Andrew's lost on interference. Then, by a piece of fine playing, Gordon circled the end for the first tally, securing a touch-down, which was easily converted from a difficult angle by Mix.—B.R.C., 6; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's kicked off and it was again returned by Ridley. McLennan, for the second time, gained yards on his bucking, and again St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference. Ridley took the ball up the field, and Marani kicked over Leishman's head to the dead line and scored a couple of minutes after by a touch-in-goal.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's came to life now and by repeated bucking and good runs by Brown and Wright took the ball well down into Ridley's territory. St. Andrew's wings broke through and blocked Marani's kick, which Cassells secured and went over for a try, which was not converted, as the ball hit the crossbar.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 5. Play resumed; St. Andrew's forced Ridley, but lost on forward pass. On College's next down Cassells got away for 30 yards, soon after which first quarter ended.

Second quarter began with the ball at centre. Ridley forced the ball up into St. Andrew's ground, but Wright relieved the situation by kicking out of danger. Then St. Andrew's being off-side twice, Ridley took the ball up the field. By hard playing St. Andrew's forced it back, being considerably helped by a run from McMichael. The quarter ended a few minutes after with the ball in Ridley's possession on their 5-yard line. No score this quarter.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 5.

Marani kicked off to Wright and St. Andrew's began to rush things, but lost the ball on interference. Ridley then forced the play back into St. Andrew's territory, but a fine run by Leishman and a beautiful kick by Wright gave St. Andrew's another point for touch-in-goal. Ridley then took the ball up the field and succeeded in getting a rouge.—B.R.C., 9; S.A.C., 6.

Play was fairly even at this point of the game, both teams playing excellent football, with St. Andrew's playing the hardest. St.

Andrew's forced play to within five yards of Ridley's line, but failed to go over and Ridley kicked out of danger. McMichael then ran for forty yards and on Ridley's next down St. Andrew's got a safety touch.—B.R.C., 9; S.A.C., 8. A few minutes after play was called for the third quarter with St. Andrew's in possession on their 25-yard line.

Third quarter began with Ridley in the lead, but St. Andrew's fought hard and completely outplayed Ridley. Time and again St. Andrew's bucks gained, and Ridley could not hold the onrush of the determined Saints. In fact they were practically invincible in this quarter, scoring seven points to Ridley's nil. This quarter also showed the better team and who most deserved the championship. In less than five minutes Soot bucked over for a try, which was not converted.—S.A.C., 13; B.R.C., 9. Still St. Andrew's were not satisfied and played harder and in a few minutes had notched another point in a rouge.—S.A.C., 14; B.R.C., 9. Ridley tried to come back and forced St. Andrew's down the field into their ground, but College forced them back. Four minutes before time St. Andrew's got another point by touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 15; B.R.C., 9. A few minutes later time was called and St. Andrew's won the game and championship.

'Tis with the greatest of difficulty that one is able to pick out the stars of such a game. Each man on the field played excellent. For Ridley it was easily seen that Marani, Drope and Gordon played by far the best game on their team. Time and again they would gain yards on end runs, which would only be lost by the St. Andrew's heavy wing bucks.

On St. Andrew's team the work of Wright, Scott, Cassells and Brown was excellent. Wright caught and kicked splendidly, although handicapped by a wet and heavy ball. Scott, at quarter, played finely, his passing and tackling being splendid. Cassells and Brown, although being at a disadvantage by the muddy ground, quickly followed up the long kicks of Wright, and with unerring tackles got their man every time. Davis at flying wing was fast, being sure and steady throughout the game. The teams:

Ridley (9)—Flying wing, Turnbull; halves, Drope, A. Gordon, Marani; quarter, Mix; scrumage, Morton, Irwin, Boyd; wings, Nicholson, Peters, D. Gordon, Manley, Weld, Sneed.

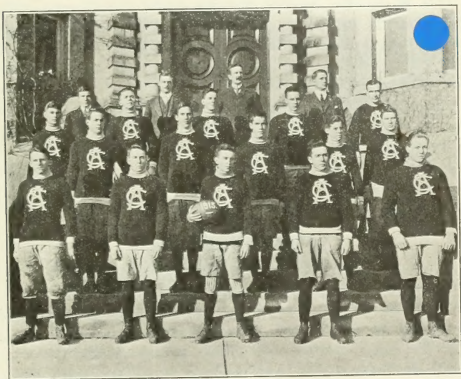
St. Andrew's (15)—Flying wing, Davis; halves, Leishman,

Wright, McMichael; quarter, Scott; scrimmage, Willoughby, Soot, Stonehouse; wings, McRae, Ingram, McLennan, Wallace, Cassells, Brown.

H. S. L.

THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Team has had an unusually successful season this year under the able captaincy of Findley I., having won all of their games.



Second Team.

The first game was played against Pickering College at Newmarket and ended in a win for St. Andrew's. S.A.C., 33; P.C., 1.

The second game, versus U.C.C., took place on our own grounds. The teams were very evenly matched as to size and weight, but the home team's condition and speed told all through the game. Cossitt's kicking and Brown II.'s bucking were the outstanding features. The rest of the team played their places well, and there is no doubt the splendid victory won was due to that fact more than to any individual play. Score: S.A.C., 24; U.C.C., 1.

When the team went down to T.C.S. they found a team nearly their equals. The game was close throughout and some very fine playing was shown. Ings and Cossitt should be especially mentioned for their splendid work; the latter's kicking accounting for most of the points. Duncan scored the only touchdown. At full-time the score was twelve all. Two five-minute periods were played overtime, resulting in a deadline for S.A.C. Final score: S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 12.

The team would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Grant I. for his untiring efforts throughout the season.

On Wednesday evening, November 27th, 1913, a dinner was given for the Second Team by Mr. and Mrs. Findley. We wish here to thank them, on behalf of every member of the team, for the very good time they gave us, and we hope that next year's Second Team will have as kind a host and hostess.

The following have been granted Second Team colors: Rolph I., Cossitt, Stuckey, Findley I. (captain), Whitaker I., Mickleborough, Taylor II., Philips, Ings, Brown II., Leeson, Whitaker II., Wilson, Paterson, and Duncan.

K. G. M.

THE THIRD TEAM

This season the Third Team has been very successful. The team work accounted for the large scores in each game.

The matches played resulted as follows: S. A. C. 13, Technical I; S.A.C. 40, Jarvis 5; S.A.C. 18, Technical 6; S.A.C. 15, U.C.C. 1. The last match was undoubtedly the best of all, the score at half-time being 1—1. The Saints showed their superiority in the last half.

The following boys received colors: MacDougall, Crombie, Clare, Bennett I., Risteen, Johnston I., Smith I., Urquhart, Balfour I., Horn, Taylor I., Douglas, MacPherson and MacMurtry.

Much credit is due to Rankin for his capable management of the team throughout the season.

E. S. CAMPBELL (Capt.).

THE FOURTH TEAM

The Fourth Team this year had a most successful season, winning every one of their games.

Our first opponents were St. Clement's First, whom we met and defeated on their own grounds. This game was by far the most strenuous and the best fought of the season. The score at half-time was 17—7 in their favor; but by good bucking and strong running of the halves in the second half we soon overcame their lead, and when the whistle blew the score was 28—18 in our favor.

The second game was against Oakwood, whom we easily defeated, as they were very light, and our bucks went through for good gains every time. We won by 30—0.

Our next opponents were a scratch team of U.T.S., whom we defeated by 25—0; and we finished up the season by beating St. Clement's in the return game on our own grounds by 28—12.

The following received Fourth Team colors: Halves, Winter I., Moseley, Munn I.; flying wing, McTaggart; quarter, Galbraith (capt.); scrumage, Balfour I., Lowndes, Macdonald I.; insides, Cameron and Rose; middles, Lepper and Comstock; outsides, Rolph II. and MacDougal.

P. V. M.

THE FIFTH TEAM

The Fifth Team played two games against a team of St. Clement's School, losing the first by 23—5, and winning the return on St. Andrew's grounds by 13—0. The line-up was as follows: Comstock, quarter; Smith III., Meyer, Calvert I., halves; McDonald II. (Capt.), outside left; Harrison, Tugwell, Engle, McLaurin, Wright II., scrumage; Davies, flying wing; Wright III., outside right; Bennett II., inside left; Donaldson (manager), inside right; Grant II., quarter.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

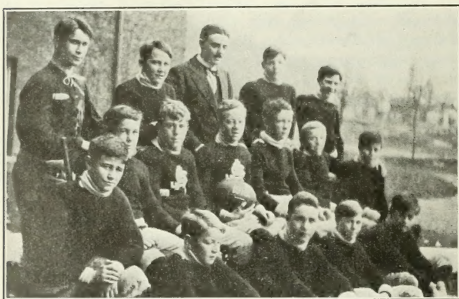
The Lower School was not as successful as it has been in previous years, but we had to play much heavier teams, with the exception of one.

Of the four games played we won one, drew one and lost two.

Our first game was with Rosedale. S.A.C. were a much superior team, and won by a score of 59—0.

The second game was by no means as successful as the first, St. Clement's, who were the visitors, being far too heavy for us. They won by 82 to 4, Winter II. and Blayney being the Stars.

The third of our games was with Upper Canada College. During the first quarter Upper Canada secured two touchdowns. Then St. Andrew's boys pulled together and tied the score during the last quarter. Considering that one of our best half-backs was laid out in the first game, the Saints did fairly well to tie the



Lower School Team

score, 18—18. Had it not been for Winter's good rushing and Blayney's tackling the score would have been different.

The fourth and last game was with Upper Canada on their own grounds. It was a very close match during the first half, but afterwards they scored upon the Saints freely. The game ended in a defeat for St. Andrew's, with the score at 34 to 3.

The line-up is as follows: Half-backs, Winter II. (Manager), Atkinson, Somers I; quarter-back, Davis II. (Capt.); outside wings, Easson, Auld; flying wing, Hewitt; scrummage, Blayney, Turnbull; middle wings, Lazier, Calvert II.; inside wings, Cross, Lawson; centre, Stonehouse.

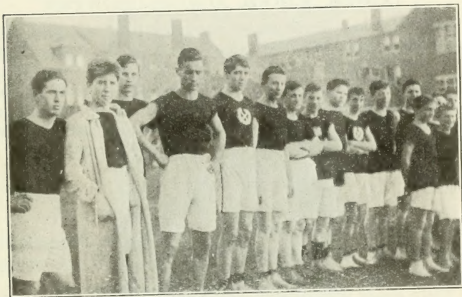
L. S. DAVIS.

ACROSS-COUNTRY RUN

The annual S.A.C. Across-Country Run took place on Thursday, November 20th, 1913.

Thirty entries were received and a close finish was anticipated. The contestants lined up at the rear entrance of the grounds, the word was given and the race commenced.

The rain of the previous day had left the course in a rather muddy condition,—a fact which told somewhat on the time.



Across Country. The Winner is Marked With a Line on His "Shorts"

Phillips sprang at once into the lead, but soon was forced to follow Skinner. The latter kept to the front for some time, but condition told and Brown's long strides soon placed him in the lead, which he maintained to the finish. He covered the distance in 20 minutes, 10 seconds, and led by fifty yards. Johnston I. came second and captured the silver medal. The struggle for third place was the most exciting, as Wright and Parker sprinted side by side for 100 yards. The former succeeded in crossing the tape six inches in advance of his rival.

The first ten finished as follows: 1, Brown I.; 2, Johnston; 3, Wright; 4, Parker; 5, Scott; 6, Rolph I.; 7, Stuckey; 8, Ings; 9, Bell; 10, McTaggart.

The cake winners: First Team, Parker; Second Team, Rolph I.; Upper VI. Form, Findley; Lower VI. Form, Stuckey; Fifth Form, Scott; IV. A Form, Rolph II.; IV. B Form, Smith III.; III. Form, Meyer; Prefects, Leckie I.; Upper Flat, Ings; Lower Flat, Skinner.

Gold Medal, Brown I.; Silver Medal, Johnston I.; Bronze Medal, Wright I.

LOWER SCHOOL ACROSS-COUNTRY

The afternoon of Thursday, November 20th, was bright, but cold, when the runners lined up at the rear of the College, under the direction of Mr. Chapman. The usual course was finished by Turnbull first, in 18 minutes, 25 seconds, followed by Macdonald III., Blayney, Lines, Auld, Atkinson, Cross, Easson, Findlay and Lockhart; to name the first ten. Turnbull and Macdonald received medals; cakes fell to the lot of some of the others.

THE FOOTBALL DINNER

What was probably the most successful football dinner in the history of St. Andrew's College took place on Friday evening, November 28th, 1913.

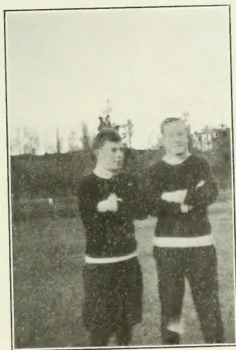
Sixty guests were present, among them six ex-captains. Mr. T. Findley was the guest-of-honor of the evening. The spacious dining hall was fittingly decorated for the occasion with flags and pennants hung about on the walls; the tables were adorned with crimson candles and white asters and narcissus; and a cheery fire blazed in the huge fireplace. But perhaps the most pleasing ornament to all present was the flowered stand holding the three footballs—the emblem of championship.

Dinner was served at 7.30 p.m. and after a sumptuous spread had been disposed of, Dr. MacDonald, as toastmaster, rose and called upon the guests for a health to the King. All joined in singing "God Save the King." "Canada" was then proposed by Cantley and responded to by MacPherson, as president of the Old Boys Association. Mr. Findley then rose and in a very witty speech proposed a toast to St. Andrew's College. He spoke of the adaptability of this style of school to Canada as the coming

country and extended his hearty congratulations to the teams. The toast was drunk and responded to by Dr. Hamilton, as the oldest governor present.

Travis, in a few words, spoke of the work of the staff, and on behalf of the school welcomed the new members. He finished by proposing their health. Mr. Robinson, as senior master, responded fittingly and thanked the school for their good will.

Mr. M. Ross proposed the toast to the Athletic Association and Mr. Tudball, as president, responded. Dr. MacDonald then spoke of the physical condition of the boys and asked for a few words



Magnates of the Lower School

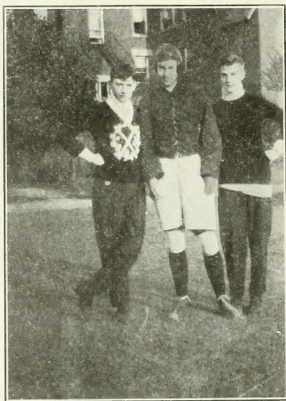
from the man responsible for it,—Mr. Chapman.* The latter spoke briefly of the value of physical fitness and pointed as a result to the trophy.

Coach Herb. Allan proposed a health to the team, congratulating them on their successes and on their good fortune in being so ably captained. He spoke of the school's remarkable achievements in past years and her bright hopes for the future.

Wright responded briefly, reflecting all the credit upon Allan, Ross and Mr. Chapman, as well as on the harmony in which the team played.

Mr. McPherson took this opportunity of presenting to the team, on behalf of the Old Boys, watch fobs emblematic of the football championship. Allan was also presented with one as a recognition of his untiring efforts in coaching the champions.

Trow rose and proposed a toast to the "best Second Team in the history of the school." Findley I. and Grant I. replied, and



A Little Fellow Like This Needs Some Support

stated that what the Second Team had done in assisting the First was a pleasure to have performed.

Dr. MacDonald made a few remarks on the way in which the Seconds had sacrificed their arrangements to suit the Firsts, and had worked untiringly in practice. He also stated that the Firsts had shown their appreciation by purchasing from their own pockets fobs for the Seconds.

Wright proposed a toast to the "Old Captains,"—responded to in turn by Housser, Sale, Allan, Hope, Kilgour and Somerville. All gave the credit to Allan and Wright.

Hatch proposed the "Cross Country"—responded to by Brown I., the winner.

"The Ladies" was proposed by Davis I. and responded to by Leckie I.

Dr. MacDonald spoke a word about hockey prospects and called on the guests to drink to Canada's most popular game. Mr. Whiteford Bell responded and stated his pleasure in consenting to coach the Saints for 1914.

The college calls were given and the festivities came to a conclusion.

W. F. GRANT.

MR. WRIGHT'S DINNER

On Friday evening, November 27th, Mr. Henry Wright entertained the 1st Team, champions of the Little Big Four League, at a dinner and theatre party. The dinner was held at the National Club, and was in every way a great success. The table was prettily decorated with great vases of flowers, and down the centre in College colors was printed "St. Andrew's, '13."

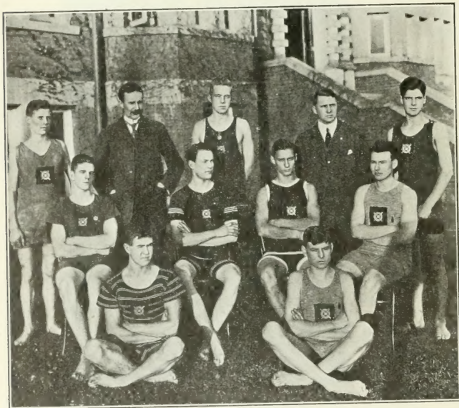
Mr. Wright proved a genial host and soon had everybody at their ease, his clever stories and brilliant conversation being enjoyed by all. After dinner Mr. Wright showed the team through the club rooms, which were greatly admired, and at eight o'clock the party adjourned to Shea's, where the boys enjoyed an excellent performance.

Before leaving for the College Mr. Wright was thanked for his kindness, and it was agreed by every one that the evening had been the *event* of the term.

THE LIFE SAVING CLASS

The first Life Saving Class of S.A.C. was started on the first of April. This is affiliated with the Royal L. S. S., of London, England. Mr. Chapman acted as supervisor and Davis I. as instructor. Every noon the class turned out in the College gymnasium for practice in Land Drills, and every Saturday morning they went down to Varsity tank to practise in the water. This work was continued for about two months, and the examinations

were held on June 13th, 1913. Every one in the class made good, and showed his ability to render aid to the drowning in any case. The examination comprised the Land Drills; swimming fifty yards on the back without the hands, and 100 yards on the breast; towing by four different methods, and combining these with the three of release; the Shafer method of resuscitation; and duck diving for an object not over five pounds in weight. There were twenty-



The Life Saving Class

one awards in all, nine medallions, ten proficiency certificates, and one honorary instructor's certificate.

Those who passed the examinations were: *Medallions*—Leishman I., Lockhart I., Ings, Willoughby, Wright I., Brown II., Whitaker I., Whitaker II., Davis I.; *Proficiencies*—Leishman I., Lockhart I., Ings, Willoughby, Wright I., Brown II., Whitaker I., Whitaker II., Beer; *Honorary Instructor's Certificate*—Davis I.

R. D. DAVIS, JR.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospect for the coming hockey season is most encouraging. We are fortunate in having three old colors with us again this season, also several of last year's Second Team men, who will make a strong bid for the septette. These with the amount of new material available should give us an excellent chance of putting on one of the strongest aggregations in the School's history.

We are also very fortunate in having one of our Old Boys, Mr. Whiteford Bell's, consent to again coach the team. Along with Mr. Bell, the services of Mr. Chapman, our Gymnasium Instructor, have been secured as trainer, his wide experience making him second to none in this work.

With all these advantages we cannot but feel that our hockey prospect for 1914 is an exceptionally bright one.

R. HATCH.

CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps for this year, although late in starting, has every prospect of being a very good one. Sergt. Sinclair, who will again have charge of the instruction, is very anxious to make a good showing in the Cadet Tournament, and as all the boys are keen, this should be a very successful year.

The following are the officers for 1913-14: Captain, H. R. L. Wright; 1st Lieutenant, R. A. Brown; 2nd Lieutenant, H. Leckie; Color-Sergt., D. Cantley; Sergts., R. D. Davis, Jr., T. I. Findley and R. Hatch.

R. A. B.

SCHOOL NOTES

The following have joined the school staff this term:

Upper School—J. D. Dett-Weiler, M.A., Queen's University, Kingston; L. W. H. Ralph, B.A. (late Classical Exhibitioner, Merton Coll., Oxford).

Lower School—F. W. Hadland, B.A. (Oxon.); W. D. Clayton, B.A. (Dunelm).

On the evening of November 22nd., Dr. Macdonald, the Head-Master, had the pleasure of meeting at dinner at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, many of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys at present residing in that city. The following Old Boys were present: J. R. Allen, L. C. Angstrom, A. L. Bell, S. C. Black, H. A. Johnston, G. L. MacGillivray, H. P. MacKeen, W. B. McTaggart, D. L. Macaulay, W. D. Matheson, L. C. Montgomery, E. Munn, E. H. Paisley, D. Ross, G. A. Towers, C. L. Waterous, F. H. Wilkes.

In the same number that gives an account of our regaining the "Little Big-Four's" trophy, it is with the very greatest pleasure that we are able to record the election of Ernest H. Paisley to the position of captain of the McGill team, and to him we wish to convey the heartiest congratulations of the whole school and all its well-wishers. He was captain of the First Rugby team, 1909—champions "Little Big-Four."

At the time of going to press the school soccer tournament is nearing its end, and there seems every probability of the championship being carried off by Mr. Tudball's team. We are playing eleven a side this year, and the competition has been very keen. It is to our infinite regret that we are unable to publish a snapshot of one of the games; no kodak shutter has yet been made fast enough to catch the frantic gyrations of the contending hordes.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Since the publication of the Mid-Summer Number of the REVIEW, the following Old Boys have replied to the Headmaster's circular letter sent out last April:

Anderson, George William.—Practising medicine, 55 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.

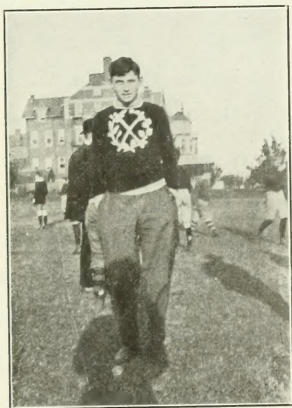
Ault, A. Donald.—A. W. Ault Co., Ltd., Ottawa.

Cochrane, Ogden Dunlap.—Undergrad. Univ. of Toronto, Roxborough Apartments, Ottawa.

Cousins, Edward L.—Chief Engineer, Toronto Harbor Commissioners, 32 Laburnam Ave., Toronto.

Edmonds, C. S.—Christie Brown & Co. 34 Crescent Road, Toronto.

- Fleming, Donald William.—Dominion Bank. Winnipeg, Man.
 Fletcher, A. Almon.—Physician. 532 Huron St., Toronto.
 Follett, Frank R.—Follett & Cox, Cor. Yonge and Bloor Sts., Toronto.
 Gooderham, Grant A.—Undergrad. Appl. Sc., Toronto. 40 Madison Ave., Toronto.
 Hoeffler, Ian W.—Canada Mfg. Co., 1836 Grant St., Vancouver, B.C.



A New Boy

- McColl, Angus Evan.—Barrister-at-law, Corbould, Grant & McColl, 41 Blackwood St., New Westminster, B.C.
 McCullough, R. C.—Undergrad., Queen's University. Markdale, Ont.
 McLagan, P. Douglas.—Kilgard Fire Clay Co., Abbotsford, B.C.
 McTavis, W. I.—Asst. Engineer, Public Works, Canada. 755 Indian Road, Toronto.
 Mackay, Wm. Perry.—Student-at-law, Simcoe, Ont.
 MacKeen, Henry P.—Undergrad. (Arts), McGill. Halifax, N.S.

- Meldrum, Harold W.—Real estate. 610 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.
- Milligan, Frank S.—Assistant City Engineer, Saskatoon, Sask.
- Nicol, H. L.—Inland Coal and Coke Co., Merritt, B.C.
- O'Brian, C. Lewis.—Attending school at Williamstown. L'Original, Ont.
- Robertson, Fred. A.—Canada Cement Co. 492 Euclid Ave., Toronto.
- Sanderson, Allan U.—Assistant Engineer, Works Dept. 31 Alvin Ave., Toronto.
- Scott, Douglas S.—Undergrad. (Science), McGill (until June, 1913). 1770 Nelson St., Vancouver, B.C.
- Shaw, Chas. E.—Anglo-Canadian Leather Goods Co., Huntsville, Ont.
- Smith, James Russell.—Farming (with Douglas Bros.), Tealandia, Sask.
- Thompson, Frank H.—Canadian Klondyke Mining Co., Dawson City, Yukon.
- Vaz, Claude L.—International Banking Corp., Colon, Republic de Panama.
- Wallace, Guy H.—Pathologist, Bellevue Hospital, E. 26th St., New York City.
- West, Howard T.—J. J. Taylor, Ltd. (Safe Works). 29 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.
- Young, J. W.—Chainman on C.P.R. Survey. Agassiz, B.C.

During the last few months the marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW:

Andrew E. Duncanson to Miss A. E. Colhoun, Alt-on-Righ, Londonderry, Ireland, Sept. 3rd, 1913.

J. Lesslie Fergusson to Miss Florence G. Bowes, Toronto, June 3rd, 1913.

Lyman P. Howe to Miss Rita Dunbar, Toronto, on Nov. 12th, 1913.

James P. MacNeil to Miss Dwyer, Pictou, N.S., on Sept. 17th, 1913.

Guy H. Wallace to Miss Ethel E. Lawrence, Park Hill, Yonkers, N.Y., on Nov. 18th, 1913.

Howard Thos. West to Miss Grace B. Kent, Toronto, on May 13th, 1913.

We are glad to be able to publish a portrait of Roy H. M. Lowndes, with the trophy he won for swimming across the Bay, first. Below is a list of his principal achievements:

1911, 1912, 1913—I.A.A. Regatta Senior Swim, 1st.

1912—100 yds. City Championship, 1st.



Roy Lowndes

1912—100 yds. open, at Canadian National Exhibition, 1st.

1913—100 yds. City Championship, 1st.

1913—220 yds. City Championship, 1st.

1913—50 yds. on back, open, 2nd.

1913—100 yds. tank championship of Toronto Swimming Club,
1st.

1913—100 yds. open at Toronto Swimming Club, 1st.

1913—Swim across Toronto Bay, 1st.

1913—100 yds. open at I.A.A. Regatta. Tie with F. Wood. 1st.

1913—100 yds. open at C.N.E. Tie with F. Wood. 1st.

1913—220 yds. open, at Buffalo, 2nd. Buffalo Y.M.C.A. in May.

1913—50 yds. open handicap, 2nd at Buffalo, Perry Centennial in September.

1913—200 yds. open handicap, 2nd at Buffalo, Perry Centennial in September.



The Line Up at Lunch Time

THE OLD BOYS' REPRESENTATION ON THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS
OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The reorganization of the government of the school has made it possible for the Old Boys to secure direct representation on the Board of Governors. The St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association now elects three Governors who sit for two years. At the election held in June, 1912, Mr. J. L. Fergusson, Mr. W. B. McPherson, and Mr. H. W. Allen were elected.

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE BOYS WHO HAVE
DIED SINCE THEIR NAMES WERE EN-
TERED ON THE SCHOOL ROLL**

- Angus, Douglas T.—August, 1912.
Armstrong, Russell—July, 1907.
Austin, Albert E.—February 14th, 1913.
Bollard, Arthur—August 28th, 1909.
Bowman, Elmer S.—October 2nd, 1906.
Carrick, Andrew W.—August 5th, 1910.
Findlay, Paul E.—July 18th, 1910.
Gartshore, Chas. M.—October 3rd, 1905.
Gunn, Jas. H.—September 10th, 1910.
Hallam, Roderick J. E.—February, 1913.
Hamilton, Hugh Russell—November 10th, 1910.
Harris, Frank E.—September, 1906.
Hewitt, Arthur I.—June 11th, 1911.
Lee, Norman B.—During the summer, 1908.
Lemon, Ed. D.—January 8th, 1911.
MacMath, Jas. S. M.—During the year of 1909.
Mickleborough, Jos. B.—During the year of 1901.
Ross-Ross, Erroll—December 15th, 1903.
Sumner, George J.—May 8th, 1912.
Willmott, Everitt—April 7th, 1913.
Young, John F.—July, 1911.
Thorn, Jno. Reginald—June 21st, 1910.
Cooper, Donald R. M.—October 30th, 1913.

SOCIETY NOTES

A charming tango tea, under the patronage of His Imperial Highness, Silas and Mr. McDonnell, was given on Friday, Nov. 13th, by Lady de Rick Davis for her charming but unfortunately bow-legged niece, Miss Linsiedia Wright. Miss Wright had the misfortune to fall down stairs while coming home late the other night from a "Liqueur de Pommeranian" party, and broke her spinal colodophorm. Happily she has recovered, but the accident has knocked her face out of joint. Still her friends consider this more of an improvement than a misfortune. Among those present was Miss Hammy Wallace, wearing a crème de mint, chow chow,



"Something Attempted, Something Done," Has Earned
a Little Lunch

harem skirt; over her left shoulder she carried a sack-full of bull rushes and perfuming William. Miss Buttry Brown poured water (all over the floor) and wore a gauze necklace and Lady de Rick's slippers. Mdlle. Tiffenra de Runt gave an exhibition of the "harem glide," "kitchen sink," and "Persian rug," and numerous other creations. She wore a chemille-de-stomacher gown trimmed with neck ties and other junk. Lady Constance Pansy Travis posed for a flashlight photo, but unfortunately some vermin in the audience threw a shoe at her, causing her to fall and show her mean disposition. Refreshments were forced on the party under pro-

test by Patricia McRae, whose dress was a creation of "pyjama au jus." Mrs. Buggy Hatch sang and was heartily condemned by the large and unfortunate audience. A play was then commenced by the college players from Leaside-near-the-Don, but unfortunately the party broke up, owing to a serious misfortune. Miss Linscedia Wright, whose engagement has just been announced to Prince Wow Wow Pu Ingram, the great Mahometan explorer, was found to have eaten $\frac{7}{8}$ of the refreshments, and Miss Buttry Brown protested. A friendly tussle ensued. Miss Brown bit Miss Wright's ear, and the former's necklace was torn, exposing her to a severe draught. The rest of the party helped out their respective choices by throwing chairs, boots, tables, trunks, etc. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent, and Miss Wright hopes to give another one soon, when she will introduce Prince Wow Wow Pu Ingram.

MIKE.



Keeping His Weight Down



School Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal.—An excellent example of a school paper. Many fine stories, poems and interesting articles. Very well gotten up.

The Calendar, Buffalo Central High School.—A very fine paper with plenty of school news.

T. C. S. Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.—Could be improved with a few more pictures of college life.

The Maverick, Allen Academy, Texas.—A welcome addition to our exchange list.

The Scotch Collegian, Scotch College, Australia.—A fine, large paper with a lot of school news and also some very good poetry and pictures.

The Daedalian Monthly, College of Industrial Arts, Texas.—A very good paper which would be still more attractive with some college "cuts."

The Quill, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York.—Congratulations on your excellent paper. Splendid articles, but not much school news. A few pictures of school subjects would make it a splendid paper.

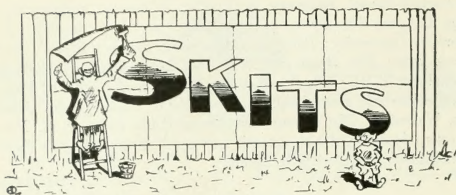
The following excellent exchanges have been received with thanks: *The Daedalian Monthly* (2), College of Industrial Arts, Texas; *The Scotch Collegian* (2), Scotch College, Australia; *The Maverick*, Allen Academy, Texas; *School Magazine*, Lower Canada College, Montreal; *T. C. S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *Lux Columbiana* (2), Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Boone Review* (2), Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Magazine* (3), Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Argo and Supplement*, Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *The Albanian* (2), St. Alban's, Brookville, Ont.; St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *Black and Red* (2), University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Blue and White*, Rothesay

Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The School* (4), and *The University Monthly* (3), Toronto University; *The Quill*, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York City; *The Black and Red* (2), McKinley High School, Honolulu, T. H.; *The St. Thomas Purple and Gray*, St. Paul, Minnesota; *The Round-Up*, Converse County High School, Douglas, Wyoming; *The Slogan*, Branksome Hall, Toronto; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *Queen's Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston.

C. P. C.



"Scotty"



Bennet I. (shaving for the first time)—“See how easily the razor glides over my face, as if there was nothing to stop it.”

McRae to McDougal—“What are you writing, youngster?”

McD.—“I am writing down the names of the fellows I can fight.”

McR.—“I see my name is the first on the list. You can't fight me.”

McD.—“Can't I? Very well, I will cross out your name.”

Wallace (restoring order during Duty)—“Come on now, Dunc!”

Duncan—“All right. Where are you going?”

Mr. Ralph to Syme—“Move one seat forward.”

Syme—“What for, Sir?”

Mr. Ralph—“For ever.”

Why is a boy who is late for dinner like the Nurse? One is Mrs. Grace and the other misses grace, too.

Munn II., seeing Rugby for the first time: “What a lot of fuss those fellows make over an out-of-shape Soccer ball.”

Mr. Tudball (leaving Class Room I.)—“The next four questions for Home work.”

Rankin—“How many did you say, Sir?”

Mr. Tudball—“The next six questions for Home work.”

Rankin—“Please, Sir, I heard you the first time.”

Skidoo as you would be skidone by.

Mr. Laidlaw—"Yes! and the names of the two leaders of the expedition to Quebec in 1785."

McDougal—"Montgomery and Stone."

The latest Latin verb—Tango tangere turki trottum—to dance furiously.

Mr. Ralph—"You are talking, Skinner."

Skinner—"No, Sir."

Mr. Ralph—"Then it was the best imitation I have ever heard."

The subtleties of English pronunciation as exemplified by Mr. Finlay—"Chorus is not chorus, it is chorus."

Nervous visitor to the school grounds (recently)—"Dear me! there is a riot going on. No! two riots!"

His Guide—"That, Sir, is the Soccer Tournament."

Hints on Soccer—A ball shall be considered to be "in touch" when it has for over three minutes passed a very imaginary line, not further North than the Railway Track, nor further South than the fence will admit.

Forwards should mass on their own, or the opponents', goal line, carefully avoiding the middle of the field. The ball might be there. Do not handle the ball, until it is dark, when the referee is looking.

The costume, for this game, most in vogue, is a taking combination of a soft Christie and a Rugger jersey, with Gym. shoes and any old pair of trousers.

WITH NO APOLOGIES TO THE WALRUS OR THE CARPENTER.

"The time has come," the teacher said, "to talk of many things;

"Of Soot, and whales, and wee McRae, and whether Halves have wings,

"Of College Yells and fearsome Hoots and how the Choir sings.

"But I was thinking of a plan involving Hours off Leave.
 "If told two House Lates make a Gate, d'you think Syme would believe?"
 "I doubt it," said the Lower Flat, and chuckled in its sleeve.

SCIENCE NOTES.

5 H L + 6 Hrs work = A beast of a Saturday afternoon.
 The Frog (*Batrachus Communis* or *Gardenensis*) has four legs and just loves bath-water.

Experiment—Capture a rabbit by means of an automobile (40 h.p.). When slain, stuff it with red lead. It looks *so* pretty.

Taylor III. (to a facetious farmer)—"Why do you call that white pig 'ink'?"

Farmer—"Because it is always running out of the pen."

Mr. Taylor, in Ancient History—"What was Alexander's purpose?"

Clare—"To spread Greece all over the world."

"Generally speaking, women are——"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

Advice to Day Boys—Don't come to school every day; absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Urquhart—"What have you got that bandage around your head for?"

Soot—"A thought struck me."

Master to boy, with whose coaching he has taken particular pains—"If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest ass in the school."

Davis I. (in Huyler's)—"How much is a Merry Widow Sunday?"

Waiter—"Fifteen cents."

Davis I.—"Well, I'll have a French chocolate."

Mr. M. to Gordon—"What do you mean by holding Phillip's hand?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he banged his shin against the bed—
"!!!! ?!!!! !!! ?***!***!"—*Ex.*

Mrs. Montgomery, after giving out the cakes for the Junior Cross Country—"I have a cake for the stewards. I will present it to the best-looking boy." Soot was presented with the cake, much to Davis's discomfort.

Cantley—"If you should see Hatch riding down the road on a donkey, of what would it remind you?"

Lin. Wright—"A fruit."

Don—"What kind?"

Lin—"A pair."

Scott—"Why is an old bachelor like Johnston?"

Macdonald—"He is never Miss-taken."

Mr. L.—"When was it Patrick Henery said: 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"

Grant I.—"Just after he was married."

Dr. Macdonald, to boy whom he discovers at the wrong desk—"How did you get there?"

Boy—"I got round Mr. Tudball, sir."

Dr. Macdonald—"I am wondering how you got round so square a man."

Yukon Taylor—"Gee! I saw a fellow down at Shea's to-day who played the piano with his toes."

Ings—"That's nothing; Joe Taylor plays by his ear."

Davis I.—"I always mark my books up."

Cantley—"Yes! and mine, too."

HIGHER ALGEBRA.

B = Brown II.

B^2 = Brutus Brown II.

B^3 = Brutus Bernal Brown II.

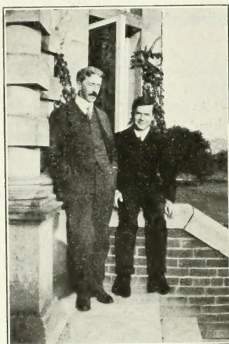
B^4 = Bum Brutus Bernal Brown II.

Similarly it may also be proved that Brown I. also is a bum.

Gordon, to Mr. T.—“Sir, may I be excused?”

Mr. T.—“Certainly not; the same old question.”

Bole—“Yes, sir; and the same old answer.”



Ici on parle français

Mr. D.—“Graham, what is periodic motion?”

Graham—“A thing that swings the same number of times when it is going fast as when it is going slow.”

Travis—“Are there many buildings in Wallaceburg?”

Stonehouse—“Yes; there are quite a number of stonehouses.”

Mr. R., seeing Cossitt talking at the back of the room—“Here I am at the most important point in the lesson and I am interrupted by a miserable gossip.”

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Teacher—"Tommy, name the zones."

Tommy—"There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine are both temperate and intemperate. The feminine are both frigid and horrid.—*Ex.*

Oh! that Burbank of the West,
Would patent, make and sell
An onion with an onion taste,
But with a violet smell.

Oily to bed and oily to rise is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.

Mr. F., to Mr. M.—"Have you any Lamb's 'Tales'?"

Mr. Mills—"You will have to see the steward."

Mr. McG., in 5th Form, to Rogers—"Davis, translate the next sentence."

New Boy—"Gee! the game must be nearly over."

Second Boy—"Yes! I heard the referee say this was the last down."

Mr. D., in Lab.—"This gas smells like rotten eggs."

Dand.—"Yes! we recognize the smell."

If you think our paper splendid,
From beginning unto end,
Then we've won the goal we sought for,
And perhaps we've won a friend.

If you think our paper rotten,
And should be upon the shelf;
Just you get around and hustle,
And try to edit one yourself.—*Ex.*



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THE ODES OF HORACE—BOOK IV.

'Twas on the Ides of November when St. Andrew, calling
Around him, his noble warriors, spoke thus:

On the morrow thou wilt meet the barbarians from St. Kitts;
Rest in peace my sons, and break not training or you'll get sacked.

And in the night there appeared unto him who led the forces
The shade of a mighty one who had departed from these shores,

And he was clothed in fire and brimstone and smoke reeked
From his mouth. He spake and said: "I am Ginger Paisley,

And hearken unto my words: If on the morrow thou
Dost not lick the spots off these blokes, I will raise——"

On the morrow, he who led the warriors arose from his
Most unheathenishly hard couch, refreshed in body but worried
in mind.

He called his councillors around him and spake inquiringly:
"Who was this man, this famous leader surnamed Ginger?"

Then stept forward an old man who had seen many years
Of life and whose wisdom all men revered. "Speak, O Pat!"

Then spoke Pat, saying: "O King, Ginger did clean the earth
With U.C.C., did pulverize T.C.S., and did paralyze B.R.C. with
his doughty blows."

And the leader of the warriors was much impressed.
Girding on his armour and knee-pads, he went forth.

And the rest of the gang did likewise, and drew
Themselves up in a hollow square to hear what was to be said.

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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

After a short but fervent prayer to the gods, Soot, a doughty Youth, smote the ball a mighty whack and the battle was on.

Sing, ye bards who are versed in learning, of the Glories, heartaches and lost money of that famous day.

The battle waged merrily. The barbarians did buck With such good will, and the gods being with them, scored a touch.

With what wailing and gnashing of teeth we received this news. The leader of the warriors spoke briefly, touching slightly on family history.

Thus enraged, the warriors returned to the battle. Slight Success rewarded their standards, but the gods were agin 'em.

But after the time of rest had passed, Soot having been Offered as a sacrifice, the warriors did push, pound and shove.

At last their efforts were rewarded. Soot, the heretofore mentioned, Did cross the line with the ball wrapped in the capacious folds of his stomach.

From henceforth on the warriors had them on toast and by the will Of the gods and the right leg of Henry Robert they held them.

At last, broken and defeated, the barbarians withdrew to their Sorrowing camp, leaving the victorious warriors to rest on their shields;

And great was the rejoicing thereof, and even unto This day they speak of the valor and glory of Andy's great team,

And the great captain who led his forces so successfully Against the barbarians of the outside world.

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Auld Folks as weel.

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A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics: "Why at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and at your age he was President of the United States."

To solve Geometry exercises apply to Soot.

A chap by the name of Smith has invented a calendar in which no holidays fall on Sunday. He has the right idea; hope he keeps it up.

Mr. F.—"What is a parasite?"

Parker—"A person that lives in Paris."

"Well, I saw my wife off for the West Indies this morning."

"Jamaica?"

"No! she went of her own accord."—*Ex.*

Davis II.—"My hands are as dirty after washing them as they were before."

Mr. Hadland—"Try soap."

Brown, to Hatch—"How did you get that scratch on your nose?"

Hatch—"Ran into a barb-wire fence."

Brown—"You should never fight with a barb-wire fence. It can beat you on points."

Findley has developed a steady eye and long arm since he became a boarder. This is noticeable at the table.

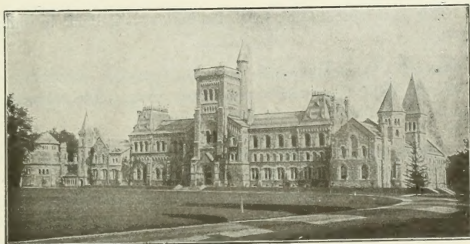
Mr. D. (in study)—"Why aren't you working, Smith?"

Smith II.—"Sir! I'm taking only two subjects this year."

Mr. D.—"What are they?"

Smith II.—"Reading and writing."

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Secretaries of the Respective Faculties.

Mr. L.—“What animal is it that has very strong limbs, a fierce temper, wild, bushy hair on its head and is called the king of beasts?”

Rogers—“A football player.”

Davis I., to Findley I.—“I shave up.”

Findley—“Is that so? I always shave *down*.”

Last year there was a saying, “Don't hit the coffee, it is too weak to hit back;”

This year it is, “Don't touch the butter; it is liable to wallop you.”

Mr. C.—“Define hypocrite.”

Easson—“A hypocrite is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.”

Hunter says his room is damp because the strip of wood on which he hangs his pictures is moulding.

“Outside, please.”

Old Boy—“Did you ever take chloroform?”

New Boy—“No! Who teaches it?”

Even Alexander the Great had Tyre trouble.

Mr. D.—“Who invented the steam engine?”

Rogers (sleepily)—“What, sir?”

Mr. D.—“Correct.”

Patterson's Motto.—“Boys may come and boys may go, but I am here forever.”

Fat McLennan (on windy day)—“Say! Bell, you should carry around bricks in your pockets a day like this.”

Bell—“Ah! shut up.”

Macdonald—“Why are hot muffins like caterpillars?”

Fleming—“Because they make the butterfly.”

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HEARD IN PASSING.—

"I hope I make myself clear," said the water as it passed through the filter.

"Experience like this tends to harden one," said the egg, as it was placed in hot water.

"I do this because of an inward prompting," said the sea-sick man leaning over the rail.

"I'll stay and see this thing out," said the man at the dentist's.

"I have an inkling," said the blotter.

McPherson (at orchestra rehearsal)—"See that rest, you have to pause there."

Shattner—"Oh! that's all right; I am not at all tired."

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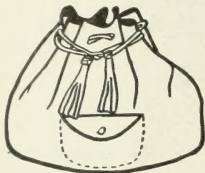
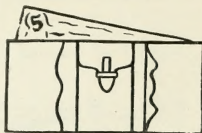
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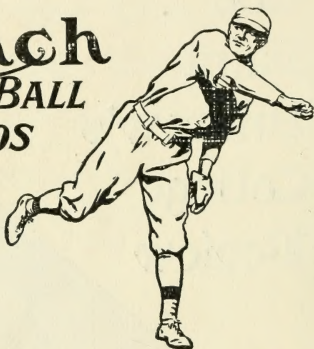
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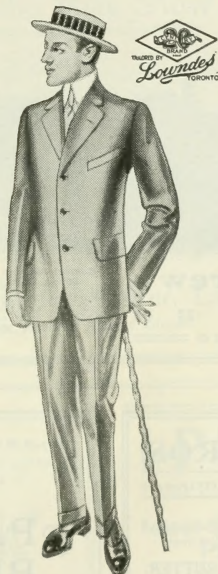
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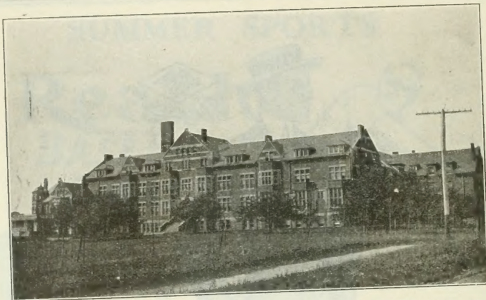


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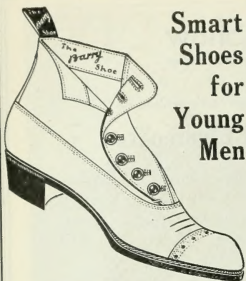
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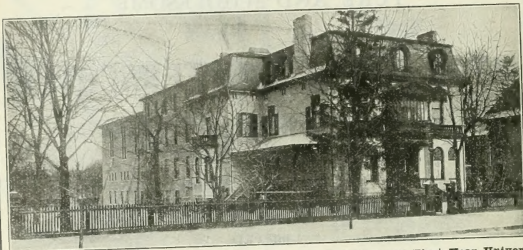


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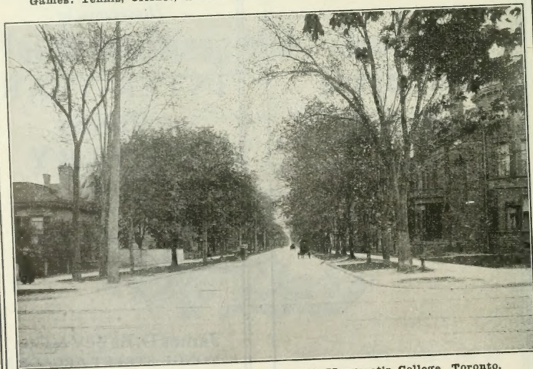
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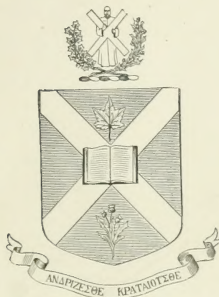


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EASTER, 1914

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School Notes, etc.
Skits

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St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1914

Editorial

IT is our proud privilege to record in this number the second visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to St. Andrew's College. An account of the Prize Day, on which he graciously consented to present the prizes, will be found in these pages, together with a short article dealing with Prince Arthur's connections with the Dominion. Twenty-three years ago His Royal Highness, then Governor of Portsmouth, stood on another platform, honoring another school, and the impression of his kindly interest in the affairs of boys carried away by a very small boy on that occasion was only confirmed in him by "our" Duke's presence amongst us on Monday, February 2nd. There can be no better way of showing our appreciation of his kindness than by making the most of the opportunities given us by the school on which he has conferred such distinction and of which he thinks so highly.

One of the chief functions of the professional editor is the rejection of contributions and the selection of the most suitable among a large number of articles, each with some claim upon his attention—and to this professional standpoint a glance at the editorial cupboard (there is insufficient room on the editorial table) would show that we are rapidly approximating. However disappointing

this is to the unsuccessful contributor, it is very gratifying to the editor, and he takes this opportunity of congratulating himself and his fellow-labourers in the cause of the REVIEW. We publish the three best stories submitted in the competition, in the order of merit as adjudged by those to whom the selection was entrusted; but for lack of space there are several other contributions which might well have been printed.

Signs of response to our invocation of a poet will be discovered among the Skits; but we still go to press without those five pages of Old Boys' news for which we appealed in our last issue.

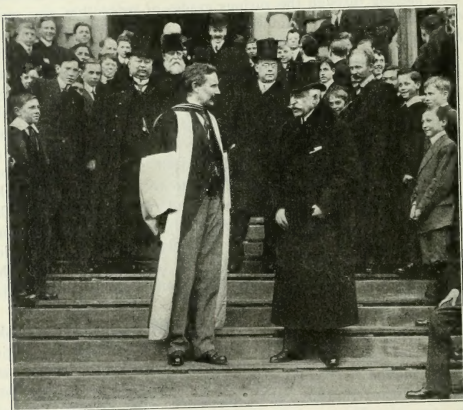
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND CANADA

Prince Arthur William Patrick, third son of Queen Victoria, was born at Buckingham Palace, May 1st, 1850. Being born on the 81st birthday of the Duke of Wellington, he received the name of Arthur in compliment to that great soldier. Destined for the senior service, he was gazetted to the Royal Engineers in 1868, and, passing through the various grades of promotion, was made a general in 1893. He was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex in 1874; and in 1879 he married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles. He accompanied the British forces to Egypt in 1882, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir he commanded the Guards Brigade; he was three times mentioned in despatches, was created a C.B., and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He was in India from 1886 to 1890, in command of the Bombay army, and from 1890 to 1893 he commanded the southern army division in England, and from 1893 to 1898 the Aldershot division. He succeeded Lord Roberts in 1900 as commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland; he was made a field-marshal in 1902, and in 1904 became inspector-general of the forces; from 1907 to 1909 he was High Commissioner in the Mediterranean.

The Duke of Connaught has been a keen, zealous and capable soldier, and has also, on various occasions, undertaken diplomatic missions of great importance. He represented Queen Victoria at the coronation of the Czar in 1896, opened the great Assouan Dam in Egypt in 1902, and represented King Edward VII. at the coronation Durbar at Delhi in 1903. He was chosen in 1910 to open the first Union Parliament of South Africa, a division of the Empire containing between five and six millions, of whom 1,117,015 are white. In 1911 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada.

Canada has been fortunate in her Governors. Lord Dorchester by his wise administration reconciled the French to British rule. Lord Durham provided a solution to the difficulties of 1837. Lord Dufferin was successful by his eloquence in retaining British Columbia within Confederation. To an office already

honourable His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has brought the dignity of a distinguished career and exalted birth. Canada is honoured in having as her Governor the son of Queen Victoria, the brother of Edward VII, and the uncle of George V. To Canadians the story of British history is made a reality by the residence in Canada of a Royal Prince, while the wise Imperialism of the Duke has already done much to deepen and strengthen the bonds of sentiment binding Canadians to the mother country.



When the Duke of Connaught came to Canada in 1911, he had already personal associations of much interest with the Dominion. From 1792 to 1799 Prince Charles Edward, Duke of Kent, son of George III and grandfather of the Governor-General, was at various times resident in Canada. His name is perpetuated in numerous place names, but notably in the name of the Province of Prince Edward Island. The Duke of Kent came at first to Canada as commander of the 7th Regiment of Royal Fusiliers, and subsequently as commander-in-chief of the British forces in

North America. He was at that time unmarried, and, Queen Victoria, his only child, was not born till 1819. Canada in 1792 had scarcely begun to be a country. The first settlement of any consequence after the conquest did not begin till the coming of the Loyalists in 1783. A mere handful of people were to be found in the Maritime Provinces, although the timber resources for ship-building had already rendered these Provinces valuable. Quebec had a population of about 100,000, and what is now Ontario had about 10,000, with only one clergyman, and no schoolmasters, roads or magistrates. The rest of Canada was a wilderness unvisited by any but fur traders and Indians. The Duke of Kent in 1792 visited Governor Simcoe at Niagara, and at that time there were no public buildings and only the roughest hospitality could be offered to the distinguished visitor—a hospitality which was further marred by the fact that Simcoe, standing too close to the saluting artillery, was bowled over by the violence of the concussion and had to keep his bed for the remainder of the royal visit.

In 1799 the Duke of Kent paid a second visit to Upper Canada, and this time visited the new capital of the Province, then known as York. He lodged on this occasion at "Oakhill," the residence of Captain Aeneas Shaw, which was situated some hundred feet north-west of the present site of Trinity College on Queen Street. York, now Toronto, consisted in 1799 of perhaps a dozen log cabins, an unpromising beginning indeed for the city recently visited by the Duke's grandson as Governor-General—a city with a population of half a million.

Those who say that Canada has no history are in error. The history is the more interesting because it is so condensed. The changes have been incredible. A century ago the aborigines were practically in the stone age. The progress of mankind from primitive culture to modern civilization can be illustrated by the history of any place of importance in the older Provinces.

In 1870 Lord Wolseley, on his way to quell Riel's first rebellion in the North-West, began the long series of portages from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg at the mouth of the Kaministiquia. This had been the rendezvous of the Hudson Bay and North-West fur-traders for a century past. Here was their famous hall, and many a stirring scene had been enacted remote from civilization, the actors being voyageurs, fur-traders and Indians. Lord

Wolseley, disembarking a little beyond Fort William, named the place Prince Arthur's Landing, in honour of the young prince, then experiencing his first active campaigning. The name has been changed to Port Arthur. To-day Port Arthur and Fort William, having merged into one city, have become the greatest grain-shipping port in the world; so rapid has been the development of the great North-West, practically unknown before 1870 and still only at the beginning of its prosperity.

For his participation in the expedition sent to quell Riel's rebellion and also in the defence against the second Fenian raid of 1870, the Duke of Connaught wears the medal with clasp, a visible token of active service in the defence of Canada.

On other occasions also the Duke has visited Canada unofficially, for example in the nineties on his way to India, and we may be sure that he has had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with Canadian aspirations and development. When in replying to the address of welcome on prize-day the Governor-General foretold even greater development during the next twenty years he spoke as one well acquainted with the previous history of Canada. Quite properly he emphasized the necessity of all Canadians devoting themselves to assisting this material and intellectual development. In this work St. Andrew's College boys may, if they will, play a great part.

Boys from the West will be interested in being reminded that His Royal Highness is Honorary Colonel of the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles of Vancouver, B.C. Boys in the Lower School will no doubt be pleased to know that the Duke is a chief-tain of the Mohawk Indians, having been formally elected at Brantford, Ont., in 1869, and that his Indian name is Ka-Rah-Kon-Tye, which means "the lasting sun."

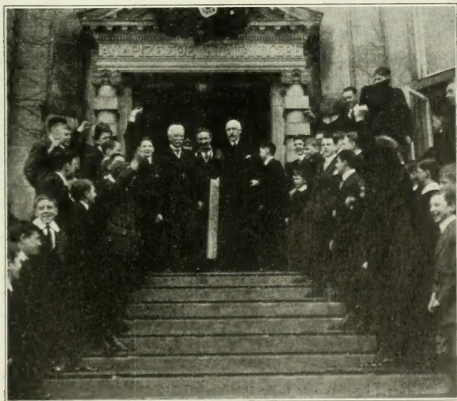
During the Duke's tour in 1912 through the North-West an interesting custom was observed by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. The skins of two elk and two beavers were formally presented to him. This, however, was no mere formality, but by the charter granted in 1670 to this Company, such a presentation must always take place when a Royal Prince enters their territory.

Since his arrival in Canada the Governor-General has been tireless in discharging the duties of his office. He has visited every province and city of importance. In the first twelve months he travelled within the Dominion 18,000 miles and the record

of these activities forms the best picture available of the Canada of to-day. Of the tour through Western Canada in 1912, it should be stated that the Duke's speeches showed him to be a discerning and wise imperialist. This visit may yet be regarded as historical in that his conciliatory utterances did much to increase the satisfaction of recent immigrants with the political conditions of our country and the British citizenship which they may enjoy.

Canadians everywhere, and not least of all the boys of St. Andrew's College, feel honoured in having as Governor the Duke of Connaught. All desire that the term of his official connection with Canada may be extended to the latest limit. That His Royal Highness has enjoyed his residence in Canada is sufficiently manifest by his statements on various occasions. At a banquet in London, England, in 1913, he said: "I do not know of a prouder position for any Englishman to hold than that of His Majesty's representative as Governor-General in Canada."

PERCY J. ROBINSON.



PRIZE DAY

The thirteenth annual prize-giving of St. Andrew's College was held in the Assembly Hall, at high noon, on Monday, February 2nd, 1914.

The ceremony on this occasion was of more than ordinary interest owing to the fact that His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught had expressed his desire to pay the College a second visit, and was also graciously pleased to present the prizes and to deliver an address.

A stranger entering the College building at almost any hour for days and even weeks before the event could not have failed to be impressed with the all-pervading air of preparation and expectancy. What with servants rubbing and scrubbing, boys singing, cadets drilling, and workmen decorating, the whole establishment seemed to be obsessed with some weird form of excitement. But when at last the great day came, everything was ready—really ready; even the weather smiled upon us and was exhilarating—crisp and clear.

Our royal visitor was met at the entrance by the Head Master and the Governors of the College. He at once proceeded to Dr. Macdonald's office, passing on his way through long lines of proud cadets who, in bright uniforms and shining brass, as guard of honour, gave the royal salute. After the Duke and the gentlemen attending him had inscribed their signatures in the visitors' book, the whole platform party advanced to the Assembly Hall, threading again the lines of cadets drawn up at attention. As His Royal Highness, escorted by Dr. Macdonald and followed by the Governors and members of the staff, entered the main aisle of the hall, the large audience rose and remained standing until the company had taken their places on the dais, the orchestra meantime playing the National Anthem.

Proceedings were opened by the singing of "O Canada!" in which our guests—and the hall was filled to overflowing—joined with the boys of the school. Following this came the reading of Scripture by Rev. Dr. Neil and the offering of prayer by Venerable Archdeacon Cody.

The Head Master then arose and addressed His Royal Highness, calling his attention to the excellent record of the school during the past year and laying special stress upon the high

standing obtained at the universities by the old boys of the College. He also took occasion to announce that the Board of Governors had decided upon the plans for the new school at York Mills. The structure is to be of grey stone and in the Collegiate Gothic style. At this point Dr. Macdonald expressed to the Governors his appreciation of their keen and active interest and strong support in this undertaking, while at the same time mention was made of the generosity of the Old Boys, who propose to erect the new gymnasium.

When the Head Master had concluded, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Chairman of the Board of Governors, read the following address of welcome to the royal visitor:—

“Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and of Strathearn, Earl of Sussex (in the peerage of the United Kingdom), Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, K.G., K.T., K.P., P.C., G.M.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., Personal Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty the King, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Dominion of Canada.

“May it please your Royal Highness:—

“In welcoming Your Royal Highness to St. Andrew's College on behalf of the boys, the Staff and the Governors of the College, we desire to express our sincere appreciation of the honour conferred upon the school by your presence on the occasion of our Annual Prize Day.

“We are privileged to welcome you as the representative of His Majesty the King toward whom, through you, we desire to express a consistent and warm loyalty. This welcome is all the more cordial, given, as it is, to a representative of your Royal House, so distinguished as yourself.

“May we add that it affords us particular pleasure to welcome to the College for its own sake, one whose services to the British Empire have been so distinguished, whose influence on the goodwill of the nation toward his House so acceptable, whose interest in the welfare of our Dominion so marked, as have been those several activities of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught.

“St. Andrew's College is a public school founded by private effort. It is the aim of her founders and maintainers to provide

for the youths entrusted to her care, primary and secondary education in a definite Christian atmosphere. Those charged with her welfare are not unmindful of the responsibility resting upon, and the opportunity given to, her authorities to contribute something to the development of national spirit in a country so large in extent and composed of so many physically separated units as is our Dominion of Canada. There are here to welcome you to-day, boys from all our Provinces and Territories—from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland in the East, to British Columbia and the Yukon in the West. The education of such boys side by side is in itself a contribution to the development of national feeling, and should not be without effect in helping to produce that cohesion of effort and unity of aim, so much to be desired in our country as a component part of the Empire, of which it is our good fortune to be a member. Although only in the fifteenth year of her existence the school has some claim to be regarded as national in her work and outlook. It is the hope of those responsible for her policy and welfare that the enlargement of equipment and the erection of suitable buildings in more spacious environment will enable the school authorities to carry out with even more conspicuous success their desire to develop in St. Andrew's College boys manly character and sound education.

"The presence of such a distinguished visitor as yourself is no mean contribution to an atmosphere that breeds high regard for the traditions and the achievements of a great race, to which, though as it were younger sons in another land, we feel that we, too, are heirs with those whose lives are spent in closer contact with the centre of the Empire.

"In conclusion, we desire to express our high regard for your Consort, the Duchess of Connaught, and to assure you that we are not unmindful of her interest in our country and of the fact that her health has been endangered through her successful efforts to assist in your arduous duties. May we voice our gratitude that she has so far recovered, and express a sincere hope that ere long that recovery will be all that can be desired.

"On behalf of the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's College,

"Chairman, J. K. MACDONALD,

"Vice-Chairman, Z. A. LASH, K.C.

"Secretary, A. M. CAMPBELL.

"Toronto, February 2nd, 1914."

Mr. Macdonald then handed to His Royal Highness a copy of the address exquisitely engrossed in water colours (the work of Mr. A. H. Howard), and bound in leather.

A tumult of applause greeted the Duke of Connaught as he arose to reply, which he did in the following words:

“ Dr. Bruce Macdonald and Gentlemen:

“ I must express my gratification at the loyal and most flattering allusions to myself in your address. I must also thank you very cordially for the sympathy you expressed regarding the recent illness of the Duchess of Connaught. I am thankful to say that her health continues to improve, and I trust that she may be with me on the occasion of my next visit to Toronto.

“ I am particularly glad to be able to be present here to-day, as, in my opinion, there are no questions in Canada that are of greater importance than those relating to the education of the rising generation.

“ We all realize with pride the astonishing growth and material progress of the Dominion of Canada during the last twenty years. But, gentlemen, we must remember that this expansion, great though it is, will almost certainly be dwarfed by the growth in the twenty years that are to come.

“ The young men and the boys of Canada who will soon be entering life, have assuredly a goodly heritage. But if their opportunities will be unrivalled, their responsibilities will also be heavy. It is, therefore, essential that they should be taught to rise to the occasion.

“ The responsibility for this teaching must rest with the various educational institutions. If these are not properly organized or if they fail to get the best out of their pupils, the future development of the Dominion will move along the wrong lines, with results that may be extremely serious.

“ I take a great pride in our public schools and am a firm believer in the efficacy of these essentially British institutions as regards the formation of character. I am very glad to know that this point is one which is always kept in view at St. Andrew's College.

“ One passage in your address, to which I listened with exceptional pleasure, was that in which allusion was made to the development of a national spirit. If the new generation are to be

worthy of their forbears and of themselves, they must learn, not only to think locally, but—in Mr. Chamberlain's historic phrase—'to think imperially.' The material benefits that come to those who live beneath the Union Jack are certainly no mean inheritance, but greater even than these is the fact that British boys all the world over are the heirs to the British Empire, that is to say, to one of the greatest instruments for good that the world has ever seen."

At the conclusion of his address His Royal Highness was again roundly applauded, the boys adding three hearty cheers and a "tiger."

The winners of prizes for general proficiency now received their rewards at the hands of the Duke, who also presented the Chairman's gold medal and the medal given by Mr. A. E. Thorley for proficiency in rifle shooting.

The Lieutenant-Governor's medals were presented by Lady Gibson. Miss Flora Macdonald, acting for her mother, presented the Wyld prize in Latin. The silver cup awarded to the best shot in the senior cadet corps was presented by Mrs. A. R. Capreol, regent of the St. George's Chapter, I.O.D.E. A similar trophy open for competition in the junior cadet corps was presented by Mrs. R. S. Wilson, of the Chapter of the 48th Highlanders. Each of these ladies received a beautiful bouquet at the hands of tiny boys from the Lower School.

A complete list of the prize-winners is to be found elsewhere in this issue of the REVIEW.

The ceremony was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King." His Royal Highness then retired from the Hall to the Head Master's house, where Mrs. Macdonald held a reception for those who had official connection with the school for the day, in order to give them an opportunity of meeting the Duke of Connaught, while the guests in general were entertained in the Upper School dining-room, where refreshments were served.

As the Duke was leaving the College he was given a royal send-off by the boys, who had assembled on the front steps for that purpose, and while saying good-bye to Dr. Macdonald he had the consideration to ask that a whole holiday be given to the school. This was granted on the following day, much to the joy of all, as the annual Cadet Corps dance fell on this (Tuesday) evening, and a holiday was most opportune.

And now we look back upon this occasion as the most successful of its kind in the history of the College. It all seems like a happy dream. Every detail had been arranged beforehand, and no break marred the course of events. The hope that His Royal Highness would notice nothing but the "oil upon the wheels" was, we believe, realized, and it is pleasant to think that our royal guest was pleased.

The gentlemen who composed the party on the platform were: Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. Z. A. Lash, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edmund Osler, Mr. N. W. Rowell, President Falconer, Mr. Alex. Laird, Mr. D. B. Hanna, Mr. John C. Eaton, His Worship Mayor Hocken, Rev. Dr. Neil, Mr. J. W. Flavell, Principal Embree, Lieut-Colonel Gooderham, Venerable Archdeacon Cody, Dr. W. Pakenham, Dr. H. K. Hamilton, Mr. Frank A. Rolph, Mr. J. Leslie Ferguson, Mr. Herbert W. Allan, Mr. W. B. Macpherson, Mr. A. M. Campbell, Sir Henry M. Pellatt.

PRIZE LIST—YEAR'S WORK, 1912-1913.

Honour List—66 per cent. and over, Midsummer Exam.

LOWER SCHOOL.

Lower Preparatory Form—

1st General Proficiency:—Barnfield; *Honours*:—Barnfield.

Upper Preparatory Form—

1st General Proficiency:—Applegath I, Marsh; *Honours*:—Applegath I, Lumbers; *Special Prize*:—Somers II.

Form I—

1st General Proficiency:—Robertson II; 2nd, Somers I, 3rd, Morton; *Honours*:—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Morton; 3rd, Somers I; 4th, McDougall II.

Form II—

1st General Proficiency:—Macdonald II; 2nd, Turnbull; *Honours*:—1st, Macdonald II; 2nd, Marks; 3rd, Turnbull; 4th, Leishman II.

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

Form III B.—

1st General Proficiency:—Wright V; *Honours*:—1st, Wright V, 2nd, Trow.

Form III A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Rolph III, 2nd, Cameron, 3rd, Brouse; *Honours*:—1st, Brouse, 2nd, Cameron, 3rd, Rolph III, 4th, May, 5th, Clare.

Form IV A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Bennett I, 2nd, Leckie II, 3rd, Macdonald I; *Honours*:—1st, Bennett, 2nd, Leckie II, 3rd, Macdonald I, 4th, Eakins, 5th, Macpherson I (C.), 6th, Ings, 7th, Wildman II and Wright IV.

UPPER SCHOOL.

Form V.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Galbraith, 2nd, Johnston I, 3rd, Grant II; *Honours*:—1st, Galbraith, 2nd, Wilson II, 3rd, Johnston I and Grant II, 5th, Kent I, 6th, Lowndes, 7th, McTaggart, 8th, Crowe, 9th, Caven; *Special Prize*:—Kent I.

Form Lower VI (Toronto Group.)—

General Proficiency:—1st, McIntosh and Wildman I, 3rd, Brown I; *Honours*:—1st, McIntosh, 2nd, Wildman I, 3rd, Brown I, 4th, Rice.

(McGill Group.)

General Proficiency:—1st, Towers, 2nd, MacLaren; *Honours*:—1st, Towers, 2nd, MacLaren.

Form Upper VI.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Herschkovitz; *Honours*:—1st, Herschkovitz, 2nd, Sampson.

Literary Society:—Senior Reading, Paterson I; Junior Reading, Grant II.

Chairman's Gold Medal:—McIntosh.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting:—Davis I (G.L.)

Lieutenant-Governor's Medals:—Silver, McIntosh and Wildman I; Bronze, Towers.

"Wyld Prize in Latin":—Towers.

St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Cup:—Hyde.

The 48th Highlanders Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Rifle:—Grant II.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson's Prize for Shooting:—Wilson III (A.H.)



Remarkable Result of the Egg Diet

Fiction

THE THIRTEENTH

Winner of the First Prize.

IT is a very rare occurrence down in Keremeos, just south of the Okanagan Valley in the dry belt of British Columbia, that a party goes on a three-day deer hunt without being successful. Yet, a certain party, consisting of three ranchmen, and a pack horse, had had this experience. Discouraged and disheartened, they were scrambling down a mountain-side on the eve of the third day, following as best they could a switch-back deer trail. It is true they had shot many grouse and other game birds, but the fleet-footed buck had evaded their guns. They had seen deer, four to be precise, but these had been far out of range and could not be tracked, for, at that time of the year, September, there was naturally no snow.

It was hot now that they were in the lower levels, and it seemed as if the heat were going to remain even after sundown. They had descended almost to the base of the mountain, where they found the trail smoother, and consequently less tiresome. Sage brush was about the only thing that grew here, excepting a few scattered beds of cactus.

The trail led them round a large shoulder on the side of the mountain where it was joined by another deer-path which, uniting with theirs, made its way down to a river below. Deer tracks, probably made in the morning, could be seen on either trail. It was these tracks that gave one of the hunters, Philip Whitehead, a last hope. "I'm going to take another chance," he said, "I'm going to camp on that shoulder for the night, and early in the morning get behind a rock and wait for the deer as they come down for water."

"I'm with you," said one of his companions, "though if the breeze is not right they will scent us and keep away."

The other member of the party said he couldn't be bothered, and took the horse on down the hill, giving as his reason that he was "after a square meal just then, not deer."

The two who remained slept, or rather tried to sleep, on very

hard ground that night. But early in the morning they left their comfortless beds and, taking their rifles, looked for positions on the sides of the shoulder of the mountain from which they would be able to command excellent views, one of the one trail and the other of the other. The slight breeze blowing happened to be in the right direction and their spirits rose accordingly. It was hot, even though only five o'clock; indeed, it had been hot all night, for Keremeos' early fall temperature is generally near, if not over, ninety degrees in the shade. The heat, however, was not wholly unwelcome. It was almost sure to bring the deer down for a cooling drink at the river.

Philip Whitehead found a large rock upon which he could rest his rifle and obtain a wide sweep of the trail as it came down round a curve. He lay down behind this rock and, as he was almost sure that no deer had as yet descended for water, he was in hopes of getting a shot at one.

He had been like this for about fifteen minutes and was getting stiff, so he shifted his position. In doing so he happened to look down at the base of the rock, and perceived a small hole made underneath it. The next instant he gave a start. The flat head of a snake was slowly coming out of the hole. He had seen heads like that before, and his heart seemed to stop beating as he realized it to be that of a rattlesnake.

Fascinated, he watched the long grey body with its peculiar markings follow, until there, hardly a foot from him, was the coiled body of a rattler. He could not move. Fear held him as in a vice. To think that if he tried to get up death would probably be the result horrified him. He shuddered. In so doing he moved his arm a trifle. The snake, which had hitherto not appeared to notice him, hissed, while the ominous sound of his rattles warned Whitehead that he must be careful. He feared even to shout for his companion, though it was quite possible his friend would not have heard him. He looked around cautiously, hopelessly, for some means of escape, hardly daring to turn his head. It was then that he saw that which he had first come behind that fateful rock to see. Down round the curve in the trail the majestic form of a buck appeared. Behind him came two does. It was maddening. Half unconsciously Whitehead moved his arm towards his gun. It was useless. The rattler raised his head in the air and eyed him menacingly, while its angry hissing and rattling again

warned him of his fearful danger. He was forced to lie there motionless and see out of the corner of his eye the three unsuspecting deer walk slowly past within easy gunshot. They disappeared around a bend in the trail and Philip Whitehead was once more alone with the snake. He had lost most of his fear of the reptile now, realizing that it was only necessary for him to remain motionless to be safe.

About a minute after the disappearance of the deer (it seemed hours to the hunter), the rattler slowly uncoiled and started away. It was then that Whitehead's temper got the better of his experience. The self-restraint which he had had to practise had so chafed upon his spirits that his accumulating wrath which now found a chance to give itself vent made him lose all reason, so that, seizing his rifle, he shot the rattlesnake through the head. Too late he realized his mistake. If he had left the snake and followed quietly down the trail, in all probability he would have still been able to obtain a fair shot at the deer. But the report of his gun echoing and re-echoing about him assured him that those deer would now be out of all danger from his rifle.

Cursing the convulsing body of the chief cause of his ill-fortune, he left the rock and joined his companion. "Any luck?" his friend, who had not seen a thing, asked him.

"Nothing but hard luck," replied Whitehead, and then went on to relate his experience.

When he had finished they both agreed that it was useless to remain any longer, and after a frugal breakfast they followed the trail their companion had taken the night before.

On reaching the ranch Philip Whitehead happened to glance at a calendar. It was the thirteenth.

"The durned snake would have slept in on any other morning," he growled.

C. P. LECKIE.

BY THE HAND OF FATE

Second Prize.

IT was a warm summer day and the numerous mosquitoes annoyed the inhabitants of the little town of Mandarin considerably. At the yards of the Great Western Railway, William Wilson, engineer, and known among his friends as Bill, and his fireman, Thomas Jackson, were busily engaged cleaning the engine.

The latter had just finished fixing the headlight, and was wiping the perspiration from his forehead when he exclaimed,

"Wow, Bill, but it's hot; this is bad weather for them there forest fires."

"It certainly is," returned his fellow-workman, "but we're going to get a storm soon. I ain't been on this here job for twenty-five years and don't know when a storm is coming."

"We surely need it," answered Tom. "If these mosquitoes get much worse I'm going to wear a veil. See that dragon-fly? Ain't he a beauty!"

Soon after, they finished work on the engine and parted for the night.

When the engineer reached home he found his daughter, Mary, dangerously ill, and the doctor in attendance. His wife greeted him sadly, and told him how the child had been. The doctor remained all night with his patient, waited on by the anxious mother and father.

In the morning the physician was able to encourage the parents, but that afternoon the child became worse, and when the doctor was again summoned he found the girl to be on the verge of death. It was a pitiful parting that he was witness of. The father kissed his little one, probably for the last time, unable to remain at home on account of the shortage of men at the rush season.

Bill entered the engine on his arrival at the yards, where he found Tom had already fired up; so he filled the tank with water and the tender with coal, and they left Mandarin with the rain beating fiercely at the cab windows. The fireman, who had been told of the sickness at the engineer's home, did his utmost to cheer his companion, but he worked in vain, for the gloom of the surroundings only made the heartbroken engineer more despondent.

His mind was not on his work, but continually wandered to his little home where his only child lay dying. They had been traveling thus for some time, the train rattling along the rails at a terrific rate, when Tom, who had been watching him, saw him give a start.

"Tom," he yelled, "did you see it?"

"See what?" asked the fireman.

"Her, my Mary," he replied, pointing ahead of the engine, "out there waving her arms and signalling us down."

"You're mad, Bill," was the reply, "sit down, you're worrying too much."

"No, I saw her out there in the light, waving us down," insisted the engineer. The fireman put the engineer into a seat and took his place for a while; but he had not been at this post long before he saw it himself. There, right ahead, waving her arms, was the vision in the rays of the powerful headlight. He was afraid to tell the engineer, as he waited for it to appear again.

Meanwhile the storm raged furiously, the lightning illuminating everything, each flash followed immediately by a terrific crash of thunder. Never before had the fireman driven a train in such a storm. The wind blew the rain viciously against the cab windows, and all the while the engineer sat as if he were in a trance. Sick at heart, the dumbfounded fireman looked searchingly for a repetition of the vision. Again the lightning flashed, followed by another terrific clap of thunder. The vision appeared simultaneously, now waving her arms frantically up and down. Tom called the engineer to the window, where both saw the spectacle. Bill reached for the throttle and turned it, while Tom put on the air-brakes. With a few sudden jolts the train came to a standstill.

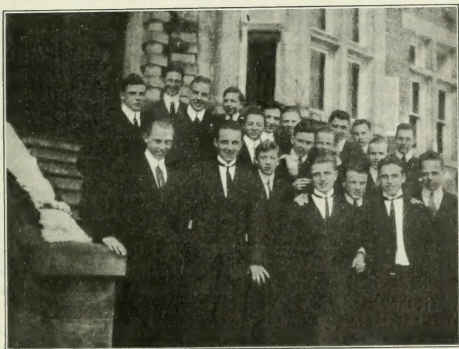
The engineer and his companion jumped out of the cab and ran forward into the blinding fury of the storm. There, not five hundred yards away was a deep valley, the bottom of which held the burning pieces of the shattered bridge which had been demolished by that dangerous weapon of nature—lightning.

In the engineer's house the mother and doctor knelt by the bedside of the daughter, once playful and happy, now a corpse before the weeping parent.

The scorched remains of a large dragon-fly were found in the headlight next morning, and accounted for the hallucination. The insect, flying at times before the flame, broke the rays, causing

a ghostlike figure of a person with arms outstretched to be formed in the white path of the headlight. But that is a solution which carries no weight with the bereaved father, who saw in the apparition that saved them the form of his little dead girl sent back to warn him.

F. R. RANKIN.



Our "Wild West" Show

THE COMMISSIONER'S PLOT

Third Prize.

DICK THOMAS and Fred Jackson had been rivals since they had joined the ranks of the Mounted Police. Both were splendid specimens of manhood, and popular among their fellows, yet for some reason they could not become friends. No open rupture had as yet occurred, but the feeling between them was strong. This was increased by the arrival home of the Commissioner's daughter from the East, for both were irresistibly attracted by dainty Elise Ellis. She was quite impartial in her treatment of the two, a fact which in no wise improved matters.

Then one day there was an argument which almost resulted in blows. But, at the crucial moment the Commissioner appeared on the scene. He shrewdly suspected the circumstances and, like the jovial old sport he was, he suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"Here, Thomas, Jackson! This will never do. Disorderly fighting between my two senior captains? Tut! You two men have both fine records and now that you have a chance of promotion you are going to spoil it by this sort of conduct. I was looking for you both to inform you that Inspector Raymond has left the force, and one of you two must fill his place.

"Now, as you are equal in point of good behaviour, work and length of service, it is a question as to which shall receive the post. I can think of only one method of deciding, and that a very unusual one. Suppose you settle your little difference, and at the same time decide who is to be Inspector, by the gloves. You are both handy in the ring, and I see no reason why you should not settle it thus."

His hearers gaped. They both perceived that he who got the post of Inspector had ten chances to his rival's one of obtaining Commissioner Ellis' consent to bestowing the hand of his daughter. But after some discussion it was decided to settle the difficulty as proposed.

"But, remember," added the Commissioner, "just let me see one sign of rough work and I will give the other the decision."

The old gentleman had, in his younger days, been somewhat of a boxer, and had not lost his enthusiasm for the noble art. This accounted for his somewhat irregular procedure.

When the particulars of the coming contest spread through the station, speculation was rife as to the probable result. The pair were very well matched, and what betting there was remained at even money.

Much regret was expressed over Inspector Raymond's resignation, and he suffered a good deal of chaffing from his many friends when someone started a report that he was to be married. He was remarkably young for his rank and very handsome, greatly liked and respected by his men. As Raymond knew the boxing game thoroughly, he was chosen as referee for the coming contest.

The men turned out in a body to witness the bout, cheering lustily the while for the man they backed.

It was a wonderful exhibition of boxing. Both men, long subjected to the rigorous training of barrack life, were in the pink of physical condition. It was a clean bout, too, for both had enough of the sportsman in him to restrain his temper. After ten rounds of the most strenuous effort Ex-Inspector Raymond interfered and said that he was forced to declare the fight a draw.

The onlookers thirsted for more, and indeed the rivals themselves seemed eager to fight to a finish. Just what the outcome might have been is uncertain, for at this moment Tommy Williams, an irrepressible young constable, sprang into the ring and held up his hand for silence. When the noise had subsided, he drew from his pocket a copy of the *Evening News* and read aloud a few words which took all the fight out of Thomas and Jackson and caused them to shake hands like old pals and leave the ring very downcast.

For Tommy had read as follows:—"The engagement is announced to-day of Ex-Inspector Arthur F. Raymond of the R.N.W. M.P., to Miss Elise Ellis, only daughter of Commissioner Ellis; the wedding to take place early next month. Inspector Raymond recently tendered his resignation from the force in order to obtain a more lucrative position."

As Tommy concluded his speech the Commissioner himself stepped into the ring and, after confirming the above statement, spoke a few words that brought forth additional cheers.

"I have decided," he said, "that, taking all things into consideration, the best course to pursue is to appoint both Captain Thomas and Captain Jackson to the rank of Inspector."

H. M. YOUNG.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

EARLY one Sunday morning last summer a party of five of us woke up with absolutely nothing to do but lie around. We lay in bed till about eleven o'clock and then decided it was time to eat. With much arguing we persuaded ourselves to get up and take a swim. The water was rather chilly, but, together with a good breakfast, it inspired suggestions for the day. One of the best was a trip down the lake, to see if we could locate a flock of geese, as it was nearly time for fall shooting, and we needed a decoy. We all agreed to this, so after preparing a lunch to take with us, we baled out the launch and pushed off. It was a beautiful day, not a ripple on the lake nor a cloud in the sky, and the chug-chug of the engine and the breaking of the swells at the bow of the boat were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

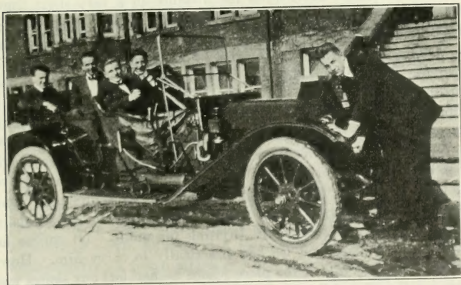
We had gone some ten miles down the lake before we saw anything but ducks, and then suddenly, on rounding a point, we came in sight of a flock of geese flopping away over the water. Dick, who was running the engine, threw on all speed and gave chase. The young geese were just at their full growth, but were too fat and weak to be able to fly, so we knew they could not get away from us. As we drew closer they separated and headed off in different directions. We picked one quite close to us and resolved to make him our victim. He raced away at a great rate, but soon grew tired, and we began gaining on him. When the launch was within five yards he dived. Dick immediately threw over the tiller and a couple of us backed water with paddles. We circled around the spot where he had disappeared, keeping a sharp lookout for him. Presently someone discovered him away over on our right, and we set off on the wild goose chase again. This performance was repeated, and we began to grow a little discouraged. But after a while his dives became shorter, and presently he came right up by the boat. There was a wild shout and everybody scrambled to one side of the launch, nearly upsetting it in the excitement. Needless to say, the goose was left far behind as we sped past.

The question now arose, after we had him tired out, how were we going to catch him? There were only two of us in the bunch that could swim, so Dick and I stripped and took our positions

on the front seat. The engine was slowed down, and everyone waited expectantly.

Presently he appeared on my side. I forget how I got overboard, but the first thing I knew was that I was having a death struggle with a wild goose in the waters of Birch Lake. The goose, to open the bout, hit me a whack over the head with his wing, and I was forced to relinquish my hold with one hand to make a grab for the offending wing. The goose is no weakling, and I began to think it was not as much of a joke as I had bargained for. I was seriously contemplating giving it up as a bad job, when, out of the turmoil, I heard the reassuring shouts and laughter of my companions. I managed to splutter an appeal to Dick for help, and then I seemed to take a submarine journey. Someone grabbed the goose by the neck, so I let go my hold on his leg, and threw my arms affectionately around the rapidly beating wings. Dick towed the goose and me back to the boat, where we were hauled in, the heroes of the day.

A. P. HUNTER.



Professor MacRae's Great Weight-Lifting Act

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

IT had been the biggest snowfall for many years, and all the surrounding country now appeared as one large white sheet. The boughs of the pine trees were drooping under the great weight of the snow, and the whole countryside glistened with intense brightness as the sun poured forth his brilliance on it. During the two days following the weather became very cold and the thermometer dropped as far as thirty degrees below zero. The St. Lawrence, which had up to now remained open, began to freeze steadily, until after two days of the cold spell we found the ice to be about four inches thick.

The following day was Saturday, and we began to plan for an afternoon of sport. Shortly after dinner four other boys and myself proceeded to the river with skates and snowshoes. The day was an ideal one; the sun was shining brightly and there was barely a breath of wind to hinder our progress when skating. Arriving at the boathouse, we put on our skates, and, carrying the snowshoes, we set out across the ice to the track which the boatman had marked out, as the safest way by which to cross the river.

At this particular point the river is about a mile wide, but as we were on skates we covered the distance in a very short time. When we reached the opposite shore, where a small Yankee village is situated, we left our skates in a freight shed, and, donning our snowshoes, set out into the country. Following the N. Y. C. Railroad for about a mile and then turning to the left, we proceeded for some distance until we reached Redwood, a village with a population of about five hundred. Here we managed to obtain something to eat, and after a short rest began to retrace our steps.

We spent our time on the way back by jumping from any high rock or hill we could find and in daring each other to undertake such other difficult feats as one can perform on snowshoes. One of the boys wishing to take a jump that the rest of us had abandoned slipped and fell, badly twisting his ankle. Of course he could not snowshoe and we had practically to carry him. However, fortunately for us, the place where we had left our skates was now not far off and it was not long before we arrived. We helped the invalid in and were then able to procure some hot water with which we tried to reduce the swelling on his ankle.

In a short time, by means of tearing up strips of our handker-

chiefs, we had his ankle fairly well bandaged up, and though the pain must have been intense, he insisted that we should let him hobble along alone. However, he had a mighty hard time of it on the slippery ice, and before we got out of the bay he was glad to let us help him.

About this time one of the boys noticed a huge cloud just topping the western horizon, and at the same time the wind began to freshen. I don't believe I ever saw a storm rise so quickly; and what a storm it was! We had to bend low and head into the wind with all our might. Here again our lame comrade found trouble, but we fought on steadily. To make matters worse it began to snow, and that with the wind beat hard against our faces.

As we drew near the channel we saw that the water was apparently rising over the ice from a crack which had lately appeared; and this when we reached it proved to be an opening about four feet wide. Then the ice was breaking up, and the question arose, how we were going to get over. We might be able to jump it, but we could not leave our crippled companion.

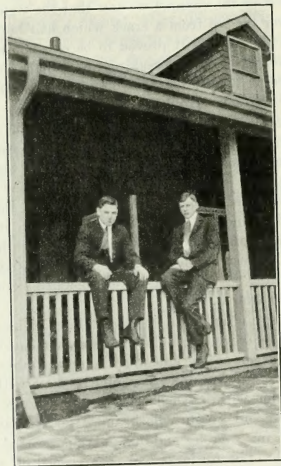
Now the boatmen have two steel boats by which, when the ice is not strong enough to hold a horse, they convey passengers across the river. One of these boats for some particular reason is nearly always left anchored in the ice near the channel. As it happened, the boat was fastened a short distance above us, though as yet, through the wind and the snow, we had not seen it. An extra blast of wind sweeping along must have loosened the boat from its anchorage, because suddenly we noticed it tearing down the ice. It was rushing right upon us, so by hook or by crook we determined we would stop it.

On it came, spinning like a top, sometimes right side up and sometimes upside down, but never for a moment lessening its speed. Two of us got on one side and two on the other, for if only we could stop its spinning the rest could be done with little difficulty. As it came within reach we all made a grab at it. Two of us were down, but up in a flash and after it again. And so after suffering a few tumbles and bumps we succeeded in bringing it to a standstill. The rowlocks had been ripped off and some of the boatmen's rugs had been lost, but the boat itself was in good condition.

Here was just the thing to get us all across the opening. How fortunate for us that it had broken away! The rest was easy.

We piled in the boat, gave it a shove, and were off. It practically reached across, so we clambered safely to the opposite side. Then we pulled the boat over, and, using it as a sleigh for the one with the bad ankle, we pushed it to the shore. There we informed them at the dock how we had caught the boat, and then left for home, where we arrived in about fifteen minutes, all of us almost exhausted, but none the worse for our adventure except for the loss of a few snowshoes.

E. COSSITT.



Natives of Newfoundland in
Characteristic Poses

MONTREAL'S WATER FAMINE

ON the twenty-fifth of December the greatest peril Montreal has ever experienced struck the city. The water conduit in which the water is brought from the river to the pumping station burst, leaving the city without water.

The break was caused by the earth being dug away from one side of the conduit in deepening the channel, and being piled up on the other. This put a tremendous strain on the exposed side, and the concrete being faulty there sprung a leak which soon developed into a bad break. It was found that to repair this first, a great deal of the conduit would have to be demolished before the work could be commenced. As this required three or four days to complete, it was decided to put in a large steel pipe, which could be made sooner than the concrete.

Meanwhile as these repairs were being made with feverish haste, how was the city faring? The water had been cut off so suddenly that there had been no warning given. Thus everyone was unprepared, and when they awoke on the morning of the twenty-sixth there was not a drop of water in their houses. "Oh, that will be all right," was heard on every side, before the extent of the damage was known; "we shall have the water again by to-night; meanwhile we will melt snow." That night, however, the tune had quite changed. People had tried the snow-melting scheme only to give it up in disgust. Having filled up their kettles, etc., with snow, they put them on the fire to melt. The result was not much more than a cupful of dirty, smelling water. The second day was spent in telephoning the City Hall demanding that water be turned on immediately. Little satisfaction was given, however, and by Saturday evening the indignation of the citizens had come to a climax.

The situation had grown much more serious now for many people. These were face to face with the question of how to keep warm, in addition to that of how to keep clean. The furnaces of the houses must have water or they would have to be put out. Meanwhile the city had been doing all in its power to meet the emergency. The authorities had employed all available vehicles for carrying water through the streets to give to the people. From now till the end of the famine these sleighs came regularly, ringing a bell to attract attention. At the sound of the bell the front doors

along the street would open almost simultaneously, and ladies and servants, business men and boys would come out with pails, jugs or anything available to get a supply of water. But while these sleighs could supply the immediate needs of the private houses, it was impossible to supply those of the large buildings down-town. One restaurant after another was forced to close. Many of the large stores were without heat. The factories had to suspend work, and business in general came to a standstill.

On the morning of the thirty-first the pipe was completed and the water was let in. But even now the pumps had not been going more than ten minutes before another leak occurred, which made it necessary to undo much of the work and begin over again.

The extinction of a number of small fires at this time greatly lessened the water in the reservoirs, so that if one large fire had occurred in the business district probably the whole city would have been wiped out. A fire did occur in the north end of the city which was not checked till a large block of dwellings had been destroyed. But on the whole people were careful and nothing of a very serious nature happened.

At last, on the second of January, the water was let in very gently, the pumps started to work, and by midnight the reservoirs were replenished. Montreal, after a famine of eight days, again had water.

K. B. JOHNSTON.



Room Six: A Lull in Hostilities

Miscellaneous

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE CADET CORPS DANCE

ONE of the most enjoyable "not-out" dances of the season was held by the St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps in the College assembly hall, on the evening of Tuesday, February 3rd, 1914.

Shortly after eight the guests began to arrive. They were shown up to the various rooms set apart for the removal of their coats and cloaks by a few of the smaller cadets, resplendent in their bright uniforms and shining buttons. At the door of the hall they were received by Mrs. Macdonald, ably assisted by Captain Wright and Lieutenant Brown.

About nine o'clock the orchestra struck up the first selection and the dance started.

It was a very pretty sight to watch the whirling couples, the light-coloured dresses of our lady guests mingled with the green kilts and red tunics of the cadets.

The programme comprised waltzes, two-steps, bostons and tangos, in all their infinite variety, and the floor was gaily filled throughout the eighteen numbers provided.

A buffet supper was served in the well-decorated dining-room, and was highly enjoyed by all; while at the front steps was to be found a big bowl of punch which had to be replenished several times.

Owing to the great number of people present, guards were stationed at the door to prevent overcrowding. Other guards stood sternly to attention at various points of vantage about the corridors.

The benches of the assembly hall were placed along the sides of the upper and lower halls, and made admirable sitting-out places. The desks had also been taken out of Classrooms Five and Six. One was a sitting-out room and the other was used, along with the assembly hall, to dance in.

Nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the evening, except that a few of the large bunches of flowers that most of the girls carried fell and were soon trampled to pieces, or walked off with. Their débris was much in evidence the next morning, when half

the fellows came trooping down to classrooms with flowers in their buttonholes.

At the end of the programme the orchestra played "God Save the King," and the merry couples wended their way sleepily homeward, to dream for many a night on the glorious time at the S.A.C. dance.

STUART CLARE.

SCHOOL NOTES

The staff of the Lower School has this term been strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. J. F. Twigg, B.A., Queen's University, Kingston, and Mr. MacKendrie.

Mr. Hadland and Mr. Clayton are looking very cheerful.

The following new prefects were appointed early in the term: Findley I, Brown I, Johnston I, Young I, and Urquhart.

Hyde has taken the place of Macpherson I, who left at the end of last term, in the school orchestra, and his services to the Literary Society musical programmes have been very valuable. He is already a capital accompanist, and should develop into a fine player.

The annual Assault-at-Arms took place on March 27th, too late for an account to be given in this issue. Full details in the summer number.

Shooting at the Armoury is going on steadily and some very good scores have been made, notably 44 out of a possible 50, by Davis I, and 42 each by Rankin and Cossitt. The final shooting will take place next term on the Range.

The Life-saving Class, under the supervision of Mr. Chapman, and instructed by Davis I, is in full swing at the Central Y.M.C.A. tank. We hope to have secured the West End Y.M.C.A. tank for the practice of those taking the award of merit, by the time this goes to press.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society has held many successful meetings this term, culminating on the evening of Friday, March 13th, with a most interesting illustrated lecture on "The Birds of Ontario,"

given to the Society, the other members of the School and their friends, by Mr. Nash, of the Provincial Museum. The audience was keenly interested in the lecture, and a very pleasant evening was terminated by a vote of thanks to the lecturer, proposed by the head Prefect. At other meetings of the Society the proceedings have been enlivened by violin solos by Mr. Laidlaw, songs by Mr. Ralph and Mr. Fleming, and a remarkably clever exhibition of juggling and sleight-of-hand by Mr. Neill, who most kindly offered his services early in the term. In addition to these star performers, we have had the usual series of musical and rhetorical items, and especially the never-failing resource of the school sextette, those eminently dainty and refined vocalists, to draw upon; and, indeed, the whole term's programme reflects great credit upon the officers of the Society, whose names are here appended. Hon. President, Dr. Macdonald; President, Mr. Macdonell; 1st Vice-President, Travis; 2nd Vice-President, Cantley; Secretary, Hatch; Historians, Hunter, Duncan; Form Representatives: U. VI, Findley I; L. VI, Paterson; V, Davis I; IV, Taylor III; III, McLaurin.

On Friday, March 20th as the result of the Reading and Recitation Competition before the Society the awards were made as follows:—

Senior Reading: Leckie I, first; Davis I, second.

Junior Reading: Grant III, first; Cross and Harris, second.

Recitations: Darroch, first; MacDougall II, second.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

L. C. Montgomery won the 145 lbs. Intercollegiate boxing championship for McGill University, and W. McClinton, the 125 lbs. contest for the University of Toronto, at Montreal on February 28th, 1914.

Roy Lowndes came second in the Ontario Junior Fencing Championship.

A committee representing the Old Boys has very generously guaranteed the construction and equipment of the gymnasium at the new school. Plans are already being considered and the future of our gymnasts looks very rosy, indeed.

The Annual Meeting of the Old Boys' Association will take place at the College on Saturday evening, April 4th, at seven o'clock, when the Old Boys will be the guests of the College at dinner. Notices will be sent out in due course, and it is hoped that there will be a large turn-out of Old Boys, as the Committee will have an important report to make to the Association.

The following Old Boys have been in communication with the College office since the publication of the Christmas number of the REVIEW:

- Black, W. Neil D., attending Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
 Caldwell, Claude, Quebec Oriental Rly., New Carlisle, Que.
 Crowe, James A., Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Armstrong's Point, Winnipeg.
 Dunning, Charles S., attending Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
 Harcourt, Harry E., Resident Engineer (City of Toronto), 42 Hampton Avenue, Toronto.
 Hope, John Campbell, Dominion Securities Corporation, 20 Nanton Avenue, Toronto.
 Hutchings, Douglas J., Traveller, Great West Saddlery Co., Calgary, Alta.
 Hutchings, Jno. Gifford, Harness Maker, Great West Saddlery Co., Calgary, Alta.
 Murphy, Wm. Frederick, Merchant, Newdale, Man.
 Phillipe, Melville, 1261 College Street, Toronto.
 Smith, A. Dwight, Sales Engineer, Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., 580 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Que.
 Smith, Everett M., Bookkeeper, 22 Edgar Avenue, Toronto.
 Smith, James D., Mussen's Ltd. (Contractors' Supplies), Winnipeg, Man.
 Wilson, A. H., Farming, Somenos, B.C.

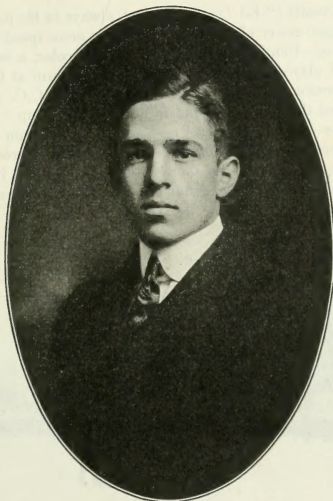
The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW since the publication of the Christmas number:

Mark G. Cohen, to Miss Evelyn Levi, Rochester, N.Y., on December 16th, 1913.

Waldo Fleming, February, 1914.

Frederick B. Housser, to Miss Bessie M. Larkin, Toronto, on February 12th, 1914.

Athletics



R. Hatch

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

Goal—Fleming ("Arch")—A new boy, a most reliable goal-tender, very cool, showed great ability for close work.

Right Defence—Roger ("Johnnie")—A new boy, came from the Mitchell septette, a strong, steady and clean defence man.

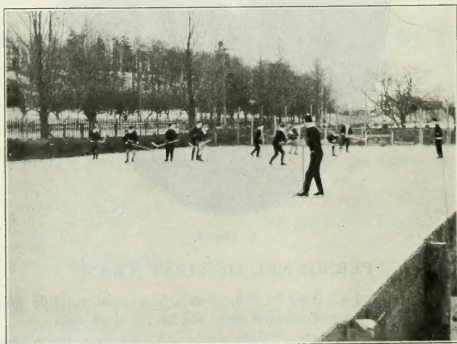
Left Defence—Wright ("Lin")—Came up from last year's second team, a hard, consistent player; used his weight to great advantage.

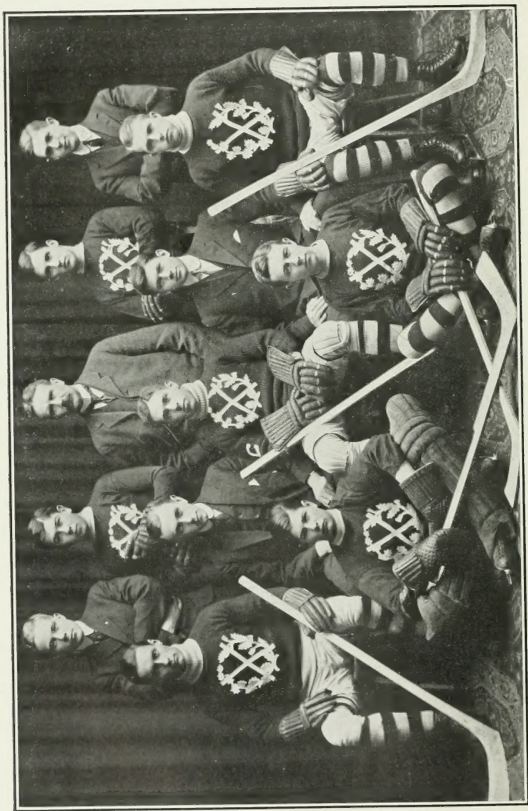
Rover—Findley ("Runt")—Came up from last year's third team; one of the hardest workers we have ever had although he lacks weight. Showed great improvement during the season.

Centre—Cossitt ("Ed")—A new boy, always in his position, the best goal-getter of the team, but needs more speed.

Right Wing—Cantley ("Bunny")—An old color, a very experienced player but did not show his usual form at the first of the season. Came back in the second U.C.C. game and showed that he was second to none in the group.

Left Wing—Hatch ("Russ")—Captained his team well, but inclined to worry, which, to some extent, interfered with the early games. But he showed that he "could" in the last U.C.C. game. Plays a finished game and appears to do his work easily.





The First Team

HOCKEY MATCHES

S.A.C. vs. S.M.C.

St. Andrew's first engagement of the season took place on Monday, January 19th, when they met defeat at the hands of St. Michael's College juniors. It was a close contest from start to finish, with the winning goal coming in the last two minutes of play.

S.A.C. took an early lead when, two minutes after the starting bell, Scott batted in the rubber from a mix-up in front of the net.

Cantley was penalized, but the Crimson team only played the harder, and Hatch by some brilliant individual work, lengthened his team's lead by another tally.

S.A.C., 2. S.M., 0.

St. Mike's now pressed hard, but Wright relieved time and again with long rushes. His shots, however, were ineffectual and failed to make any alteration in the score. Hatch paid the penalty for tripping and in his absence the Green-and-White boys commenced a terrific bombardment. Disaster was only averted by the cool and steady playing of Fleming. Doyle was injured and forced to leave the ice, taking Douglas with him.

Both teams were shooting at long range, as the opposing defence men were playing sterling hockey. Twice, however, the Crimson defence was drawn out, and Fleming was called upon to save. This he did with a couple of marvellous stops, for which he received an ovation from the spectators.

After Hatch had been put off for tripping, Cantley and Broderick mixed it up and were also banished. Playing six men to their opponent's five St. Mike's attacked fiercely, and Austin succeeded in notching their first goal.

S.A.C., 2. S.M.C., 1.

Half-time was called shortly after with no change in the score. During the initial period, both teams showed a lack of combination and a weakness in shooting. Hatch and Cantley had been the most effective for St. Andrew's, while Doyle was the pick of the St. Mike's men. In the last half the pace livened up a bit; St. Mike's, however, with their steady combination and hard work, had the Crimson septette.

Doyle so far recovered from his injury as to be able to continue the game after the interval. St. Andrew's besieged Mahoney in earnest for a time. Then Broderick fouled Scott and was on the

fence for two minutes. Scott soon followed him for a similar offence, and the teams were playing six men a side. Rogers now made the most spectacular play of the day, by securing the puck behind his own goal and, after carrying it through the whole St. Mike's team, lodging it in the net.

S.A.C., 3. S.M.C., 1.

Wright and Scott several times eluded the S.M.C. defence, but were unable to beat Mahoney. Then, after nine minutes of lightning play, Doyle found the net for the Green.

S.A.C., 3. S.M.C., 2.

St. Andrew's bored in on Mahoney for five minutes, and then Doyle broke away and beat Fleming by a cleverly placed shot.

S.A.C., 3. S.M.C., 3.

Fleming was chased to the box for slashing Bunyan and Wright was forced to tend the net. This he did in good style, for though shots were rained in on the goal, they availed nothing.

After five more minutes of lively hockey Austin tallied for St. Mike's, putting the Green in the lead.

S.M.C., 4. S.A.C., 3.

The remaining two minutes were fast and furious. St. Andrew's played in grand style, but their opponents' defence and back-checking were too much for them, and they failed to even up the count before the gong sounded, the final score being S.M.C., 4. S.A.C., 3.

For St. Andrew's Hatch was the best man, while Fleming and Wright are worthy of mention. Doyle and Austin were the greatest factors in St. Michael's victory. The teams:—

St. Andrew's—Fleming, goal; Rogers, right defence; Wright, left defence; Scott, centre; Douglas, right wing; Hatch, left wing; Cantley, rover.

St. Michael's—Mahoney, goal; Broderick, right defence; Hamilton, left defence; O'Neill, rover; Doyle, centre; Bunyan, right wing; Austin, left wing.

P. GRANT.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Friday, January 23rd, St. Andrew's and U.C.C. met at the Arena. The Saints' loss to St. Mike's, and Upper Canada's victory over the same team, gave the Blue the call over their oppon-

ents. Both schools were well represented and their organized cheering fairly shook the rafters of the rink.

St. Andrew's won the toss and chose to defend the south net and the game commenced.

The opening few moments were very fast. U.C.C. bored in several shots, but Fleming turned them all aside. Then, after eight minutes, Peters took Walker's pass and found the net for Upper Canada.

U.C.C., 1. S.A.C., 0.

Walker took the puck from the face-off and by a clever side shot beat Fleming after a half-minute of play.

U.C.C. 2. S.A.C. 0.

The Crimson now took a brace, and Upper Canada were hard put to defend their goal. The game became more scrappy and frequent penalties were imposed for slashing and tripping. Then, after nine minutes' continuous attack, Gordon succeeded in beating Greer by a bullet-like shot from directly in front of the net.

S.A.C., 1. U.C.C. 2.

Both teams exerted themselves to the utmost, but no further scoring resulted before the gong announced half-time.

Wright and Gordon have been the best for St. Andrew's, while Heintzman and Walker have shown up better than their teammates.

SECOND HALF.

One minute after the resumption of play Gordon took a shot from the side. The puck hit the goal-post and it was a question whether it entered the goal or not. After a long dispute over the shot it was finally ruled as not having crossed the goal-line.

The Saints' attacks became more vigorous, and Greer had his hands full to hold down the count.

The S.A.C. defence now gave a marvellous exhibition of hockey. Time after time they stopped single rushes by clean body checking. Both teams put all they had into the game, but the St. Andrew's markmanship was weak and they were unable to add to their single counter. Upper Canada were slowing down under the gruelling body-work of their heavier opponents. The gong soon proclaimed the end of the game.

For S.A.C. Wright, Cantley and Gordon were the most useful,

while Heintzman, Walker and Peters were the best for the winners. The line-up:

S.A.C.	Position.	U.C.C.
Fleming.....	Goal	Greer
Rogers.....	R. Defence.....	Dean
Wright.....	L. Defence.....	Phillips
Cantley.....	Rover	Heintzman (C.)
Gordon.....	Centre	Peters
McIvor.....	Right	Inglis
Hatch (Cap.).....	Left	Walker

Referee—F. Waghorne.

F. GRANT.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. HIGHFIELD.

On Wednesday, January 28th, the hockey team journeyed to Hamilton for an exhibition game with Highfield.

The game commenced at four o'clock. The rink was not as large as the one the team was accustomed to use. Consequently they did not play together as well as they might in the first few minutes of the game. Highfield had a fairly heavy septette and succeeded in notching the first goal. St. Andrew's, becoming more accustomed to the rink, soon tied the score. In a few minutes they got another. By good goal-keeping Highfield kept the score down and not until brilliant team work began did St. Andrew's notch their third tally. Half-time soon came with St. Andrew's playing fine combination, but, unluckily, they could not shoot accurately, and the score remained St. Andrew's 3, Highfield 1.

The second half began with a rush by Highfield. St. Andrew's slackened up considerably and did not play as much team-work as they should have done. The result was that Highfield notched two goals and tied the score. St. Andrew's held them after that but no more scoring was done by either side. Unfortunately the rink management would not let them finish the game, and consequently they only played twenty minutes in the second half.

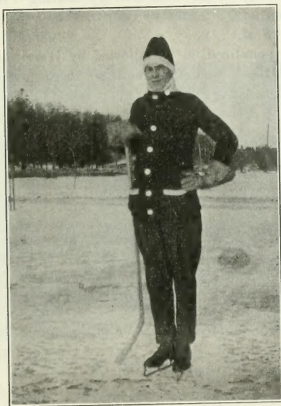
Final score—St. Andrew's 3, Highfield 3.

St. Andrew's—Goal, Fleming; left defence, Wright; right defence, Rogers; rover, Findley; centre, Cossitt; right wing, Cantley; left wing, Hatch.

S. A. C. vs. S. M. C.

Severely handicapped by the absence of their star defence man, Wright, St. Andrew's met defeat at the hands of St. Michael's Juniors at the Arena on January 30th. Wright's illness made an entire change of the team necessary, thereby placing the players in unfamiliar positions.

Punctually at 4 p.m. Referee Hancock summoned the teams to the ice and the game commenced. The play zig-zagged for a



One of the Staff, Disguised

few minutes until Hamilton of St. Mike's was penalized for tripping. Roger quickly took advantage of their weakness and with the aid of Cossitt tallied the first goal.

S.A.C., 1. S.M.C., 0.

The Irish quickly retaliated, and after a few combination rushes tied the score.

S.A.C., 1. S.M.C., 1.

Although Cantley, Roger and Douglas were "fenced" in the

next ten minutes, St. Andrew's effectually kept the puck in their opponents' territory. During a scrimmage in front of the goal Hatch was successful in placing S.A.C. in the fore.

S.A.C., 2. S.M.C., 1.

The play became livelier, but half-time was called before any further scoring was done.

S.A.C., 2. S.M.C., 1.

The ten minutes' rest seemed to disorganize the teams somewhat, for upon the resumption of play the game dragged considerably. Austin started the fireworks by beating Fleming with a quick shot from left.

S.A.C., 2. S.M.C., 2.

Cossitt was penalized, to be followed by Hamilton, and during their rest St. Mike's combined for their third goal.

S.M.C., 3. S.A.C., 2.

Cantley created the feature play of the game by an end to end rush, putting St. Andrew's on even terms by one of his wicked shots from right wing.

S.A.C., 3. S.M.C., 3.

On a rebound from the boards Hamilton put the Green again in the lead.

S.M.C., 4. S.A.C., 3.

Try as they might St. Andrew's were unable to equalize the score, and St. Mike's placed the game beyond doubt by notching their fifth goal a little before time was called.

S.M.C., 5. S.A.C., 3.

Cantley was undoubtedly the star of the game, to be followed closely by Hamilton, St. Mike's. Referee Hancock was new to our district, but gave entire satisfaction.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Monday, February 2nd, St. Andrew's and Upper Canada lined up in the final contest of the "College" Group. The only change in the blue septette was Raymond, who had replaced Inglis at right wing. The Saints presented a somewhat different team, however, with Cantley at right wing, Cossitt at centre and Findlay at rover.

Although this game could not affect the standing of the group it was keenly fought from gong to gong. St. Andrew's, however,

had the edge on their opponents at all stages, and carried off the big end of a 10—4 score.

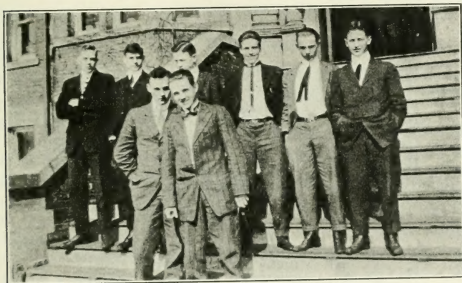
The play during the first few minutes was very fast but wild. After about five minutes, however, Rogers, after receiving the puck by his own net, carried it the length of the ice, and his perfect pass to Cossitt resulted in the first goal.

S.A.C., 1. U.C.C., 0.

Upper Canada took a brace and inside of two minutes Phillips had evened the count.

Four minutes later Phillip repeated the performance, as the result of a combined rush with Heintzman.

U.C.C., 2. S.A.C., 1.



"If Music be the Food of Love, Sing on"

Now began a see-saw struggle, with now the score a tie or now one team with a one-goal lead. The play was very even, but the Saints' superior body work and speed were too much for their lighter opponents, and when the smoke cleared off at half-time St. A.C. were leading by 3—2.

The second half was but a few minutes old when the St. Andrew's boys began to assert their superiority. Cantley seemed charmed, as the Blue defence were absolutely helpless against his brilliant stick-handling. On the other hand, Rogers and Wright kept the opposing forwards at a distance, forcing them to do their shooting at long range.

Upper Canada went to pieces before the terrible onslaught, and St. Andrew's scored almost at will. U.C.C. could only find the net twice, while Greer was beaten seven times. Five minutes before time Cantley and Walker slashed behind the goal and both left the game. It was a very clean contest, with plenty of "ginger" and combination. The final score stood at 10—4 for St. Andrew's.

Cantley was far and away the best man on the ice, and pierced the Blue defence almost at will. Rogers and Findley were also great factors in St. Andrew's victory.

For U.C.C. Heintzman and Walker featured. Greer's work also worthy of mention, he being responsible for the smallness of the Saints' score.

S.A.C., 10. U.C.C., 4.

Fleming.....	Goal	Greer
Rogers.....	Right Defence.....	Dean
Wright.....	Left Defence.....	Phillips
Findley.....	Rover ... (Cap.)	Heintzman
Cossitt.....	Centre	Peters
Cantley.....	Right Wing.....	Raymond
Hatch (Cap.).....	Left Wing.....	Walker

Referee Hancock gave entire satisfaction.

F. GRANT.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. HIGHFIELD.

On Thursday, February 12th, the return game with Highfield was played at the Arena. St. Andrew's had the best of the play throughout the game, and easily won by a score of 14—2.

The game commenced at 3.30, and for the first few minutes neither team gained. At last Wright broke away and went through the whole Highfield team and passed to Cossitt, who notched the first goal. Half a minute later Cantley repeated, followed closely by Hatch and Cossitt. Highfield seemed handicapped by the large sheet of ice and repeatedly shot from away outside the defence. At last they succeeded in finding the nets, Beck doing the trick. St. Andrew's tallied three more goals before half-time. Score—St. Andrew's 7, Highfield 1.

In the second half Highfield notched the first goal. St. Andrew's kept the play well down in Highfield's ice and pelted shot after shot on the goal. In five minutes they had accumulated four more, Cossitt responsible for two and Cantley and Roger one apiece. St. Andrew's now relaxed their efforts, but the good work of Fleming in goal kept Highfield from adding to their meagre score. Cossitt, on a lone rush, bulged the net again. Cantley then ended the scoring by notching two goals in sixteen seconds. Game ended a few moments later. Final score—St. Andrew's 14, Highfield 2.

St. Andrew's—Goal, Fleming; right defence, Roger; left defence, Wright; rover, Findley; centre, Cossitt; right wing, Cantley; left wing, Hatch.

OLD BOYS' GAME.

The annual hockey match, the Old Boys and First Team, took place on Tuesday, February 24th, at the Arena. Hume Crawford got seven ex-stars together to represent the Old Boys.

The game began at four o'clock. Owing to Crawford's skates being lost they played only six men a side until Crawford was fitted up with another pair. Then the game commenced in real earnest. Crawford's septette played exceptionally fine hockey in the early stages of the game. Malone's phenomenal stops and Bicknell's mighty end to end rushes, time and again brought the spectators to their feet in breathless admiration. Alexander played a magnificent game at right defence. The forwards played well but, unfortunately, were not in as good condition as their opponents. The College team, playing brilliant hockey and good teamwork, notched four goals in the first half to the Old Boys' nil.

S.A.C., 4. Old Boys, 0.

In the second half the strain began to tell on the veterans, and they were unable to keep up the fast pace of the opposing forwards. They, however, succeeded in getting a goal. Alexander and Crawford went through the College team and Crawford, fooling Fleming, bulged the net. The Old Boys, their hope renewed, kept back the College team, but they couldn't keep it up. Bicknell's grand rushes came spasmodically. After each rush he was forced to rest, and Malone and Alexander were left to repel the

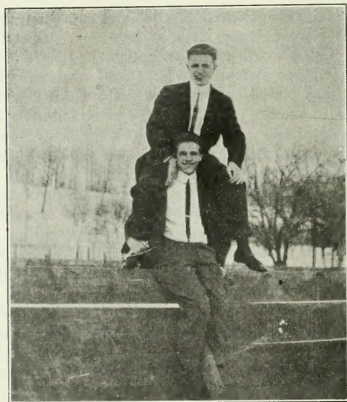
strong attack of the College septette. Malone did exceedingly well, only allowing six goals to pass him in the final half. Although out-conditioned, they played their best till the end and lost gamely. Final score—S.A.C., 10. Old Boys, 1.

Malone and Bicknell were the star men on the ice. Rainey played a steady game at left wing.

Cantley played for the College seven. His shots were very effective. Findley, at rover, was good, handing out many bumps, also receiving many. Line-up:

Old Boys (1)—Goal, Malone; left defence, Bicknell; right defence, Alexander; rover, Crawford; centre, Kilgour; left wing, Rainey; right wing, Forgey.

St. Andrew's played the same team as in the previous match, vs. Highfield.



"And Some have Greatness Thrust Upon Them"



The Second Team

THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Team had a fairly successful season, winning two games out of four.

The first game was played with U. T. S. II on February 3rd. We lost this game on account of not being able to get our second team together, losing by a score of 3 to 0.

The next game was played with T. C. S. in Toronto. Here the Seconds showed their ability, and easily won, 8-2. Gordon and McIvor were the best for the Saints. The game was very fast and clean throughout. Hatch refereed to the satisfaction of both teams.

On February 14th the Second team journeyed down to Port Hope to play their return game. The game was marked by many brilliant combination rushes by both teams. Because there was a good sheet of ice the game was very fast, many spectacular rushes by McIvor and Gordon featuring the play. Here the Seconds proved themselves to be a much superior team to that of their opponents, the final score being 10-4.

On Thursday, February 26th, the team played their fourth and last game of the season at the Arena with Aura Lee. Whitaker II for Paterson, and Grant I for Phillips as a change from the regular team, proved able substitutes. The ice was very heavy, and although many brilliant plays were made at different intervals, this day proved to be an off day for us, and we lost, 4-1.

The following received Second Team colours: Travis, Paterson, McLennan, Gordon (Capt.), McIvor, Douglas, Phillips, Stuckey, Whitaker II, Smith I.

J. W. P.

THE THIRD TEAM

The third team cannot be said to have had a very brilliant career in that it only played one game, which it lost. However, the main object of a third team is not to win games, but to develop players who may eventually work up to the first or second team.

The game referred to was played at the Arena against T.C.S. thirds. The latter won, 5-3.

The following received colors:—Brown 1, Scott, Winter, Holsworth, MacDougall, Munn 1, Grant 1, Wallace.

The team wishes to thank Brooke Bell for his able management.
WALLACE.

JUNIOR HOCKEY, 1914

Although the Lower School hockey Team of 1914 was severely handicapped by the lack of weight, the season was very successful. Of the three games which they played, they carried off victory in two.

The first game was with U. C. C. on our ice, resulting in a win for S. A. C. by the score of 1-0. In the second match, at Upper Canada, the blue-and-white succeeded in turning the tables on the visitors, defeating them 2-0. The third and last game was against University School, on our ice, and resulted in a victory for S. A. C., the score being 5-3.

The following were granted their colours: Somers I, Atkinson, Davis II (Mgr.), Auld, Calvert, Turnbull, Winter II (Capt.), Easson (Spare).

CRICKET PROSPECTS

The prospects for a good Cricket Team are exceedingly bright. There are six of last year's team with us again this year, and a lot of promising material from the second eleven. Although not as strong as usual in the bowling line this year, this is offset by the fact that there are a number of good batsmen; and after all run-getting is the great essential for a successful team.

Although we were unfortunate in losing Grace, our previous coach, we were successful in securing a young Englishman in Davidson who, from all appearances, will ably succeed him in coaching us.

L. WRIGHT.



The following excellent exchanges have been received with thanks and we hope others will exchange with us:

The Scotch Collegian, Scotch College, Australia; *The Maverick*, Allen Academy, Texas; *T. C. S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.; *The Schoolman*, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *Blue and White*, Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The School* (2), Toronto University; *The Quill*, Alcuin Prep. School, New York City; *The Round-Up*, Converse County High School, Douglas, Wyoming; *The Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *Queen's Journal* (2), Queen's University, Kingston; *McGill Daily*, McGill University, Montreal; *Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Acta Ridleiana*, Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines; *The Wind Mill*, Manlius School, Manlius, N.Y.; *Chronicle*, St. Hilda's College, Toronto; *The Easterner*, Eastern High School, Washington, D.C.; *The Wilmerding Life*, Wilmerding School, San Francisco; *El Susurro*, Monterey County High School, Monterey, Cal.; *Ludemus*, Havergal College, Toronto; *Argus*, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *The High School Times*, Chatham High School, Chatham, N.B.; *Acadia Athenæum*, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *Magazine*, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.; *Argosy* (3), Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.; *Review*, Western Canada College, Calgary; *Collegiate Outlook*, Moose Jaw, Sask.; *Black and Red Review*, High School, Hannibal, Mo.; *The News*, University School, Cleveland, Ohio.

We extend the heartiest welcome to *The Schoolman*, *The High School Times*, *The University School News*, *The Argosy*, *The Black and Red Review*, *El Susurro*, *Ludemus* and *The Wilmerd-*

ing Life, the latest additions to our list. We also welcome back some that have been missed: *The Wind Mill*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *The Collegiate Outlook*, *The Argus*, *Western Canada College Review*, *Bishop's College School Magazine*, *Acadia Athenæum* and *The Easterner*.

The Quill.—A few school pictures and jokes would make an improvement in your interesting paper.

The Wilmerding Life.—Your articles are interesting and your drawings humorous. The "snapped in action" pictures of the athletes are unusually good.

The Schoolman.—The articles on Wordsworth and Shelley are very interesting and your stories excellent. A few college cuts would make a difference.

Ludemus.—Undoubtedly one of our best exchanges. It is just one good thing after another. Your paper is good enough to be published oftener.

El Susurro. Our best Western exchange, and full of fine stories and articles, especially "The Last Will and Testament of Class 1913." Yours is one of the best gotten-up papers in all regards. Come again.

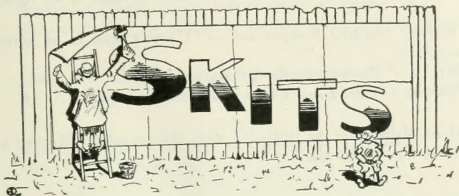
St. Margaret's Chronicle.—Plenty of poetry, stories and school news, but would be much nicer with some school cuts and some good jokes.

Acta Ridleiana.—An excellent school paper. Your drawings are fine and rather amusing. Your dramatic club is unusual for a boy's college.

C. P. C.

OBITUARY

We regret to have to record the death of Harry Elliott Smith, who died of pneumonia at his home in Port Huron, on February 18th, 1914. He left St. Andrew's College in June, 1913, and was attending the Detroit College of Law this year. During a week-end visit at his home a cold developed into pneumonia, and he passed away after a brief illness. The REVIEW wishes to assure his parents of deep sympathy in their time of sorrow.



Mr. D. (explaining Archimedes' principle)—"One day Archimedes jumped out of his bath, shouting, 'Eureka, I have it!' What do you think he had?"

Pat—"The soap, sir."

Mr. T. (in IV_A)—"If anyone has anything to say, let him put his hand up, but let it be sensible. Taylor, put your hand down."

Porter—"Don't step on Froggie Neil or he will croak."

Mr. R.—"Pretty fair, but *maison* is feminine, you know."

Hunter (cheerfully)—"Oh, I don't take much stock in genders!"

I should worry and sit on the back door step and die by the yard.

Balfour I.—"I had a job that suited me once."

Clare I.—"Impossible! What was it?"

Balfour I.—"Lineman for a wireless telegraphy company."

Duncan, to Risteen—"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"

Rusty—"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the pavement."

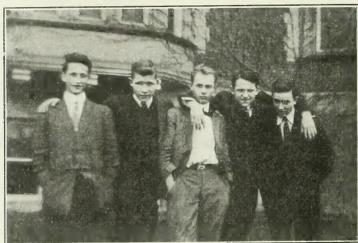
When down in the mouth think of Jonah; he came up all right.

Murphy (reading Composition)—“I saw a man in an aeroplane flyin'”

Mr. F.—“Don't forget the 'g,' Murphy.”

Murphy—“Gee! I saw a man in an aeroplane flyin'.”

Ham Wallace, on the rink—“I wish Macdougall would grow a little, so I could hit him.”



Sad Condition of the Veteran After a Term's Work

Mr. T.—“Who made that noise?”

Comstock—“I did, sir, but it wasn't intentional.”

Moseley—“Sir, it was detentional.”

Mr. R.—“I haven't heard a word you said, but I heard enough to know it was wrong.”

Visitor, to Smith II.—“How do you like St. Andrew's?”

Smith—“Like it? When I get out of here I am going so far away that it will cost \$9 to send me a post card.”

Macdonald—“What do you think of the new prefects?”

McMurtry—“Oh! one of them is rather young.”

Rankin—"I have always looked down on actors."

Risteen—"Yes, the gallery is the only place you can afford."

Fleming—"What is the matter with my seat?"

Mr. T.—"You must have a screw loose somewhere."

Mr. F.—"What is the base of a triangular pyramid?"

Ings—"The bottom, sir."

Wallace I.—"I hear they are going to have a poolroom at the new school."

Leckie I.—"Billiards?"

Wallace—"No, swimming."

Ings (reading a composition)—"Long ago it was used as a watch tower; now as a clock tower."

Sprole and Smith II. are taking at meals the new role of waiters exceptionally well.

If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan;
Just stroll around occasionally
With some good ones of your own.

Now that the weather is moderating, Stonehouse, McLaurin and McDonald might risk a haircut, and Fleming take a chance on a double-header.

Mr. Clayton (coming into noisy class-room)—"Order!"

McCarter—"Ham and eggs."

Mr. C.—"Have you got your shoes, Comstock?"

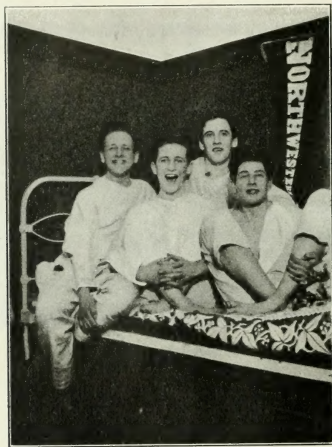
Comstock—"Sir, I have a sore foot."

Mr. C.—"That's a lame excuse."

Leckie II.—“The coffee is very weak this morning.”

Cameron—“You have no grounds to say that.”

The height of disappointment—A ticket to “The Passing Show” and a double gating.



This is not an Advt. for a Tooth Paste

Mr. F.—“I know as much about this subject as you do. You don't know anything about it.”

Mr. Macdonnell—“Are you eating, McRae?”

McRae—“No, sir, just chewing the rag.”

Mr. F.—“Syme, what did you write on for composition?”

Syme—“Paper, sir.”

Smith II.—“Sir, may I speak to Stuckey?”

Mr. Macd.—“I was just going to ask you to stop speaking to him.”

Mr. F.—“What are the two chief classes of fractions?”

Whittaker II.—“Vulgar and improper.”

Shottner.—“What was the score in the Highfield game?”

Engel.—“Three to three.”

Shottner.—“Whose favour?”

Mr. C.—“Lift both your feet one foot from the floor.”

Donaldson.—“That would be three feet from the floor.”

Neil.—“Sir, I feel a draught.”

Mr. M.—“Close your mouth, then.”

Mr. Findley (calling roll)—“Hyde, Taylor III.” He's hidden.

Findley.—“I left my watch in the classroom over night.”

Brown I.—“Is it gone?”

Findley.—“No, but it's going.”

The question before the house—How did Davis come by his appellation “Mugsy”?

Mr. D. (holding up an electrolytic apparatus)—“Cossitt, what is this?”

Cossitt.—“An automatic fire extinguisher.”

Bennett I.—“I dropped my watch on the floor yesterday.”

Rankin.—“Did it stop?”

Bennett.—“Of course, it couldn't go through the floor.”

New boy, seeing Travis throw a letter on the table—"Please pass the menu."

Bennett I. (to maid)—"What are we going to have for dessert?"

Maid—"Pie."

Bennett I.—"Oh, well then, I had better keep my knife."



The Orchestra

Mr. F. (reading Julius Caesar)—"What is the falling sickness?"

Roger—"The dropsy, sir."

Neil (to Murphy)—"Did you ever hear the story about the dirty window?"

Murphy—"No, what is it?"

Neil—"I don't think you could see through it."

Murphy—"Tell me anyway."

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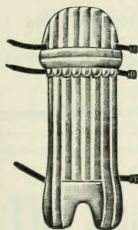
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Conductor (to Paterson)—“Do you want a transfer?”
Pat.—“Give me one to come back on.”

Travis (to maid)—“What is this?”
Maid—“Soup.”

Travis—“I have been living by a whole ocean of soup all my life and didn't know it.”

Whittaker I.—“Do you boast of a band in Oakville?”
Pat.—“No, we just bear it.”



Members of Lower School in Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

Mr. M. (to Comstock)—“I am glad to see no detention down against you.”

Comstock—“I have just turned over a new leaf, sir.”

Stucke (looking at a toy train in a window)—“I wish I had a big one like that.”

Winter II.—“I feel as if I could eat a horse to-night.”

McLaurin—“Perhaps you may have to.”

Mr. T. (in detention)—“Neil, you have two quarters off for good writing.”

Neil—“Mr. L. must have been pretty sick.”



GOOD STYLES FOR THE COLLEGE BOY

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Small and slightly confused visitor on Prize Day—"Mother, why does the Duke wear that red gown?"

Mr. L.—"If that was the beginning of the National Debt, who furnished the money?"

Syme—"Miss Brookes."

Mr. D. (calling roll)—"Bennett."

Bennett—"Yes, sir."

Mr. D.—"Are you here?"

Bennett—"Yes, sir."

Mr. D.—"All right."

Hunter (to Risteen, after they had come out of Child's)—"I feel bully; I just had some beef."

Risteen—"I feel like everything; I just had some hash."

Mr. M.—"You are wanted in the office, McIvor."

McIvor (half asleep)—"Tell him I'm out."

Dr. Maed. (in Scripture)—"Who educated Jonah?"

McGregor—"The whale, sir; he brought him up."

Teacher—"What is relief?"

(Gong rings.)

Pupil—"There's one."

Mr. D. (in Physics, to Graham)—"Can you name a liquid that will not freeze?"

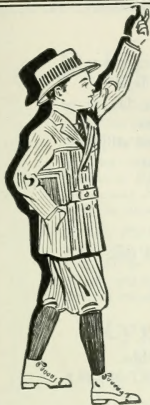
Graham—"Hot water, sir."

Mr. Detweiler to Hunter (late for study)—"Where have you been?"

Hunter—"Committee meeting, sir, Vigilance Committee."

Mr. Detweiler—"Are you on it?"

Hunter—"No, sir; I am a suspect."



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Think This Over, Men and Boys !

I've just read a letter from Jones,
Written in Medicine Hat,
And it brought to my memory the days
When we roomed in the old upper flat.
A good head was Jones in those days,
And I'll venture he's just the same still—
As straight as a string, only stronger,
And as clean as a new dollar bill.

Jones and I roomed then together,
Wore each others' new collars and ties;
Jones owes me the whole of a dollar,
And he will to the day that he dies.
Jones wasn't a wonderful student,
From trouble he seldom was free;
There was something peculiar about him
That made him appeal to me.

If Jones wore my shoes or my trousers
He never felt worried a whit,
He'd come and complain right before me
On their colour, their size, and their fit.
Jones' Latin and French were atrocious,
His science and English were worse,
But to cribbing me all he had written
Why, Jonesey was never averse.

He's in business out there on the prairie,
And I'm sure that he'll more than make good,
For Jonesey was ever a sticker—
Said nothing and always sawed wood.
I wish I could meet the old fellow,
If just for a half an hour's chat,
For the sake of the days and the ages
We spent on the old upper flat.

M. G. B.

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Mr. Laidlaw—"What house did William III. belong to?"
Cassells—"The House of Commons, sir."

Dr. Macd. (seating boys in Prayer Hall, according to alphabetical order)—"Q." (Rankin comes forward.) "That's right; Q stands for queer."

Conductor (in crowded car)—"Move up the car, please."
Winter I.—"I can't; it's too heavy."



A Wee Mon frae the West

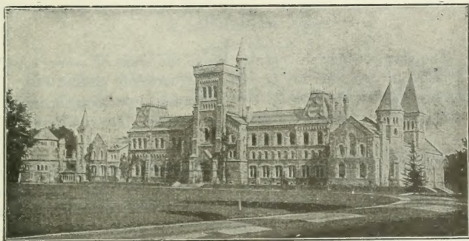
Mr. Laidlaw (coming down to 7.45 breakfast)—"Well, this is an experience."

Smith I. (to Murphy)—"Give me Nix."
Murphy—"I haven't got any."

Mr. McDonnell (dashing out to quell a riot in the corridor)—
"What is all this noise about?"

Phillips (in a confidential whisper)—"The committee meeting, sir, to enquire into the row in the Fifth."

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REGISTRAR OF THE UNIVERSITY or to the
Secretaries of the Respective Faculties.

Overheard at the Cadet's Dance, just after supper:—

Well-fed Highlander from the West—"May I have the next dance?"

Lady (consulting her programme)—"I am very sorry, but I find I am quite full up."

Highlander (cheerfully)—"Oh! don't let that worry you; so am I."

SLANG.

"The way you modern people change the sense of every word," I heard my grandpa say one day, "is certainly absurd. In my day it was '*stop it*,' that is changed now without doubt. For if it's not '*shut up your trap*' it's '*come on, cut it out*.'"

"We used to talk about one's head, this word now seems unknown, For if a youngster should get hit it's in the '*bean*' or '*dome*.' We used to call them dollars, yet we know them now as '*plunks*.' Again, they never speak of beds, but always name them '*bunks*.'"

"An introduction once was right, a '*knockdown*' now is better. And '*slip a line*' is understood to mean to write a letter. With '*pill*' as ball, and '*trap*' as mouth, we have a useless tangle. A fellow who's becoming mad, is '*flying off the handle*.'"

"In older days a man was ill, instead of feeling '*bum*.' A car possessed a cylinder, but now it has a '*lung*.' A thing was once called easy, but the newer word is '*cinch*.' And if a thing is barely done, they say 'twas '*at a pinch*.'"

"A '*jane*' or '*flusie*' is the word they use instead of lass. And if one thinks a thing is good, he shouts out, '*Oh! some class!*' Instead of dying, and I think it's getting past a joke, We '*kick the bucket*,' '*pass our cheques*,' and sometimes even '*croak*.'"

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Elicited in exam.—“Modern chemists believe that if you broke up a piece of marble into small particles, if it were possible, one could see the molecules.” This may be so, but as another genius writes in translation of “le soin miserable d'acquérir d'avantage,” “Oh, the miserable sin of acquired disadvantage!”

On the occasion of the Cadet's Dance:—

Irreverent youngster, to cadet guarding the radiator at the end of the Lower Flat—“Here, Lieutenant-Colonel, when are you going to let me have that photo?”

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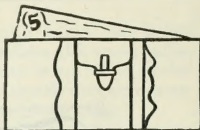
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Midsummer
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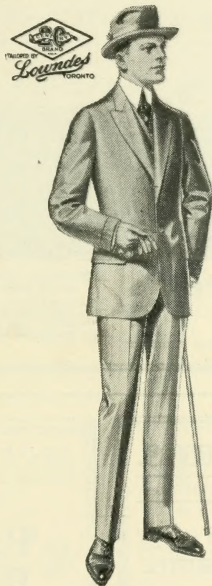
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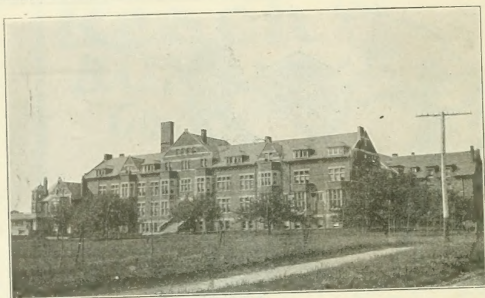


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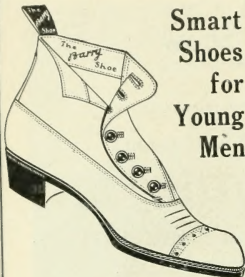
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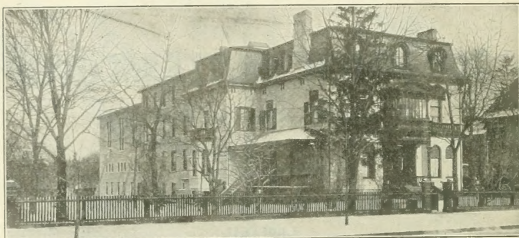
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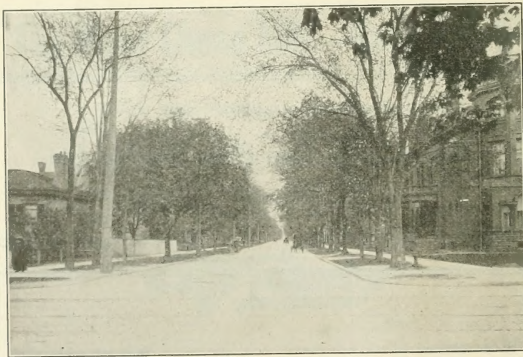
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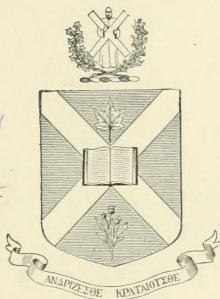
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The St. Andrew's College Review



SUMMER, 1914

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Editorial
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 Stories
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 Some Hints on Deportment in Cricket
 Skits

Editor-in-Chief: LESTER W. H. RALPH, B.A.

Editors:—WRIGHT I.

CANTLEY

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 FINDLEY I.

Issued by the Editorial Committee
 EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER



First Eleven, Upper School

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1914

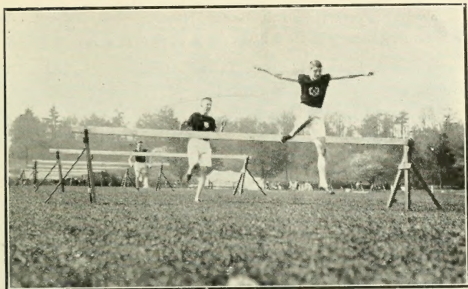
Editorial

ONCE again St. Andrew's College has had the signal honour of entertaining a Royal guest, on this occasion in the person of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who, on Thursday, May 21st, very graciously consented to distribute the prizes at our annual athletic sports, and expressed a wish to have presented to her the members of the staff and others prominently connected with the school. The connection of the word "gracious" with any mention of Royalty has become so stereotyped in modern journalism that the epithet has almost ceased to connote anything definite; but no other word could so suitably apply, in all the extent of its meaning, to the good humour and kindness with which Her Royal Highness met our attempts to entertain her throughout what must have been to her, so recently recovered from sickness, somewhat of an ordeal. An account of the Sports Day, with photos of the Duchess, will be found in these pages; and the remembrance of her own and the Duke's kindness to our School will remain with us long after those same pages have yellowed in the Editorial pigeon-holes.

BY the time this number appears, the School Year will have closed, and with it our Editorship of the REVIEW, and we would take this opportunity of thanking our supporters and contributors for all they have done to aid us in our pleasant task. Without entering into detail of the successes achieved by St. Andrew's Boys, past and present, during the three terms just completed, we are justified in referring with some complacency to the past year as one that has well maintained our best school traditions, and that is to speak in terms of eulogy. To our readers and to all who have the interest of the School at heart, we wish God speed.



Ourselves



Finish of the Senior Hurdles

SPORTS DAY

THE fourteenth annual athletic meeting was held on Thursday, May 21st, 1914. The weather was excellent, a trifle warm, but such that it enabled everyone to enjoy themselves. It was one grand success from start to finish, and one thousand spectators went home with the satisfaction of having spent a pleasant afternoon.

To crown all, Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, graced the College with her presence, and at the conclusion of the sports presented the prizes to the lucky winners.

After the prizes were all distributed, Travis, as Head Prefect, presented the Duchess with an exact reproduction in gold of the crest of the Athletic Association.

The following are the winners of the events:—

The School Championship was won by Brown I, the Senior Boarders' Championship by Sproule, the Junior Championship by Winter II, the Junior Boarders' Championship by Lines.

Kicking the Football (Senior)—1st, Taylor III; 2nd, Wright I; 3rd, Cossitt. Distance: 166 ft. 1 in.

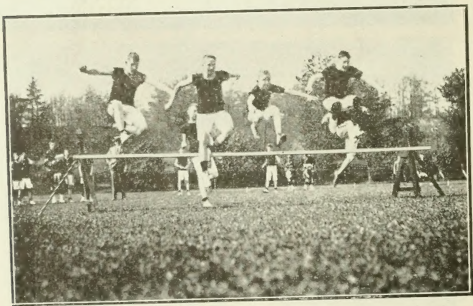
Kicking Football (Junior)—1st, Hewitt; 2nd, Calvert; 3rd, Auld. Distance: 112 ft. 4 in.

One Mile Run—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Bell. Time: 5 min. 2 sec.

Half-mile Run—1st, Brown I; 2nd, McMurtry; 3rd, Findley I. Time: 2 min. 6 sec.

440 Yards Dash—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Findley. Time: 55 1-5 sec.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1st, Rogers I; 2nd, Paterson; 3rd, Wright I. Distance: 296 ft.

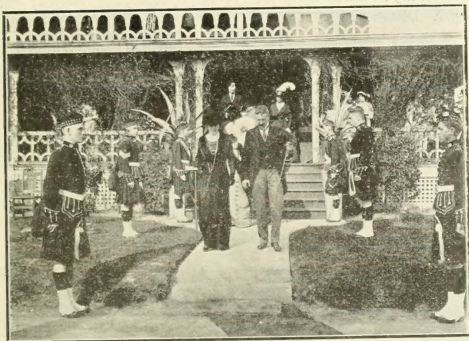


Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Kent; 3rd, Tugwell.

Running High Jump (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Hewitt; 3rd, Winter II. Height: 4 ft. 4 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, McRae; 3rd, Whitaker I. Distance: 9 ft. 4 1/4 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1st, Lines; 2nd, Hewitt; 3rd, Davis II. Distance: 7 ft. 8 1/2 in.



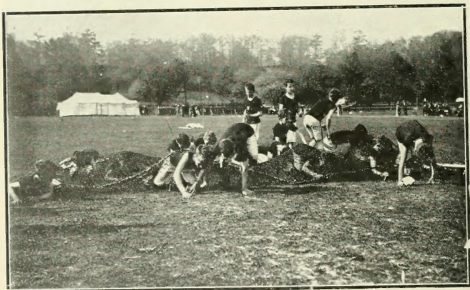
Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, Brown; 3rd, Roger. Distance: 18 ft. 6 in.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Winter II; 3rd, Lines.

Putting the Shot—1st, McRae; 2nd, Soot; 3rd, McLennan. Distance: 39 ft. 10 in. (school record).

50-yard Dash (Prep. Form)—1st, Merry; 2nd, Carlisle; 3rd, Rogers. Time: 8 sec.

100-yard Dash (Senior)—1st, Coatsworth; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Findley. Time: 10 4-5 sec.



100-yard Dash (Under 13)—1st, Kent II; 2nd, Auld; 3rd, Applegate II. Time: 13 1-5 sec.

Hurdles (Under 16)—1st, Rolph II; 2nd, Lines; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 19 sec.

Three-legged Race—1st, Mosely and Smith II; 2nd, Findley II and Applegath II; 3rd, Burns and Davis. Time: 7 2-5 sec.

220 Yards (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, Brown I; 3rd, Coatsworth. Time: 24 3-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (Under 16)—1st, Burns; 2nd, Boyd; 3rd, Rolph II. Time: 12 4-5 sec.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—1st, Boyd; 2nd, Lines; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 10 sec.

100 Yard Dash (Junior)—1st, Lines; 2nd, Winter II; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 12 4-5 sec.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Findley I; 3rd, Sproule. Time: 20 sec.

220 Yard Dash (Junior)—1st, Winter II; 2nd, Darrock; 3rd, Boyd. Time: 29 3-5 sec.

Sack Race—1st, Lazier; 2nd, Findley II; 3rd, Lockhart.

Obstacle Race—1st, Horne II; 2nd, Denovan; 3rd, Macdonald III.

Running High Jump (Senior)—1st, Brown; 2nd, Cossitt. Height: 5 ft. 3 in.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—1st, Winter II; 2nd, Darrock; 3rd, Lawson. Time: 20 1-5 sec.

220 Yards Dash (Under 17)—1st, Smith III; 2nd, Moseley; 3rd, Burns. Time: 28 sec.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1st, Lockhart; 2nd, Applegath II.

Consolation Race (Senior)—1st, Macdougall II.

HINTS ON DEPORTMENT IN CRICKET

IN view of the growing importance in Canadian athletic circles of the English national game, and in view, too, of the many and great difficulties that beset the way of the young aspirant to a cricket reputation, it has been thought desirable to set down on paper a few hints and suggestions culled from a long and painful experience of the pastime. Now cricket is a very difficult game, in which real proficiency can only result from steady and patient practice spread over many weary years. But between practical proficiency and a useful reputation for the possession of the same is a great gulf fixed, a gulf that many of us need never strive to cross, because the reputation referred to is to be found on this side of it. Probably no topic has been more elaborately involved in platitude than that of "the glorious uncertainty of cricket," and it is upon this "uncertainty" that the following maxims are based.

The reputation as an experienced player which will be gained by a careful perusal and conscientious practice of these maxims will not be a lasting one if the student is rash enough to play several times in succession for the same team; but if he does not overdo it, his display, and a little judicious self-advertisement, should be enough to secure him sufficient invitations from different local teams to last him out a short season. He should then leave the district.

The bed-rock of the whole system is, as we have said, the fact that the very best of players has his "off" day. Encouraged by this assurance, our novice may don his, or someone else's, pads with no misgivings as to his almost certain failure to secure any runs or take any wickets. This pardonable weakness of his will be more than covered by his obvious possession of the far more important quality known as "style." In the eyes of the spectator he will, like Shakespeare's young man, have done more than achieve success—he will have deserved it.

Let it be taken as an axiom that he must not run the risk of accepting any responsibility that can be avoided. He must not, therefore, pose as a bowler.

Without considerable practice and experience it is impossible for even the most stylish of would-be players to impose on anyone as a bowler, apart from the fact that a first over which yields six boundaries, some wides, and a no-ball or so is trying to the temper of the

best regulated of captains, and would go far to offset the effect made by the faithful observance of these maxims.

Our student will therefore restrict the exhibition of his art to batting and fielding. Of course, in a one-day match, he may not be called upon to bat at all. If such is his good fortune, he should strive to make his effect by a judicious criticism of the play of the other batsmen. A useful stock of phrases for this purpose may be gleaned from any full account of a big match, but great care should be exercised in the correct application of the same. For instance, it is imperative to get the distinction between "leg" and "off" fixed clearly in the mind as early as possible, and to avoid any confusion between the terms "long-hop" and " Yorker," nor should a "googly" on any account be described as a "leg-glide," or a "late cut" as a "pull." Safeguarded by precautions such as these, our student should await his turn to field, suitably attired in the regulation flannels, with a blazer and club cap superimposed. These should be elderly and faded, any suggestion of newness being carefully avoided; nor should the cap match the blazer, nor either of them belong to any club well known locally.

We will now accompany our hero into the field. Cap and blazer being removed, he is discovered in white canvas shirt, much opened at the neck, round which a silk scarf should be knotted untidily; well cut white flannel trousers (too much stress cannot be laid on the cut of those trousers), with a broad reef round the ankles, and very stout white buckskin boots, with the thickest soles obtainable. These latter, should he have to stop a swift ball, by some inadvertence or neglect of the simple rules that follow, will save a good deal of wear and tear on the hands. If he have any influence in the placing of the field, he should manage to be put somewhere in the slips. It is true that this is a responsible position, but it has the following advantages. If there are several slips, the responsibility for dropped catches, etc., is divided, whereas, if they are only few, the skilful player, after an over or two, can generally gauge where the ball is *not* going, and edge himself gradually into that position. Moreover, the ball comes so fast from the bat that a miss is almost excusable, and a purely fluke catch may often be brought off almost unconsciously, with the hand raised in self-defence. If, however, he is placed at the mercy of a driving bat, or, worse still, in the long field, where long and lofty catches lie in wait for the unwary, he is

in evil case, but still need not despair. The best way to avoid a "skier" is to misjudge the distance, and over-run the spot where it will fall; but if the fielder's luck is right out, and the ball drops straight at him, a short step backwards, followed by a carefully simulated limp (not too pronounced) is wonderfully effective towards softening the rage of the bowler. In fielding a swiftly travelling ground ball, unless it is coming straight (when the thick soles alluded to must be brought into play), the player can always start just too late to intercept it. With a little practice an appearance of great speed can be combined with the requisite amount of "check" action to achieve the acquired result. And before leaving the subject of fielding, one word of caution. When throwing in, avoid at any cost hitting one of your own side. If you must hit someone, choose the enemy's umpire or either of the batsmen. The spectacle of a gentleman in a long white coat hopping about in agony never fails to give a certain amount of harmless amusement to the onlookers, and the maiming of an opposing batsman may be a distinct asset to your side.

And now we come to batting, the supreme test of our student's skill. By way of preface let him always bear in mind that his innings will almost certainly terminate with the first straight ball he receives, and that his whole effect has to be made between the moment when he leaves the pavilion for the wickets and that when shortly after he returns from them. He should contrive to engage someone in anecdote at the right moment, so that he may leave the pavilion with a cheery laugh to show how lightly he regards the ordeal that awaits him. Then with pads (not too new) buckled over carefully creased trousers (the crease should be double and at the back of the leg), with his bat (the older the better) tucked under his arm, he should advance briskly and with springy step, putting on his gloves all the way. If the player does not possess an old bat, some twine bound in a thick swathe round the bottom and a few pegs driven into the face will go far towards lending a new bat a workman like appearance. This look of eld may be enhanced, if thought desirable, by dabs of walnut juice and blacking judiciously applied, and a few hearty "swats" on the head of the bed-post. Arrived at the wicket, if he has to receive the ball, he should take guard elaborately. This is done by holding the bat edgewise towards the bowler and demanding sternly of the umpire, "How's that?" He will pro-

bably think you want "centre" and waggle his hand about to direct you thither. Glare fiercely at him and bang your bat down in the same place, but this time with the whole face directed towards him, and ask gruffly, "What am I covering?" He will answer something, but take no notice of this, for it will heighten the effect if at this moment you turn to the wicket-keep with a look expressive of humourous resignation at the stupidity of umpires, before again demending truculently, "leg-stump please!". Having found the spot, remove one of the bails and scratch the ground very carefully therewith, return the bail and plant your bat squarely on the spot once again, with the question, "What do I cover?" On receiving his answer, which is perfectly unimportant, turn your back on the discomfited umpire, and with the edge of the bat hammer patiently at the spot you have marked. Then forget all about it. Any annoyance this course of procedure may have caused the umpire is entirely negligible. He can only revenge himself by giving you "out" when the point is doubtful, and such a contingency is in your case extremely unlikely.

The important matter of "guard" thus disposed of, you will next grip the bat in both hands and, holding it aloft in menacing fashion, turn leisurely about you to mark the position of each man in the field, looking long and leisurely at square-leg (it may make the other umpire nervous) before you settle yourself very deliberately in the orthodox pose to receive the bowler's delivery.

After this lengthy interval it is unlikely that his first ball to you will be on the wicket. If it goes wide to the off, step in that direction with bat raised as if prepared to cut; if it passes you to leg, draw in the left leg smartly with the bat covering it, to convey the impression that you contemplated a leg-glide (this will also ensure the safety of that leg from any chance of damage). In neither case make any attempt to hit. You would probably miss the ball altogether, and the resultant position is undignified, whereas if you did manage to reach the ball, you would indubitably give a catch.

The next step is to walk slowly up to the middle of the pitch and pat it with the face of the bat, or, if you prefer, pick up a little piece of grass and earth here and there and throw them aside with an expression of profound disgust at the state of the wicket.

Again face the bowler, let him take his run, and, just as he is about to deliver the ball, hold up your left hand in protest, stand-

ing aside from the wicket. This will be taken to signify that some movement behind his arm is distracting you, it is very impressive to the spectators, and, what is important from your point of view, it annoys the bowler exceedingly, and may result in his next delivery being erratic. If it is, go through the motions as before; but if by any chance it is straight, the best course is to keep the bat perpendicular and project it steadily forward together with the left leg. You may stop the ball, you may by some chance (especially if the bat slips in your hands) steer it to the off and even achieve a run.

Avoid, above all things, closing the eyes at the moment of impact. The effect of even so momentary a display of sensitiveness as this might be disastrous to the impression you have so far created.

Assuming that your wicket is still intact, and that you have not been caught, now is the time to ask the umpire for a fresh "guard," or even, if the ball has struck the bat with sufficient violence, to send for a second bat.

If, however, you have been lucky enough to get that run and reach the other wicket, it will be better to save up the second bat, for there is another guard to be taken from the other umpire, more tufts of grass that will need removing, etc.

Do not, elated by your success, tempt Providence too far. Be well content if you have passed (by various ingenious devices) some ten minutes at the wicket. It will then be far best to get out through a stroke of "rank bad luck." This can be very effectively accomplished by putting your padded leg in front of the next fairly straight ball. The umpire, exasperated by your demands upon his patience, will readily yield to any appeal for leg-before, and you will be able to retire with a grievance to receive the condolence of an audience amongst whom it should not be difficult to create the impression that the umpire's decision was unjust, and that your innings would have been a great and glorious one had it not been brought to this untimely end. One last caution. Do not forget to describe the ball which brought about your downfall as "the best ball that man has sent down to-day." All the best players do this.

DOG'S LUCK

It was a warm morning in August, the sun was shining brightly in the east, and all nature heralded the approach of the fall of the year. Many people had forsaken this small town and were on their respective ways to warmer climes for the winter.

Gyp lay basking in the warm sunshine, brooding on the prospects of his breakfast, because, since he was born, he had always been fed regularly and had never done more towards finding this or any other meal, than to steal from the pantry of his young master's house. But his master had disappeared now, the house was closed up, and therefore Gyp was left in a rather uncomfortable predicament.

He was a young mongrel fox terrier, and full of sport, who had many times played games with his master and the latter's playmates, and had been taught to fetch a stick, catch a biscuit laid on his nose, and many similar tricks.

But now these delights were over, and Gyp was obliged to forage for his own food and sleeping quarters.

The homeless dog was startled from his reverie by a sparrow which flew down directly in front of him and, taking a piece of bread in his beak, was gone again as suddenly as he had come. Gyp stared after the feathered creature until lost from view by the barn. He then began to wonder why he could not catch birds. Resolved to make the attempt, he tried again and again; but somehow his prey would always escape, so he gave up in disgust. He then remembered the garbage tin that he had often ransacked for a bone. To his dismay he found this empty, and baffled he sauntered slowly up town. He was rather hungry after his attempts to catch birds, but he could not see as much as a stray bone.

As he turned a corner a delicious and fragrant smell met his nostrils, and he naturally followed the odor to its source. It was a large bakery, whose proprietor stood a few paces from the entrance. Gyp watched him with eagerness as he mixed a brown substance in a large bowl.

The baker then began to remove bread and rolls from a big oven and place them on a cleanly scoured, pine table. He then cut the mixture into pieces, which he pounded and laid in pans. These he placed into the oven on a long wooden shovel.

Gyp now felt the keen pangs of hunger more than ever, as the baker removed these pans from the oven and set them on the floor.

Gyp recognized them by their smell as circus cakes, which he had often eaten with heartiness from his young master's hand.

After emptying the oven, the baker took an iron dipper from a nearby sink, and, after filling it, he began to quench his thirst. Gyp now saw his chance, and, as he had been nearly twelve hours without food, he at once stepped forward. Two other dogs had now joined the unfortunate. They were plump, well-fed dogs, no doubt the house dogs of well-to-do people.

Gyp stole quietly and quickly to the nearest pan, and as he was about to take the cake, he stole a furtive glance at the baker. The latter was looking over the top of the dipper, but Gyp let his chance of escape go because he was so near his quarry. Taking the cake he hastened towards the door, but—too late! The baker had raised the dipper, and, crying "Git!" hurled it at the thief. It caught the unfortunate dog in the hind leg, and forced the frightened creature to limp, dropping the cake because of the pain.

He ran across the road and found shelter behind a heap of tin sheeting and logs. He then cautiously and carefully licked his wounded leg, which he saw was curiously out of shape, and caused him intense pain.

The baker came to the door to look for the thief, but the latter was nowhere to be seen. He threw a cake to the remaining two dogs, a thing he was wont to do after a dog had been hit by the fateful dipper. The old kind-hearted German knew that dogs should be attended to as children, and treated them accordingly.

Gyp during the long hours of the afternoon tried to forget his broken leg in sleep; but the pain made his intention out of the question.

As dusk was falling on the small town, the baker's doors were closed, and he entered his house, talking to his son, a youngster with the baseball craze, who had always been made a lot of as an only child.

After supper the baker settled down in a large chair to rest after his day's work. He filled his pipe and smoked peacefully, while his frau played the pianola, which they were trying to make up their minds to purchase.

Soon after the music commenced, Tom, the baker's son, stalked out into the street with the twenty-cent pitcher's mitt, and a ball of the same type and price.

He was famed, in his own mind, as a great pitcher, with a bright future before him. As he gained the street he produced his paraphernalia and looked searchingly up and down for his playmates to act as catcher.

Seeing none, he decided that he would play against the wall between the shop and the house. It was an excellent idea, and he wondered why he had not thought of it before, because time was not lost in the catcher's return. He had an official guide in his pocket, and removing his coat he began scanning the contents of the book.



Daughters of the Goddess

At last he stood up and said to himself, "Now for an in-drop." He threw the ball with all his force, and it dropped beautifully, but did not go in as he fully expected. Instead it hit the plate glass of the bakery window and made a large hole in it.

He could not understand why the ball had not curved in in the first place, because he had held and thrown the ball exactly as the guide directed.

This, however, was no time to meditate, he must think and act quickly, for it would never do to leave the ball inside.

He immediately placed the piano box, which had not been removed from the front of the bakery since the piano had come, in

front of the broken pane, and placed a board to the top of it to serve as a ladder. Putting his hand in the hole he unlocked the window and climbed in, finding the ball quite close to the aperture.

He remembered then an old pair of trousers, which if still where he had seen them, would serve as a temporary cover for the broken window. Accordingly he put the ball in his pocket and climbed through the damaged window as before. He then hastened to the place where the trousers had been, and luckily they were still there. Tearing a lavish piece from the seat of the now rotten cloth he returned to the place of the accident.

He placed the cloth over the broken pane, fastened it on the inside, and quietly returned to the house. He had decided by now that his best plan would be to await the ordeal in the morning, instead of spoiling both his and his father's evening. So he retired to his room very sorry for what he had done.

This, however, would not repair the mishap, so he went to sleep brooding on how he could most gently break the news to his pater.

By this time Gyp's hunger had increased to an unbearable pitch, and, having followed the baseball experiment with interest, he decided to enter the bakery through the hole made by the unfortunate player.

At the window he put one of his forepaws through the hole, fully expecting to step on something; but there was nothing there, and, losing his balance, he took hold on the trousers' cloth for support. Unluckily the cloth was only temporarily fastened, and with extra weight on it, it immediately fell with the dog to the floor.

When Gyp lit, he knocked over a small support to a table on which, unluckily, there were some pans. These came crashing to the floor, or, more precisely, on Gyp, with a great clatter.

The baker, awakened by the noise, came panting into the bakery, a glittering revolver in one hand and a lantern in the other. He soon spied Gyp, who still held the cloth in his mouth, under the pans.

On further examination of the shop, the baker noticed the broken window. He drew his own conclusions from a broken window, a dog with a broken leg, and the seat of a pair of trousers in his mouth, and everything in disorder; there had been a burglar visiting him.

At this moment the baker's wife entered, and, seeing the dog in distress, took him into the house. She set his injured leg, gave him

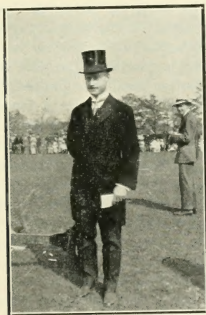
something to eat, and made a bed for him out of some old blankets in a large box.

The baker, thinking it safer, had taken his two money bags and carefully placed them under his pillow. He was not a miser, but he did not relish having all his money taken at one pillage. These bags, however, formed a rather uncomfortable resting place for his head; but he endured the hardship rather than chance another burglary. Naturally, when he arose in the morning, after a sleepless night, he was very snappy and peevish.

Tom was awake early, ready to go to school, and when informed of the mishap, felt very pleased with himself for not disturbing his father's repose on the previous evening.

As for Gyp, he was well pleased with his new quarters, and in return for the kindly attentions of his present owners performed for them all his tricks. But he made no mention of the series of accidents to which he owed his "Dog's Luck."

G. E. WHITAKER.



Another Distinguished Visitor

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

TEDDY WILLISON was romantic. He longed for some real romance to enter his life, something sensational to relieve the monotony of his dull existence. This feeling was very strong in him one summer night as he took his way along the business thoroughfares of New York. He turned into some of the shadier districts, hoping to chance upon something of interest.

It seemed as though fate had led him hither expressly for the gratification of his wish. For as he passed the entrance to a gloomy alley, a woman's scream rent the startled air. It stopped suddenly as though it had been forcibly stifled. But it was enough for young Willison. Like a race horse at the fall of the starter's flag, he plunged down the lane, whence he judged the cry had come. "Jove!" he thought, "what a story this will be to tell the boys at the office!" A short distance ahead he could distinguish two figures struggling silently—one a woman, the other a rough-looking man, who was attempting to wrest her purse from her.

Now, whatever faults Ted may have had, cowardice did not rank among them. Though he was small of stature and by no means a Hercules, he could not be called "yellow." He hurled himself at the tough as a fox terrier might spring at a Newfoundland dog. His fist caught the stranger on the side of the jaw and caused him to stagger across the alley. He turned as though to annihilate his diminutive assailant, glanced at the girl, and, to Ted's surprise, made off down the lane at top speed. It did occur to the rescuer that the other man could, had he so chosen, have torn him limb from limb. But he paid no attention to the fact at the time, but turned to the girl. She seemed badly frightened and was very white.

"Oh!—how can I—thank——" she said breathlessly.

"Don't try," replied Teddy gallantly. "It was nothing." He conducted her to a more frequented thoroughfare and hailed a passing taxi.

"Where do you live?" he inquired.

"Oh," she answered, "I almost forgot—I have an appointment to meet my brother at the Waldorf at 10.15. But——" she added, as he made as though to close the door, "you must come and let him thank you for what you have done."

As she insisted, he finally gave in and entering the cab, took his place beside her. During the drive he learned much which had puzzled him. She was Dorothy Newton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Newton, of number —, Riverside Drive. She was given to charity work and had been spending the evening with some poor sick children in the district where she had been held up.

She sat close to him during the ride and Ted enjoyed the situation immensely. All too soon they drew up in front of their destination and, springing out, he assisted her to alight. As she stepped down a tall, dark man stepped forward and greeted her. He was introduced to Ted as the girl's brother, Thomas Newton, Jr., and when he heard her tale he gazed admiringly at Ted and, after thanking him on his sister's behalf, lectured her for having gone alone to such a place against his wishes. After a few moments they bade Ted good-night, with a request that he would call sometime. Willison went home in the clouds.

As the daring Ted felt for his watch on preparing for bed, he was considerably surprised and alarmed to find it gone. It was a very valuable gold timepiece, worth a large sum, and he was much cut up over its loss. But when he missed also his diamond stick-pin, he began to think it was more than a coincidence. His language was usually all that could be desired, but when he discovered that his pocket book had gone the way of his pin and his watch he said a few words which might have led one to misunderstand his character. Then a thought occurred to him which he quickly put from his mind. "Pooh!" he muttered, "it couldn't be."

But the following day at dinner he found that it *could* be and *was*, for he received a small note, and on opening it four small tickets dropped to the floor. As he read, a disgusted scowl and finally a grim smile crossed his features. It ran:

"DEAR MR. WILLISON,—Sorry if I have inconvenienced you in any way, but enclosed are the claim coupons for your trinkets, which you can redeem at your leisure from I. Goldstein, the pawn-broker.

Yours, D. NEWTON."

"Dorothy Newton!" said Ted to himself, as he pocketed his checks. "I see it now! The hold-up was faked to attract some fool like me, and in the cab she picked my pockets. No wonder she insisted on my accompanying her. And that's why she sat so close to me, eh?"

It was this last reflection that saddened him most of all.

A TOUR IN THE ANTIPODES

ON July 10th, 1912, the corps of sixty-four boys, from the King Edward High School (Vancouver) Cadet Corps, with their officers, climbed aboard the R.M.S. Zealandia bound for the Antipodes. A tour of five months was to be made to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania for the purposes of education and the further cementing of the bonds of the British Empire.

Stopping first at Honolulu, they disembarked for a short run on shore. The Waikiki beach here is an ideal place for surf bathing, while those not wishing to indulge in this went through the large aquarium and watched the weird fishes assembled in the tanks there. Countless water creatures from all parts of the world are on view, some of the most brilliant coloring and most grotesque shapes, ranging from the tiny silver and golden midgits of the China seas to the vast mis-shapen squids of the Pacific. Of equal novelty were the lava fields, where post-cards may be "browned" by the steam which comes out of the fissures in the earth.

Le Palais was also visited—the grim cliff noted from the fact that here hundreds of natives met death by being thrown over the edge by a former king.

Between here and the destination of the ship new sights, such as flying-fish in schools, two water-spouts, and schools of porpoises enlivened the hours on deck.

Eventually, after being twenty-one days on the water continuously, except for a run on shore at Suva and Auckland, the corps left the ship at Sydney. The harbor is immense, with a maze of countless arms running inland from the main entrance, which is guarded by gunbotas.

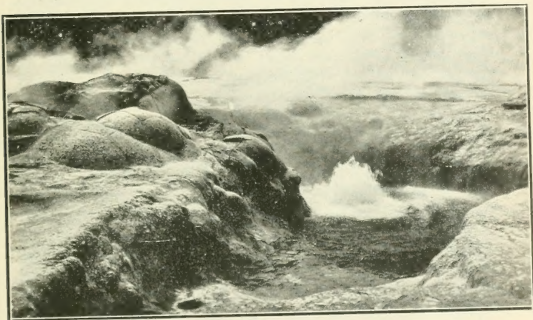
Ten days were spent in Sydney, drilling, giving receptions and sight-seeing. The next move was to Newcastle, the coal city. Here sailing vessels from all parts of the globe are in port; and here also the Mayor piloted the corps down a coal mine, and at the 500-foot level brought us into a large vault or cavern lighted by miners' lamps, where, to our surprise, a splendid banquet stood laid out on tables.

From Newcastle the corps took the boat back to Sydney, but immediately left by train for Goulburn and Melbourne.

In the capital city of Victoria State the young Canadians enjoyed a game of hockey on the artificial ice rink, and, though

the games and races were well contested, the Canucks came off victorious in all. Besides this, visits were made to all the interesting factories, and drills and concerts helped to pass a delightful three weeks' stay in Melbourne.

Geelong was the next important city visited, then Ballarat, the centre of the gold rush. This city has a very large main street, with boulevards which run in the centre and separate the two car tracks. Between every block are statues, which give the town the name of the "Statue City." One of the most striking sights is a lake, artificially made, which is thickly surrounded by weeping willows and gum trees.



A Cheery Scene at Whakarewarewa

(Further instalment of the name in our next.)

Hence by train and boat via Adelaide and the great Australian Bight to Busselton. Here the Cadets viewed a number of wonderful stalactite caves. The great caverns are lighted up by electricity, which shines through the rock crystals with an effect almost as mysterious as that of the underground lake at the same place.

Going farther inland, the great goldfield cities of Kalgoorlie, Boulder City and Coolgardie were visited. A mine in Kalgoorlie, the Horse Shoe mine, was open for inspection by the cadets. Other mines were gone over also. The heat in the mining towns was 125

degrees in the shade, and the bright sand glistens and makes the eyes sore. So hot is it that water has to be kept in canvas bags outside to keep it cool, and the miners' houses generally have walls of canvas or sacking painted with the same object. On top of all this, dust storms, called "Willy Willys," are frequent in these parts.

Back near Perth the corps was taken to view the great Mundeering weir or dam. Water is stored up here to be taken in pipes 300 miles across the desert to supply the goldfields.

While in the west, a lot of the boys were taken on rabbit and kangaroo hunts. This last-mentioned animal provides great sport. Dogs are used to help track and spot the animals. The kangaroo and even the wallaby, a smaller species, are very dangerous to both dogs and man. They balance on their tail and strike out with the long, powerful hind legs, which also aid them to get over the ground, when hunted, with inconceivable rapidity. The fur is very soft and makes good rugs.

People in the western state did everything in their power to give the Canadian party a good time. Both the State Governments and that of the Commonwealth welcomed the cadets and their officers. Free transportation was given, and in nearly all cases private cars were at their disposal, while the boys who were billeted out reported their hosts as very hospitable and kind.

On the return to South Australia a longer stay was made at Adelaide. Here the cadets were shown over large sheep runs. These runs cover a tremendous lot of ground, the average space allotted to one sheep being one acre. Shearing sheds are kept busy in season, and the marvellous rapidity of a shearer at work is astonishing to the "new chum."

Grapes and raisins are a product of South Australia, and the cadets were taken over a few of the vineyards on some of the hill-sides. There are a good many ostrich farms near Adelaide, equally new to the boys. Space forbids a description of the wonderful tree-ferns and bracken of beautiful Tasmania.

In New Zealand the cadets found a climate and country much the same as British Columbia. The railways have the narrow gauge, and this, combined with the lava dust, which penetrates the railway coaches, the trunks, and even one's clothes, makes travelling a discomfort to the tourist. But this is forgotten when

one has reached the North island and the Maori wonderland. Geysers are numerous, and in most of these places mud and petroleum volcanoes. Here entertainments are given by the Maori women and men in theatres, where all the native dances are shown, and some of the women act and sing. A Maori village is situated right in amongst the geysers and steaming grounds at Whakarewarewa, and the little brown native children run around half naked, asking the Pakehi (white man) to throw pennies into a pool so they can run and dive after them. Maoris in this kind of watering place



A Maori Dwelling

are the poor class. They use the boiling water to cook with and to wash their clothes and themselves.

To make a round of the mystery-land the stage is taken to the blue and green lakes. A hundred yards of land separates the two different colored lakes from each other. Continuing on, the stage drops its passengers at Lake Tarawera. The launches are taken to the other side of the lake, and from there there is a long climb up and down to Lake Rotomohana. This body of boiling water is crossed by launches. Along the shores are colored terraces, over

which the chalky water flows. A long climb over volcanic and broken ground brings one to the Waimongu geyser. This monster, before the eruption and earthquake which devastated the land for fifty miles around twelve years ago, had the record for the highest spout. It is now partially wrecked. Going on to Waitapu the corps were shown more wonders by the Maori girl guides. Eighteen shades of earth can be found here, and the ground all round rings hollow to the foot. Wairaki, the farthest point of our pilgrimage, was the loveliest paradise of all that we visited. Here the trees and shrubs are absolutely magnificent in color and variety, and here even the grounds of the hotel in which we stayed were enlivened with geysers and strange caves and grottos, not to mention a splendid plunge-bath constructed in the open air by partially damming a naturally warm stream and running it over a tank. We were loath to leave this haven of content, but, after a return journey to our boat which was as interesting and as pleasant as the outgoing one, we left the land of our hospitable Australian cousins on November 22nd for Canada, home and duty.

SPROULE.

FOX RANCHING ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

FOX ranching is an industry a quarter of a century old. It is carried on on a large scale on this island, where there are about three hundred ranches, with an average of six pairs of silver or black foxes to each. These animals, which are smaller than an ordinary terrier, are worth from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars a pair; that is, of course, if they are thoroughbred, for the wild black fox in most cases is not pure.

Just lately the keepers have been very successful in ranching the fox. A few years ago the silver fox had to be kept very quiet, and only one person was allowed to attend him; but at last they have become more like dogs and can even be put in store windows on exhibition. While I was home at Easter I saw a beautiful pair of silver foxes who were very tame.

In the past year large companies have been incorporated, paying extremely high dividends. Last October the Galton Fox Co. paid a dividend of nine hundred per cent. But in buying fox stock there is considerable risk, and no one takes the chance of buying on margin.

When a new ranch is incorporated they pay a dividend of at least twenty per cent.

A fox ranch covers a few acres of ground, generally enclosed within a large spruce hedge with a fence in the middle. All around this hedge are posts with electric lights, all on the one switch. These are used in case a thief enters the ranch, as they are automatically arranged with the different fox pens to light up the instant the door is opened. In the centre of this enclosure is the keeper's house.

The fox pens are constructed by putting a cement floor ten feet below the surface of the earth, and to this steel wire is fastened. That is to prevent all possible escape by burrowing. The foxes are housed in kennels, just like dogs, or they may burrow and make their own homes, but they only do this for a short time, as they soon find that they are safe in the kennel, which is ventilated and kept in a highly sanitary condition.

When the keeper wants to move the fox he uses a long pair of tongs, which clasp about his neck. This is done so as not to injure the fur. The only time they can be handled is in the months of April and May, when they lose their fur.

In the last month the price for fox pelts has advanced twenty-five per cent. on the London market. The Prince Edward Island fox commands the highest price, and is considered the world's champion. It is not surprising that several of the old farmers are now millionaires, having got in "on the ground floor" with a pair of foxes.

The Hon. Charles Dalton, one of the pioneers in fox ranching, gave a handsome gift to Prince of Wales College. He donated sixty thousand in cash and two hundred shares in his ranch, the par value being fifty dollars per share, paying a dividend of nine hundred per cent. In the Dalton Ranch at the present time there are twelve pairs of old foxes and about one hundred and fifty pups. Only last week they lost forty pups. They disappeared in a night. An electrical storm was in progress, and it is believed the mothers got frightened and ate the little ones, as is their custom.

These luxurious beasts are even provided with a hospital constructed last year. This is an up-to-date hospital in every respect. Here the foxes undergo various operations, such as the amputation of a leg, etc. The institution maintains about twenty-four nurses and one doctor in residence. It is kept up by the different ranch owners, and is situated in Charlottetown.

One pair of Frank Suplin's foxes produced twenty-four young in three years. The monopoly was broken by this man in 1909.

Prince Edward Island silver black fox pelts have averaged individually a price six times greater than fox pelts from any other part of the world. Prince Edward Island No. 1 fox fur is fine, soft and silky. The silver hairs cannot be successfully duplicated by any dyeing process, and in this way they are more valuable than the black fox.

Information about fox raising that was at one time priceless is now available for everyone interested. It is only natural that when you take a trip to the Island all you hear is foxes, and that one of the first things to greet your eyes in a store window is a display of the same valuable little animals exposed there by way of advertisement.

J. MCGREGOR.

CANADA'S DUTY TO THE EMPIRE

Winning essay sent in by St. Andrew's in the competition known as "The St. Catherine's Chapter I.O.D.E., 'Imperial Prize,' " presented by Major R. W. Leonard.

BY K. B. JOHNSON.

IF we turn back through the pages of history we shall find that the rise of the British Empire commences from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was during this period that Britain showed her supremacy of the sea, and although she has had this power contested many times, she still remains, "the ruler of the waves." When we say that the rise of the British Empire commences from this date we mean that Britain began to acquire new territories which were put under the rule of the English sovereign. We do not find, however, till late in the reign of Queen Victoria that there existed between the colonies for one another any Imperial spirit.

Canada of fifty years ago was a very different land from what it is to-day. Then our country only consisted of Upper and Lower Canada, the Maritime Provinces, and a small settlement on the Red River. Although Upper and Lower Canada had been united some years previously still the other provinces had their own governments and each levied duties against the trade of their neighbours. Their aim was to advance themselves no matter at what expense to a weaker province. About 1864 there was a movement set on foot to unite the provinces, but the difficulties to bring about this union at that time seemed enormous. Many people thought a federated government would ruin their trade and give them less freedom; consequently they were against such a move. Moreover some connecting link was necessary to join the Maritime Provinces, and a railway at that time seemed an almost impossible task. Canada, however, was blest with a strong leader in Sir John A. Macdonald, and under his leadership the provinces formed the Dominion of Canada.

To-day, how all is changed! One parliament controls the interests of nine provinces. These are linked together, not only by sen-

timent, but also with those stronger ties of the telegraph, railway and commerce. It was over thirty years before Australia followed the example of Canada. A few years ago the colonies in South Africa united to form a Dominion. Since these colonies have brought their states under one government they have prospered as never before.

If the colonies thus show their desire for a union separately, surely it is time for a greater union; a union of all the nations within the British Empire. Why is it then that the colonies do not join their powers under one government? We have seen how Canada has prospered since federation. Why do people still stand back and repeat, "Such a union would injure our trade and take from us much of our freedom?" Surely this has been disproved by Canada's experience. Is it, then, that the Empire lacks a leader? If this is the cause surely it is the duty of Canada to produce one who would show to the Empire how such a union would not only strengthen British power, but also produce greater wealth in every colony.

It was clearly shown that such an imperial spirit existed between the colonies at the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. On this occasion representatives came from every part of the Empire to London where a Colonial Conference was held. Three years later the loyalty of the colonies to stand by one another in times of war was strikingly seen in the sending of volunteers to South Africa.

Canada to-day is the outstanding colony in opposition to a federated government. The reason for this is explained by the fact that there are two nations living under the Canadian flag. The French Canadians which make up no small amount of the population of the Dominion are almost to a man against it. The French are as loyal as any British subject to Canada, but their loyalty is of a different character from that of the Englishman. They have their own traditions and religion, they are happy and contented under the present form of government and wish for no change.

The duty of Canada, then, is to educate every Canadian born subject, and those who are flocking to our shores to the idea of an Imperial government which would control all the common interests of the colonies. There must be, however, more than mere sentiment to bind together these great nations. It is necessary to have

some vital interest in common, such as the trade of the Empire. If Imperial Federation is to be approached on the side of commerce then both Great Britain and the colonies must be prepared to make many sacrifices for the betterment of the whole. Should Preferential Trade be established throughout the Empire, then this would mean that Canada would discontinue much of her trade with the United States. At first, no doubt, Canada would suffer greatly from being cut off from the American market. However, after the trade conditions had been readjusted there is little doubt that the wealth throughout Canada and the Empire would be greatly increased.

A problem closely allied with Imperial Federation is that of Imperial Defence. In the last decade there has been a marvellous expansion in the navies of the world. Germany and America have greatly enlarged their fleets. England to keep up her reputation of having a navy greater than any two nations of the world, is required to build two ships to every one of her opponents. For Britain to accomplish this task alone, without the help of her colonies has become an impossibility. The people of the British Isles are now taxed to the utmost. Should the taxes be raised further it would only increase the discontent which is even now showing itself within the United Kingdom and causing thousands to leave the country.

The ever increasing population and wealth of the colonies show the prosperity which has grown out of peaceful times. We are indebted to Britain's navy more than to any other cause for the peace which we have enjoyed during the past century. In some way, therefore, we must uphold the power which gives us wealth and strength.

It is, indeed, deplorable that the naval questions in Canada should be drawn into party politics. Where the ships are built seems unimportant as long as they are built. It would seem, however, to be less expensive to build the Dreadnoughts in England where ships have been constructed for centuries than to bring over the material, docks and skill in order to build them in Canada. It is evidently unnecessary for the ships to remain in Canadian waters, for should all the colonies do this an enemy by a sudden attack might cut off the fleets from uniting and defeat them one by one. If the ships be given to the English government they can be placed

where they are most required and in such a way that they may be united at a moment's notice. For as long as the British fleet remains undefeated, whether it be thousands of miles distant or steaming up and down the coasts of the colonies, it protects the whole of the British Empire.

There is the alternate view taken, however, that if the ships be given to the English government, they might be used to fill up places which the English people, themselves, would have supplied. Thus the fleet would grow no larger than before the Colonial governments stepped in to aid. In either case it is now time that the colonies should bear some of the burden of the motherland. It is not only a fleet which is necessary for Britain to keep the supremacy of the sea, but there must also be bases for the fleet to fall back upon where they may be protected and receive new supplies. It is therefore the duty of the Dominions to not only support the British navy, but also bases and coaling stations for the fleet.

The navy question, however, is only a part of the greater problem of Imperial Defence. The time has now arrived for the colonies to help support an Imperial Army as well as that of the navy. Each colony should have and keep up a standing force. India supports her own great army while Canada supports but few soldiers. Canada as her population increases will no doubt bear her share of this burden as she has borne her part of the duties to the Empire in the past.

The question of immigration which every new country has to face is already troubling the Dominion. Modern immigration is totally different from that of ancient times. Then a whole tribe used to move and migrate to a new country. To-day it is the individual who comes from the old land to found a new home. The problem which Canada faces is that of educating these people of different nationalities in the laws, religion and ideals of the British Empire.

Canada has seen the failure of the United States to cope with this most important problem. To-day the masses in the United States no longer hold to American sentiment and ideals of a century ago. During the past twenty years immigration to the United States has been to a great extent from the ignorant classes of South Eastern Europe. These people do not learn American ideals, they have brought over the vices of the old world and have completely

changed the spirit of the States. At present Canada is obtaining her immigrants from Northern Europe. As long as the tide flows from this part of the old world where the people are educated and hold to Christianity, Canada will be glad to receive them. But when the United States close their gates to immigration, as they inevitably must in the next few years, what then will happen to Canada? She will be face to face with the masses from the whole of Europe. If the United States have failed to Americanize these people from Russia, Poland and Hungary; how can Canada hope to Canadianize them with but an eighth of the population of the States? It appears that the only solution to this problem is for Canada to pass a law allowing in, only those who are especially adapted to live in a country such as this. Canada, as it is, only guarantees work for the farmer and the domestic servant, yet others keep pouring in which increase by leaps and bounds the number of unemployed. At present there is an immigration of almost four hundred thousand people a year, one-twentieth of Canada's population. Many of these people speak a foreign tongue, many have no religion nor patriotism for their new country. Canada must educate these people, teach them the ideals of Christianity and of the British Empire. If the country is too sparsely populated to Canadianize them, then it is quite time that a strict law be passed limiting the number and class of immigrants. Certainly we should in some way profit by the experience of the United States and try to keep out of their predicament.

If the new people coming to our land be properly educated to our ideals, then, we would be storing up a tremendous energy for future times. The wealth of Canada has as yet been hardly touched and if this wealth is properly protected till the time is ripe for its use then Canada should become the richest country in the world.

To-day the British Empire stands for Christianity and the upholding of the traditions and ideals of Western civilization. Canada's duty to the Empire is, then, above solving all these present-day problems, that with her boundless territory and almost untouched wealth, she will in the days to come uphold the traditions, religion and ideals of the Caucasian race until there shall come a time of universal peace and understanding.

Athletics



"Lin" Wright

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

Coatsworth.—Plays a clean, hard batting game when once set. Is also an excellent bowler.

Young I.—An excellent field, but when at bat is too much inclined to play back.

Scott.—A hard hitting left hand bat and a good run-getter, but is inclined to hit too much.

Cassels.—A good bat and a fair field.

Wallace.—Came from the second team and plays a careful, steady game.

Davis I.—An excellent wicket keeper, in fact one of the best we have had; weak in batting.

Leckie I.—A steady fielder, but lacks batting ability.

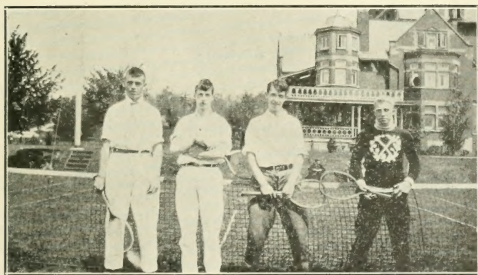
Davis II.—Made several sensational catches in the field during season, and in time should be a good player.

Taylor III.—Found near middle of the season; shows good judgment in his batting, and is a splendid fielder.

Cantley.—A fair all-round player.

Wright I.—As an all-round cricketer is second to none in the league. The best bat we have had for some years, and also bowls a good length ball with splendid control. Captained his team with his usual judgment and ability.

C. W. T.



Prefects All

CRICKET—FIRST XI

ROSEDALE VS. ST. ANDREWS.

IN this, the first game of the season, played on May 9th, the college team was rather weak in batting, though the fielding was good.

ROSEDALE.

H. S. Reid, c. Wallace, b. Wright	6
B. Parker, c. Young, b. Wright	10
J. Bell, bowled Young	36
A. Heath, c. Young, b. Brown	4
G. M. Baines, c. Wallace, b. Young	3
A. Ker, c. Davis, b. Wright	20
H. H. Humphries, bowled Wright	2
F. Hutton, c. Whitaker, b. Wright	0
Raeburn, c. Brown, b. Wright	21
Spinney, not out	1
Extras	2
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	105

ST. ANDREW'S.

M. Young, bowled Reid	0
W. Cassells, run out	0
H. Leckie, c. Hutton, b. Parker	10
L. Wright, bowled Raeburn	7
D. Cantley, bowled Raeburn	1
R. Hatch, bowled Reid	0
R. Brown, bowled Raeburn	3
E. Whitaker, stumped Raeburn	0
E. Wallace, bowled Parker	0
R. Davis, stumped Parker	1
B. Brown, not out	4
Extras	7
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	33

ST. ALBAN'S VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

On May 16th the game with St. Alban's was played. St. Andrew's managed to knock up a few runs, but not enough to win against the deadly bowling of Mucklestone, who was too much for the students, and took 7 wickets for 9 runs.

ST. ALBAN'S.

W. C. Greene, c. Cantley, b. Coatsworth	38
A. H. Thorne, c. Wallace, b. Coatsworth	24
F. Colbourne, c. Wallace, b. Young	0
H. G. Horn, c. Wright, b. Wright	8
W. H. Garritt, run out	0
F. Saxton, c. Young, b. Coatsworth	4
H. Hancock, bowled Wright	0
F. Grew, not out	16
C. Mucklestone, bowled Coatsworth	0
H. S. Moan, run out	5
Extras	2
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	97

ST. ANDREW'S.

C. Coatsworth, bowled Mucklestone	0
H. Leckie, c. Hancock, b. Mucklestone	1
M. Young, c. Hancock, b. Thorne	0
L. Wright, bowled Mucklestone	35
D. Cantley, c. Horn, b. Thorne	0
H. Scott, run out	0
W. Cassells, bowled Mucklestone	0
R. Brown, bowled Mucklestone	2
E. Wallace, bowled Mucklestone	0
E. Whitaker, not out	3
R. Davis, bowled Mucklestone	0
Extras	1
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MIMICO VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

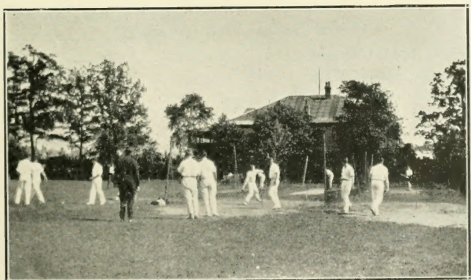
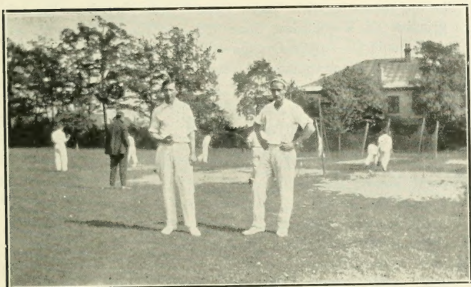
The annual game with Mimico took place at Mimico on Thursday, May 28th. It resulted in a sweeping victory for St. Andrew's of 268 to 58. The boys played good cricket, and with Mr. Ker's 113 knocked up 268 runs. Mimico team were, unfortunately, not as strong a team as in former years.

MIMICO.

Dr. Bennett, bowled Wright	12
Maxwell, c. Davis, b. Wright	9
Terry, c. Wright, b. Coatsworth	3
Shannon, c. Ker, b. Wright	19
Wiffen, bowled Wright	0
Bourke, c. Cantley, b. Wright	0
Knowles, bowled Wright	7
Neal, c. Davis, b. Wright	2
Howse, c. Wright, b. Wright	0
Crosswaithe, c. Cantley, b. Ker	2
Walton, not out	3
Austin, c. Scott, b. Wright	0
Extras	1
	<hr/>
	58

ST. ANDREW'S.

L. Wright, l.b.w., b. Wiffen	9
A. Ker, stumped, b. Howse	113
C. Coatsworth, bowled Ruttan	66
D. Cantley, bowled Howse	3
M. Young, c. Knowles, b. Bennett	6
H. Leckie, bowled Ruttan	1
H. Scott, hit wicket, b. Howse	12
W. Cassels, run out	20
E. Wallace, bowled Bennett	17
L. Davis, c. Crosswaithe, b. Bennett	4
B. Brown, bowled Neal	7
R. Davis, not out	2
Extras	8
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U. C. C. VS. S. A. C.

The annual game with Upper Canada was played on the college grounds on Wednesday, June 3rd. In the first innings St. Andrew's made 69, Upper Canada 105. In the second innings S. A. C. made 74, Upper Canada 94, thereby winning the game by 56 runs. Wright was top scorer for St. Andrew's, making all together 39. Inglis of Upper Canada was the best batter of the day, making 63 first innings, and 44 the second.

ST. ANDREW'S (First Innings).

L. Wright, bowled Murray	4
M. Young, l.b.w., Greer	0
C. Coatsworth, bowled Murray	0
W. Cassels, bowled Greer	0
H. Leckie, bowled Murray	14
E. Winter, c. Henderson, b. Murray	3
D. Cantley, c. Johnson, b. Greer	0
J. Taylor, c. Greer, b. Murray	22
H. Scott, bowled Murray	24
E. Wallace, not out	0
R. Davis, c. Johnson, b. Murray	0
Extras	2

69

UPPER CANADA (First Innings).

Burrows, bowled Wright	0
Henderson, bowled Wright	0
Wilkinson, c. Scott, b. Wright	0
Heintzman, c. Cantley, b. Taylor	15
Inglis, c. Davis, b. Young	63
Esten, c. Wright, b. Wright	0
Johnson, c. Davis, b. Coatsworth	3
Greer, run out	2
Caldwell, c. Davis, b. Young	5
Murray, c. Davis, b. Wright	10
Gunsaulus, not out	0
Extras	6

105

ST. ANDREW'S (Second Innings).

L. Wright, l.b.w., b. Murray	35
M. Young, bowled Greer	1
C. Coatsworth, bowled Murray	1
W. Cassels, bowled Greer	1
H. Scott, bowled Murray	5
J. Taylor, c. Inglis, b. Greer	4
D. Cantley, c. Murray, b. Murray	7
H. Leckie, c. Heintzman, b. Murray	0
E. Winter, bowled Heintzman	0
E. Wallace, bowled Heintzman	12
R. Davis, not out	3
Extras	5

74

UPPER CANADA (Second Innings).

Burrows, c. Cantley, b. Coatsworth	9
Greer, c. Young, b. Wright	1
Wilkinson, bowled Coatsworth	1
Heintzman, bowled Coatsworth	9
Inglis, c. Cassels, b. Taylor	44
Esten, bowled Coatsworth	8
Johnston, c. Young, b. Young	3
Henderson, bowled Young	0
Caldwell, bowled Wright	8
Murray, run out	8
Gunsaulus, not out	0
Extras	2

94

T. C. S. VS. S. A. C.

On Saturday, June 6th, the first eleven played their second school game. The first innings was ragged on both sides, neither teams fielding any too well. The second innings was different, both teams playing better, but St. Andrew's outclassed their opponents in batting. They made a total of 124 runs, of which Wright made

52, Young and Scott each 21. In the first innings Wright made 44 not out, and Taylor contributed 18. The final score was S. A. C., 205; T. C. S., 153.

S. A. C. (First Innings).

L. Wright, not out	44
H. Leckie, bowled Dempster	0
M. Young, run out	2
C. Coatsworth, bowled Dempster	5
H. Scott, c. Moore, b. Saunders	3
J. Taylor, c. Ketchum, b. Saunders	18
W. Cassels, c. Aylen, b. Grey	2
D. Cantley, bowled Saunders	0
E. Wallace, l.b.w., b. Saunders	0
L. Davis, bowled Saunders	2
R. Davis, c. Bird, b. Grey	3
Extras	2
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	81

T. C. S. (First Innings).

Moore, bowled Coatsworth	15
McBean, bowled Coatsworth	6
Ketchum, bowled Coatsworth	7
McKendrick, bowled Young	12
Saunders, c. Coatsworth, b. Young	0
Dempster, bowled Young	1
Grey, c. L. Davis, b. Wright	7
Aylen, c. Cassels, b. Wright	13
Chappelle, l.b.w., b. Coatsworth	1
Strathy, not out	19
Bird, c. Young, b. Young	4
Extras	12
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	98

S. A. C. (Second Innings).

L. Wright, bowled Moore	52
H. Leckie, bowled Saunders	0
M. Young, bowled Saunders	21
C. Coatsworth, c. Bird, b. Saunders	1



Second Eleven, Upper School



First Eleven, Lower School

H. Scott, bowled Saunders	21
J. Taylor, bowled Dempster	3
W. Cassels, bowled Dempster	0
D. Cantley, l.b.w., Dempster	2
E. Wallace, c. Chappelle, b. Dempster	4
L. Davis, bowled Dempster	8
R. Davis, not out	1
Extras	11
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	124

T. C. S. (Second Innings).

Moore, c. Cantley, b. Wright	3
McBean, c. Wallace, b. Wright	2
Ketchum, bowled Wright	10
McKendrick, bowled Coatsworth	1
Saunders, bowled Coatsworth	2
Dempster, bowled Wright	6
Grey, bowled Coatsworth	0
Aylen, bowled Wright	15
Chappelle, bowled Young	1
Strathy, bowled Wright	15
Bird, not out	0
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	55

THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM

THE second cricket team of this year, up to date, has had a successful season, the team work and batting being quite up to the standard.

The first game was played with St. Alban's C. C. Seconds, whose superiority in batting may be easily seen by the score, which was 97—28. The opposing team were older and had had more experience at cricket.

Following this game we were again unluckily defeated by Highfield, by the score of 45—43. Our team were nervous and excited, and to this our poor score may be attributed.

In the game against Upper Canada College we won our first victory, defeating U. C. C. by 15 runs, the score being 80—65. Brown I and Davis II batted well.

With two games remaining to be played, and our team getting into form, the conclusion of our season should be a successful one.

The team so far is: Whitaker I, Whitaker II, Brown I, Brown II, Grant I, Davis II, Leckie II, Cameron, Paterson, Ings.

E. WHITAKER I.

BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT

THE annual Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament was held on April 22nd and 23rd. For the first time the boxing and wrestling championships are held by the same boy, Willoughby being the successful competitor. Following are the results:

BOXING.

75 lbs., 1st bout.—Thorley vs. Findley II. Thorley had the best of the first round. Findley livened things up in the second and third rounds, but Thorley won on form.

Final.—Thorley vs. Macdougall II. It was very even in this bout, but Macdougall won in the finish.

85 lbs.—Harris vs. Lawson. Lawson won after a very lively three rounds.

95 lbs.—Lowndes vs. Easson. This bout was fast and furious all the way, with Lowndes getting the decision.

105 lbs.—Rolph II. There was no other entry.

115 lbs.—Balfour II only entry, but Rolph II gave away a lot of weight and went against him. There were three spirited rounds, but weight told and Balfour won.

135 lbs.—Rolph I vs. Brown II. Heavy hitting featured the first and part of the second, when it was stopped, as Brown was overweight. They then gave an exhibition round. Rolph won.

145 lbs., final.—Willoughby vs. Stuckey. Willoughby did the forcing in the first two rounds, but Stuckey evened things in the last. In the extra round a lively bout ensued with Willoughby doing the forcing and so getting the decision.

158 lbs.—Lindsay vs. Stonehouse. Slugging predominated and Lindsay won.

Heavyweight.—Taylor vs. Sproule. A good bout with hard hitting, Taylor winning in the end.

Championship, 1st bout.—Taylor vs. Sproule. Both went easy in first two rounds, and in the third they started in fast, but Taylor slackened up and Sproule got the decision.

Final.—Sproule vs. Willoughby. A bout full of thrills, both boys showing good form. Willoughby got the decision.

WRESTLING.

75 lbs., 1st bout.—Odell II vs. Home II. Odell II won in one minute.

Final.—Odell II vs. Lockhart. Lockhart won in one minute.

85 lbs., 1st bout.—Somer II vs. Nerlick. Nerlick won in two minutes.

Final.—Nerlick vs. McCarter. McCarter won a close bout in two minutes.

95 lbs., final.—Stonehouse II vs. Home I. Stonehouse put up a good show, but lost.

105 lbs.—McDougall I vs. Darroch. McDougall won a close bout in three minutes.

125 lbs.—Findley I vs. Davis II. Findley won easily in one and a quarter minute.

135 lbs.—Cassells vs. Winter I. Cassells won a hard, fast bout in four minutes.

145 lbs.—Sproule vs. Willoughby. A good bout, finally won by Sproule.

158 lbs.—Wright I vs. Ings. Wright won in forty seconds.

Heavyweight.—Davis I vs. Trow. Davis won in eight minutes after a hard tussle.

Championship.—Willoughby vs. Sproule. An interesting bout. Won by Willoughby.

FENCING.

Senior Championship.—1. Porter; 2. Caven.

Junior Championship.—Hewitt.

C. P. C.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

THE Eighth Annual Assault-At-Arms took place on Friday evening, March 27, in the College Gymnasium. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with flags and pennants and pictures of successful athletic teams of former years. Although it was a wet evening, many visitors were present and the proceedings passed off most successfully. Especially good was the work of the Seniors on the horizontal bar, and that of Brown and Ings on the rings. One spectator who saw our Senior Gym. Team for the first time declared very emphatically that the show they gave far surpassed in neatness and finish that of any Public School team he had ever seen in England. The first part of the programme began with Marching Tactics by the Lower School accompanied by Mr. Taylor on the piano. It was excellent, the boys keeping in perfect step and in time with the music. Then followed the Junior Leaders with their performance on the German Horse. The High Horizontal Bar was next, and a number of very interesting turns were given by the Gym Team. They did all that was asked of them perfectly and without a hitch. The Lower School then made a few Pyramids which met with their due measure of applause. On the Parallel Bars the First and Second Gym. Team performed very creditably. The Junior Leaders on the Low Horizontal Bars gave a good exhibition, followed by some capital work by Ings and Brown on the Flying Rings. The First and Second Gym. Teams then went through the Mat Exercises and closed the first part of the programme.

The second part of the programme commenced with a fencing exhibition by Porter and Rose. Then followed a very interesting display of Life Saving. The wrestling was good, both boys showing considerable mastery of various holds, and the last item on the programme, a boxing bout, brought out some very creditable sparring.

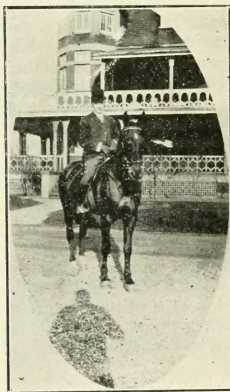
"God Save the King" brought another very successful Assault to a close.

Willoughby and Trow, with the tiny Smart, made splendid clowns and greatly added to the joy of the spectators. Special mention must be made of the most comprehensive and satisfying wink of

of the first named, nor should we omit the sensational act upon the supports of the horizontal bar which very nearly brought down that firmly erected structure. We are asked to announce that they are prepared to take on any two other clowns at their weight.

Those who received First Gym. Team colours were: Wright I. (Capt.), Brown I., Cassels, Whitaker I, Ings and Willoughby. Junior Leaders: Harris (Capt.), Stonehouse II., Lazier, Lines, Lockhart, Black, Daroch and Menold.

LECKIE I.



Centaurus

SCHOOL NOTES

LIFE SAVING CLASS.

THE class of this year was without doubt a great success. It was started after Christmas and every Saturday we went to the Varsity tank, while on Tuesday the Central Y. M. C. A. were kind enough to let us use their tank from 4 to 5.30. Mr. Chapman was Supervisor and Davis I, Instructor. Hard drills were held every day in the gymnasium. The examinations were on May 28 at the Central Y. M. C. A. Everybody went through the different tests without a pause, and showed their ability to tow and also to aid in resuscitation of the drowning.

There were twenty-six awards all told, all of them being medals. Leishman, Rankin, Ings and Davis I have also obtained the award of merit, which is the second highest award obtainable, the diploma being the highest.

Those that passed were: Travis, Findley, Fleming, Cossitt, Neil, McRae, Stuckey, Engel, Rolph I, McMurtry, Beer and Myers.

Proficiency: Darroch and Lazier.

R. D. DAVIS.

THE UPPER VI DINNER.

On Friday evening, February the twenty-seventh, a dinner was given for the Upper Sixth Form by Mr. and Mrs. Mickleborough at their beautiful home on Chestnut Park Road. After the guests had arrived, they were seated at a table beautifully decorated with roses and crimson ribbon, the latter forming a large St. Andrew's cross. A bounteous repast was served, to which the boys did full justice. After the dinner, a delightful evening was spent in music and games, and when the time for departure came each boy felt that it had come too soon. Those present were: C. W. Travis, R. A. Brown, T. I. Findley, K. G. Mickleborough, Vincent Wildman, Eric Wallace, C. P. Coatsworth and J. C. Engel. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Mickleborough for their much-appreciated kindness.

J. C. E.

On Monday, June 1st, the Prefects were entertained at dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald; and on the Thursday following the whole Upper School were invited to a cheery evening during which, after refreshments had been served, an extempore musical programme was rendered with considerable enthusiasm. No complaints have as yet been received from the other residents of Rosedale. On Friday came the turn of the Lower School, who enjoyed themselves as heartily as their Seniors had done the day before.

Since going to press the Lower School have won on our ground and lost when away in two matches with U. C. C.

CADET CORPS.

The Cadet Corps has had another successful year. The inspection which took place on June 4th, under Major Barker, passed off splendidly. It showed that the cadets were, as usual, well up in their drill, and the high standard of proficiency the corps has always held was ably maintained.

On Sunday, May 17th, the corps turned out with the 48th Highlanders for the semi-annual church parade. The day was a beautiful one and myriads of people thronged the line of march. The route was somewhat altered from previous parades, owing to the fact that service was held in the Arena instead of Massey Hall. It was the largest parade ever held in Toronto.

The usual half day was spent at the ranges on Monday, June 8th. Many high scores were handed in at the conclusion of the shoot. On examination it was found that Rankin had attained first place, Leckie II second, with Hyde and Soot coming third and fourth respectively.

Last but not least, on Sports Day part of corps formed the Guard of Honor to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, for which they were duly rewarded by a half holiday.

D. CANTLEY.



Isthmian Club



Prefects

OLD BOYS' NOTES

THE Tenth Annual Dinner of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association was held on Saturday evening, April 4th, when the Old Boys were the guests of the college.

Seventy-nine members were present, an increase over that of any previous dinner. After dinner the toast to the King was proposed by Dr. Macdonald. The toast to the School was proposed by Mr. J. Lesslie Fergusson, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald, who told of the achievements of the Old Boys, and requested all to see that the name of the school was maintained at its present high standard.

The toast to the Old Boys was proposed by the guest of the evening, Lt.-Colonel A. E. Gooderham, and responded to by the President, Mr. W. B. McPherson.

Dr. Macdonald, on behalf of the Old Boys, thanked Colonel Gooderham for the splendid way in which he had stood behind the school in all its undertakings.

During the evening several vocal and piano selections were given by Messrs. Taylor, Ralph, Kemp, Mills and Edmunds.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, and to those who contributed to the musical programme.

At the conclusion of the dinner a business meeting was held when the following officers were elected for the year:

President.—W. B. McPherson.

First Vice-President.—W. W. Winans.

Second Vice-President.—Robert Gill.

Secretary-Treasurer.—W. Lloyd Wood, Jr.

Committee.—R. E. Grass, J. C. Hope, J. L. Fergusson, Grenville Rolph, A. E. Gooderham, Jr.

A Finance Committee consisting of W. B. McPherson, Chairman, R. E. Grass and Kenneth MacLaren, was appointed to superintend the collection of funds for the gymnasium to be erected by the Old Boys.

The following Old Boys have been in communication with the College since the publication of the Easter number of the REVIEW:

Boak, Geoffrey, called at the College on April 21st, 1914. Since June 1st, 1913, has been President of Geo. E. Boak & Son, Ltd., Halifax, N.S.

Bell, Mackenzie Graham, called at the College on April 22nd, 1914,
Manager The Fleming Quarries, Glenwilliams, Ont.

Brodigan, Arthur, Mortgage Banker, Suite 22, 16 King St. W.;
residence, 129 South Drive, Toronto.

Davis, G. Gordon, with the Bank of Ottawa, Prince Albert, Sask.

Hopkins, J. W., Assistant Manager, Beef Dept., Swift Canadian Co.,
Edmonton, Alta.

The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to
the REVIEW since the publication of the Easter number:

Bowman, Howard H., to Miss Vera Clarke Stratton, of Hamilton,
on April 29th, 1914.

Bronson, Harry, to Miss Pauline E. Bromley, Ottawa, on August
13th, 1911.

Copp, Dutton, to Miss Muriel Jackson, Downsview, Ont., on May
21st, 1914.

Chesnut, Victor Stanley, to Miss Jessie Heighington, Toronto, on
April 6th, 1914.

Leeson, John K., to Miss Edna Van Blarncorn, of Calgary, on April
11th, 1914.

Copp, Frederic Edwin, married to Miss Jean Anderson, 249
Wellesley St., Toronto, on June 1st.

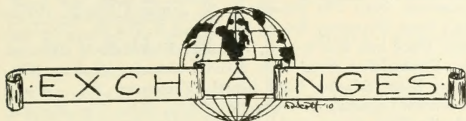
Gordon, Harvey M., a son, May 8th, 1914.

LOWER SCHOOL EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION

ONCE more the Lower School Pyrotechnic Celebration of Empire Day has passed off without any serious damage to person or property. Its leading spirits, fired with sound ideas on economy, were evidently determined to get as much as they could for the money which with dogged insistence they had passed the afternoon in wresting from their victims. The result was an orgie of smoke and smell which persisted up to a late hour and strewed the surrounding landscape with rocket sticks and odorous pasteboard cylinders. An outstanding feature of the entertainment was provided by Syme, whose performance at times evoked bursts of applause from an admiring and respectful audience. The unexpectedness of operation shown by some of the fireworks, which would by no means go off as their designer advertised, formed no small part of the charm of this display. At one time a harmless-looking blue tube, which confidently asserted that it would produce little balls of different colored flame, suddenly developed squib-like tendencies disconcerting to the exponent. One evil-minded rocket, which should have soared harmlessly heavenward, took it into its stick to project itself horizontally upon a party of strangers who, thinking no evil, were busied with a bonfire in a neighbouring field. But perhaps the most eccentric of all was the Catherine-wheel which, scorning the base ties of stick and pin, and utterly refusing to gyrate humbly in its appointed sphere, shot upwards aubitiously into the empyrean and (like the arrow in the Aeneid) was no more seen.



Magnates of the Lower School



THE following new exchanges have been received this term, and we hope they will come again: *Carlisle Arrow*, U. S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.; *The Aegis*, Houston High School, Houston, Texas; *The Heliconian*, Moulton College, Toronto; *Houghton Star*, Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N.Y.; *The Collegian*, St. Thomas, Ont., Collegiate Institute; *Albertus*, Albert College, Belleville, Ont.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria College, Toronto.

The Aegis.—A few pictures would make a great improvement.

High School Times.—A very compact paper with good articles.

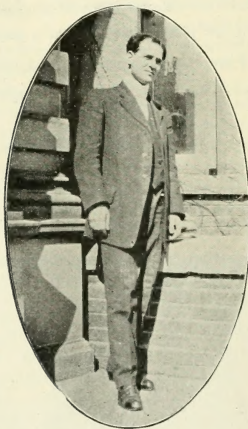
The Ashburian.—Has improved greatly; a splendid, all-round school paper.

The Albanian.—A fine school paper, with some very interesting articles.

The Carlisle Arrow.—A weekly paper got out by the Indians of U. S. Indian School, Pa., with purely local news, but still very interesting.

These older acquaintances have been gladly received, and we hope to see them all again next school year: *The School*, Bloor and Spadina Ave., Toronto; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.; *Alt. Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *T. C. S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Purple and Grey*, St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *The Quill*, Alcuin Prep. School, 11½ 15th West 86th St., New York; *Queen's Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *Collegiate Outlook*, Moose Jaw Collegiate, Sask.; *Chronicle*, St. Hilda's College, Toronto; *High School Times*, High School, Box 233, Chatham, N.B.; *The Easterner*, Eastern High School, Washington, D.C.; *Acta Ridleiana*, Bishop Ridley College, St.

Catharines, Ont.; *The Schoolman*, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *News*, University School, Hough and E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio; *Black and Red Review*, Hannibal High School, Hannibal, Mo., U.S.A.; *The Wind Mill*, Manlius Schools, Manlius, N.Y.; *Argus*, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Elevator*, Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.; *Life*, Wilmerding School Industrial Arts, 16th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal.; *Argosy*, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.



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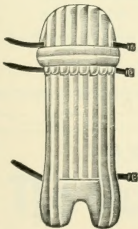
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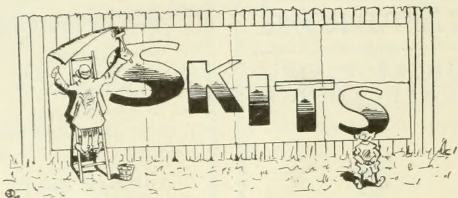
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The following poems, each treating of a different aspect of Eastern life, will, we feel sure, meet with a ready welcome amongst those of our readers who can appreciate the beauty of the clear spirit that inspires them. They probably represent the work of a school of poets of the same epoch, though critics of the Baconian type have professed to find a cryptogram in the arrangement of the initial letters of the towns alluded to, which in the order given here would suggest that the author was one C. Ramb Poet Laureate.

Each a little gem in its way, the whole series might not inaptly be compared with a rosary of precious stones culled from the far distant land whose manners they so faithfully depict.

The haunting sadness of the verse commencing, "There once came a man from Lahore," must surely appeal to all of us.

PEARLS OF THE ORIENT.

There lived an old maid in Cashmir
 Who asked, in discourse with a seer,
 "Do you think the Ephesians
 Had vascular lesions?"
 He replied, "Why, of course!" with a sneer.

A lady well known in Rangoon
 Lost her heart to an elderly coon;
 Though his ankles were weak
 He was fluent in Greek
 And wrote "Odes on a Persian Spittoon."



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A baby once born in Arcot
Concocted a fiendish plot
Whereby elephant's legs
Might be sharpened to pegs
And discharged from a cannon like shot.

An elderly man from Madras
Lived on peanuts, iron-filings and grass;
Disembarked in the West
They just jumped on his chest,
And balled up his whiskers with brass.

There was a young man of Bombay,
A very fine chap, in his way,
Were it not for the fact
That with absence of tact
He had gnawed all his toe-nails away.

A stripling who hailed from Penang
Was convicted and sentenced to hang;
He replied from the rope,
When they offered him soap,
"Many thanks, I prefer a meringue."

There once came a man from Lahore
Who refused to go out any more,
When asked to explain
He just curled up with pain
And burst into tears on the floor.

Father—"What did you learn to-day?"

Boy—"I learned something about guzzinto."

Father—"Guzzinto?"

Boy—"Yep."

Father—"Well, what is guzzinto?"

Boy—"Why 2 guzzinto 4 and 4 guzzinto 8."—Ex.

Fat Rogers (seeing grape fruit on master's table).—"I never liked that stuff. It takes too much milk to soften it."



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Think This Over, Men and Boys !

First Boy—"I'm getting tough. I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday, and it scared me to death."

Second Boy—"That's nothing. It always takes my breath away."

Small Girl (watching the inspection of the Cadets)—"Father, why do the officers keep saying, 'Common egg left worm'?"

Davis I—"Movies are becoming expensive. I was at the York yesterday, and it cost fifteen cents."

Findley—"They saw you coming. I only paid ten cents and got right up in the front row."



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The Artist: "Not in this class Sir"

Whitaker I—"Quis on my egg."

Bennett—"Eggs."

Comstock, at tuck—"Shall we have a sandwich?"

Munn I—"Lettuce." (Let us.)

Graham (referring to game at Mimico)—"Did the crazy people go in swimming?"

Wallace—"No, Just Bud Brown!"

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NOTHING BETTER

The frenzied poet scratched his head and gnawed a fountain pen,
 But got no sustenance from that, nor inspiration when
 He needed inspiration most, to fill a page of skits,
 No subject meet occurred to him, altho' he taxed his wits
 Full busily. The Lower Flat were getting into bed
 (At least they were in theory. But theory, it is said,
 Is very far divorced from fact.) The noise this process makes
 Suggests a crowd, in hob-nailed boots, annihilating snakes.
 The doors are banged; the transoms clash; the air is full of sound
 Of frantic tumult lasting till the master makes his round;
 Then all is peace and quietness; the little darlings sleep
 So innocent and placid that 'twould make the sternest weep
 To chide them harshly. Still, the row is disconcerting quite
 For him who would an "Epic on a Morning Coat" indite.
 It really was "some" morning coat; 'twas such a perfect fit
 That you would think its wearer had been melted into it,
 As lead is poured into a mould. And then that 'beful' hat!
 Can any wonder at the pride of all the Lower Flat?
 Who, though in but a humble way, could yet declare that they
 Had some share in the glory of that ever glorious day?

Mr. F.—"Come, come, Findley, speak up like a little man."

Old Boy (speaking to Mr. Taylor)—"I am very much indebted
 for all you taught me last year."

Mr. Taylor—"Oh, don't mention such a trifle!"

Macdonald—"What were you doing after dark?"

McRae—"Chasing a negro."

McRae (in Room 9, to Hatch, who is making a noise)—"Cut out
 he racket, you're not in study now."

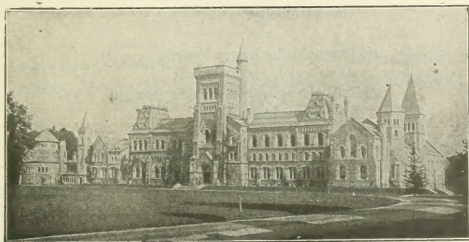
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Soot—"Look at the piece of rubber I found in my sausage."

Engel—"That only goes to show that everywhere the motor car
 is replacing the horse."

Dr. Macd.—"Hurry up and eat your ice cream before it gets
 cold."

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He put his arm around her waist
And placed upon her lips a kiss;
"I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
But never from a mug like this."—Ex.

'T WAS BUT A DREAM.
Last night, as I was wrapped in sleep,
A vision came to me;
It filled my inmost being with
Untold felicity.

No longer in the Lower Fourth,
At school I was the head;
And all the masters had been changed
To juniors instead.

I saw them all before me ranged,
At my stern look they quailed;
I set them endless tasks to do,
And every time they failed,

I raved at their stupidity,
Which frightened them the more;
And then I gave them all the cane
And impots by the score.

My castigations made them howl,
And, while they danced with pain,
I gave them not a moment's rest,
But licked them all again.

Then, as with satisfaction great
My handsome features beamed,
I found I was a schoolboy still,
And I had only dreamed.

HERBERT BRANDON.

Taylor III (in study)—"Sir! May I borrow the lend of a pen?"

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Mr. MacG., to Ings—"Where did you learn French?"
 Ings (who had studied abroad)—"From a native, sir."
 Mr. MacG.—"A native of what?"

Mr. Taylor—"If you boys can't bath without splashing water
 all over the floor, I will have to stop the baths altogether."

Winter II (hearing the janitor beating carpets)—"Where have
 I heard that noise before?"

When you've studied hard all night,
 And you know your lessons right,
 Who is it calls upon you your learning to recite?
 Nobody!

Cameron—"This coffee looks like mud."
 Grant I—"Well, it was ground this morning."

Tugs—"What's a polygon?"
 Fleming—"A dead parrot."

A Tango Sandwich—A little chicken and "Too Much Mustard."

Life is one fool thing after another, and love is two fool things
 after each other.

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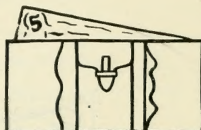
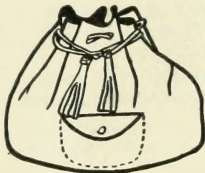
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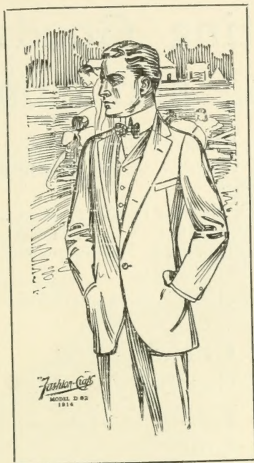
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The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Christmas
1914

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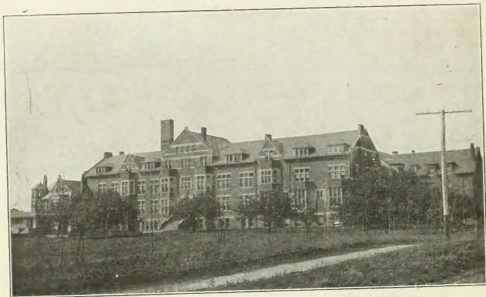
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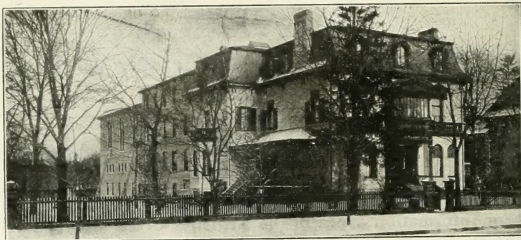
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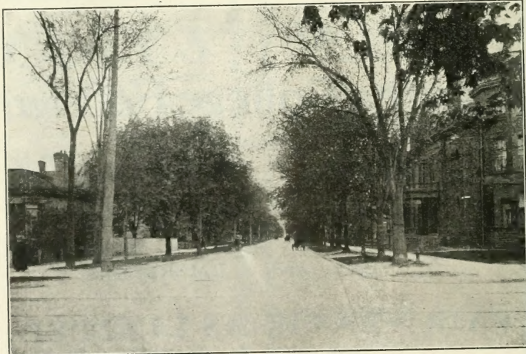
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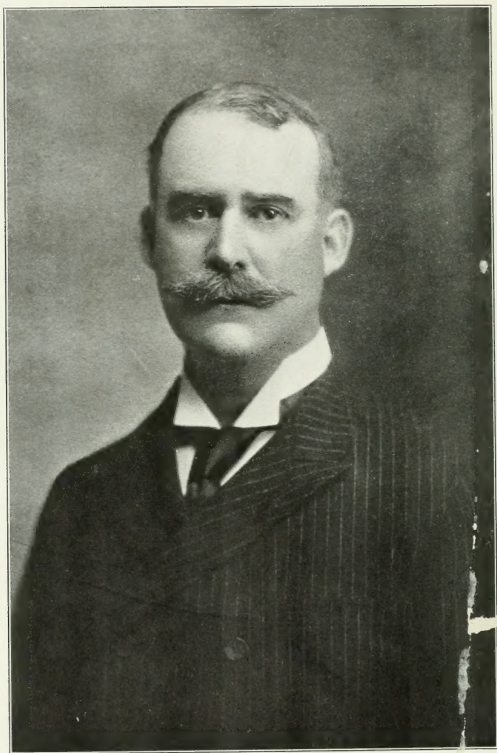
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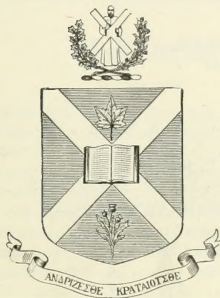


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LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR HENDRIE

The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1914

Editor-in-Chief: E. CECIL BLOOMFIELD

Editors:—D. CANTLEY (Social and
Pictures)

F. W. GRANT (Sports)

C. P. LECKIE (Exchanges)

J. W. TAYLOR (Skits)

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Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

CHRISTMAS 1914

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St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1914

Editorial

AS this is the first number which has appeared since we were duly installed in the editorial chair, we greet all our readers and assure them that our best services are always ready to command. We may truly say, in the language of the immortal Bard of Avon, "*Our true intent is all for your delight.*"

The task which we have undertaken is no slight one; nor does the high standard of excellence maintained by our predecessors make the burden of responsibility rest more lightly upon our editorial shoulders; and, in passing, we would remind all our readers that the success of an enterprise of this kind depends very largely upon the support received from them. In the stereotyped words of appeals for charity we would say that *voluntary contributions are gratefully received.*

THE opening of the school year found the whole Empire at war. The last month of the summer vacations was rendered memorable for all time by the outbreak of the greatest war that has ever vexed the human race. Few of us probably realize in what remarkable times our lot is cast. Few of us, indeed, in the peaceful security of our remote Dominion, can realize the awful horrors of the campaigns in Europe. The British peoples as a whole are not supposed to be endowed with a very realistic imagination, and it is easy to read, in cold print, the lurid details of the war without in the least picturing to ourselves the awful scenes described, or appreciating, even in a small degree, the desolation and misery that hang like a black pall upon the stricken homes of Europe.

But, in spite of our limitations, our hearts do go out in sympathy to those who mourn the loss of all that makes life

sweet, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to this school to know that nearly sixty of our Old Boys have come forward and offered their services to their country in her hour of need. Some of these may, quite possibly, never return from the glorious enterprise upon which they have embarked, but their memory will be honoured by their *alma mater*—St. Andrew's College—and over the records of their lives will be written large, in letters of gold, the motto—LOYAL DEVOIR.

PUBLIC events have, by their very magnitude and importance, quite thrown into the shade the very much smaller doings of our everyday lives; and yet, the past term has not been barren of events. These are dealt with in detail in their proper places, but we cannot refrain from calling attention here to that very notable achievement, the winning, or, to speak more correctly, the retention of the Rugby Championship; and, if we may be permitted to say so, we would express the hope that in the near future there may be instituted some tangible trophy of this annual contest, in the form, say, of a massive silver shield, with which the holders may bedeck the walls of the Great School Hall, and upon which the younger generation may look with pride and aspiration.

Nor can we pass over the signal honour conferred upon us by the first official visit of the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and his Lady. The holiday which was asked for, granted, and enjoyed, is now, like the Prize Day itself, a matter of past history; but as history is said to repeat itself, and as coming events are said to cast their shadows before, it is not too much to suppose that some of us may even now be thinking of the next occasion when some one will come along and command the Head Master to set us all free again, and when the Head Master will be absolutely powerless to refuse.

AND now we must take leave of our readers. In doing so, remembering that the festive season of Christmas is upon us, we wish them each and every one the compliments of the season, and, for the year to come, a full and overflowing measure of health and prosperity.

News Articles

PRIZE DAY

The annual Prize Day was held on Wednesday, November 25th, at 3.30 o'clock, in the College Assembly Hall.

The weather was all that could be expected, and was conducive to a large attendance.

The people commenced to arrive about two o'clock, and at three the Hall was almost filled.

At ten past three His Honor, Lieut.-Col. Hendrie, and Mrs. Hendrie arrived. Shortly after, they entered the Hall, which was magnificently decorated with Union Jacks and large palms. As His Honor and the directors entered, the orchestra played "God Save the King." Dr. Macdonald's address followed the reading of Scripture by Dr. Neil, after which the prize-giving commenced.

All those who presented prizes gave a short speech after the presentation, all these more or less suitable to the present existing conditions.

Four of the small boys from the Junior House presented bouquets to Mrs. Hendrie and some of the ladies intimately connected with the College.

The prizes having been presented, the proceedings were brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. The guests then adjourned to the Dining Hall, where refreshments were served.

Last, but not least, was the holiday given to us by His Honor Lt.-Col. Hendrie.

—D. C.

PRIZE LIST---YEAR'S WORK, 1913-1914

Honour List—66 per cent. and over, Midsummer Exam.

Preparatory Form—

General Proficiency:—1st, Carlisle, Macdonald IV (J. E.); 3rd, Hoare I (J. E.). *Honours*:—1st, Macdonald IV (J. K.); 2nd, Carlisle; 3rd, Hoare I (J. E.), 4th, Green I (H. W.); 5th, Hoare II (R. E.).

Form I—

General Proficiency:—1st, Duncan II (D. M.); 2nd, Macdonald III (V. C.); 3rd, Denovan. *Honours*:—1st, Duncan II

(D. M.); 2nd, Denovan; 3rd, Macdonald III (W. C.); 4th, Home II (L. C.).

Form II—

General Proficiency:—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Black; 3rd, Morton; 4th, Somers I (C. W. W.). *Honours*:—1st, Robertson; 2nd, Morton; 3rd, Munn II (R. D.); 4th, Somers I (C. W. W.); 5th, McDougall III (J. R.).

Form III B.—

General Proficiency:—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, McLaurin. *Honours*:—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, McLaurin; 4th, McLaughlin; 5th, Munro.

Form III A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Macdonald II (D. C.); 2nd, Burns. *Honours*:—1st, Macdonald II (D. C.); 2nd, Burns; 3rd, Turnbull.

Form IV A.—

General Proficiency:—1st, Wright III (J. H.); 2nd, Bennett II (R. E.); 3rd, Brouse, Johnston II (F.). *Honours*:—1st, Wright III (J. H.); 2nd, Brouse; 3rd, Bennett II (R. E.); 4th, Cameron.

Form V—

General Proficiency:—1st, Leckie II (C. P.); 2nd, Bennett I (K. V. S.); 3rd, Eakins, Macdonald I (R. M.). *Honours*:—1st, Leckie II (C. P.); 2nd, Bennett I (V. S.); 3rd, Balfour II (R. M.); 4th, Macdonald I (R. M.); 5th, Douglas; 6th, Eakins; 7th, Skinner I (W. K.); 8th, Ings; 9th, Whitaker II (G. E.); 10th, Hunter.

Form Lower VI. (Toronto Group)—

General Proficiency:—1st, Grant II (W. G. F.); 2nd, Schattner. *Honours*:—1st, Grant II (W. G. F.); 2nd, Schattner; 3rd, Crowe; 4th, Wilson; 5th, Lowndes; 6th, Caven; 7th, Galbraith.

(McGill Group)—

General Proficiency:—1st, Johnston I (K. B.); 2nd, Young I (H. N.). *Honours*:—1st, Johnston I (K. B.); 2nd, Young I (H. M.); 3rd, Whitaker I (E.); 4th, Leckie I (H. S.).

(*R. M. C. Group*)—

General Proficiency:—1st, McTaggart. *Honours*:—1st, McTaggart.

Upper VI—

General Proficiency:—1st, Wildman I (V.); 2nd, Engel. *Honours*:—1st, Wildman I (V.); 2nd, Engel; 3rd, Brown I (R. A.); 4th, Coatsworth..

Chairman's Gold Medal:—Grant II (W. G. F.).

Lieut. Governor's (Sir John Gibson) *Medals*:—(Silver), Engel; (Bronze), Johnston I (K. B.).

Governor General's Medal:—Wildman I (Vincent).

Literary Society Medals:—Senior Reading, Leckie I (H. S.); Junior Reading, Grant III (D. I.); Junior Recitation, Darroch.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting:—Leckie II (C. P.).

Lieut.-Colonel Gibson's Prize Shooting:—Soot.

Mr. O. R. McGaw's Cricket Bat:—Davis 1 (R. D.).

"*Wyld Prize in Latin*":—Grant II (W. G. F.).

St. Catharines Chapter of the I. O. D. E. Prizes (Mr. R. W. Leonard):—1st, Johnston I (K. B.), \$30.00; 2nd, Mickleborough, \$20.00.

The St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—Cup—(Proficiency in Shooting), Rankin.

The 48th Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—Rifle—(Proficiency in Shooting), Hyde.

Special Prize—Travis—Head Prefect.

LIST OF AWARDS TO BOYS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Award of Merit (2nd highest award of the R. L. S. S.)—Davis I, Rankin, Travis, Leishman I, Ings.

Bronze Medals—Cossitt, Fleming, Engel, Travis, McMurtry, McRae, Meyer, Rolph, Findley, Neil, Stuckey, Beer.

Proficiency Certificates—Cossitt, Fleming, Engel, Travis, McMurtry, McRae, Meyer, Rolph, Findley, Neil, Stuckey, Beer, Darroch, Lazier. (Total, 31).

List Granted at Camp Kagawong.

1. Honorary Instructors' Certificates.

Award of Merit—White, Odell I, Beer.

Bronze Medals—White, Odell I, Armstrong I, Darroch, Lowndes, Jarvis, Ros5, Douglas I.

Proficiency Certificates—Henry, Blandford, Nerlich I, Graydon, Tuckett, Heaton, Ross, Scott, Lowndes, Dach, Jarvis, Douglas, Grey, Hearne. (Total. 26).



The Beauty Show

HONOR ROLL---FIRST CONTINGENT

St. Andrew's College Old Boys Serving the Empire.

The following is a partial list of Masters and Boys known to be with the First Contingent:—

Staff.—

Jennings, L. A., 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

Ker, Alan W. W., 9th Field Battery.



"A Bad Lookout for the Germans"

Knighton, G. G., 9th Oxford and Berkshire Light Infantry,
Portsmouth.

Macdonnell, J. M., 9th Field Battery.

Sinclair, Alex., Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.

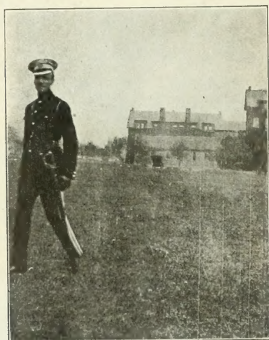
Old Boys.—

Alexander, Fred.

Allan, Gordon, Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers.

Andrews, Fred.

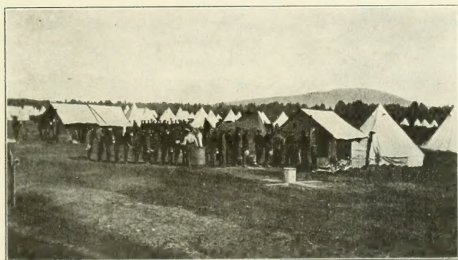
Bell, A. L., Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers.
Bennett, Frank, 1st Newfoundland Regiment.
Blackstock, Gibbs, English Army.
Burton, R. B. S., 90th Winnipeg Rifles.
Buscombe, R., 3rd Battalion.
Cantley, C. L., Lieutenant, 5th Royal Highlanders.
Cotton, J. D., Q. O. R. Maxim Gun.
Crane, G. A., Assistant Paymaster, 48th Highlanders.
Diver, V. S., Transportation Column.



"Au Revoir"

Fleming, Donald, No. 4 Co., Winnipeg Army Service Corps.
Gooderham, M. S., Lieutenant, 10th Royal Grenadiers, Assit.
Adjutant 1st Battalion.
Hastings, J. O., 5th Royal Highlanders.
Hastings, Victor, Lieutenant, Winnipeg Regiment.
Hertzberg, C. S., Engineers.
Hertzberg, C. P., Engineers.
Hunt, Gordon, Captain, Fusiliers.
Kay, Jack, Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.
Macdonald, Fred., Lieutenant, 48th Highlanders.

McAvity, P. D., St. John Horse.
 Melvor, W., Motor Brigade.
 McLennan, A. R., 36th Peel Regiment.
 Nation, George, Esquimalt (in camp).
 Nicol, H. L., Stratheona Horse.
 Norris, C. E., Transport Department.
 Ross, Malcolm, Army Service Corps.
 Sinclair, Donald, 78th Regiment. At Canso, on Guard duty.
 Skidmore, J. P., Co. H, 77 Regt., 1st Batt., 1st Infantry Bri.
 Thomson, R. A., Paymaster Divisional Cavalry, 19th Alberta
 Dragoons.



Feeding the British Bull-dog

(Scene at Valcartier).

Wilkes, F. H., Royal Canadian Dragoons.
 Wallace, Clarence, 5th Battalion 2nd Brigade, E. Co.

The following Masters and Old Boys of the School are in training for service with the Second Contingent:—

Major A. E. Taylor, Ontario Mounted Rifles, Exhibition Park.
 Allan, Jno. R., Ottawa Artillery.
 Cassels, Gordon, Royal Canadian Artillery, Kingston.
 Douglas, Gordon, Exhibition Park.
 Ferguson, J. A., Queen's Engineers.
 Hastings, Walter, Fort Garry Horse.

Kilner, C. E., Lieutenant, Queen's Own Rifles.

Lockhart, J. W., Queen's Own Rifles.

MacKeen, D. W., Artillery.

McKenzie, Kenneth G., Lieutenant, in Ambulance Corps.

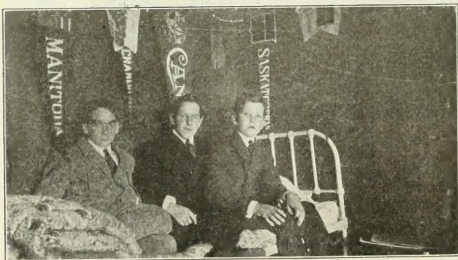
Montgomery, Arthur, 23rd Battalion, Westmount Rifles.

Morton, R. O. G., Royal Canadian Artillery.

Stone, Reginald, Lieutenant, Royal Canadian Artillery.

Williams, W. D., Trooper, Ontario Mounted Rifles.

Munn, R. S. E., Newfoundland Contingent.



"Trying to Look Good"

Fiction

A WAR INCIDENT

THE country surrounding Dorper, a small village, was studded with little hills and, except for a few trees, standing alone like sentinels upon the sloping hillsides, it was practically barren. In the distance, on the extreme right, might be seen a bright line, which, if field-glasses were used, could be distinguished as the reflection of the sun on a railroad track. The only signs of life noticeable were two figures on horseback upon a little eminence. One was scanning the horizon with a long telescope, while the other, evidently a subordinate officer, was watching the actions of his fellow soldier. Having satisfied himself through his observations, he wheeled his horse round and, followed by the other, rode back to his troops.

During the recent engagements, about three thousand men had been cut off from the main divisions, and were now in hiding until word could be sent to the commander-in-chief of the main army concerning their whereabouts. As fortune had favored them they had rescued a locomotive in their flight. The food was all gone. In fact, all they had was what was seized when they retreated.

In the morning the bugle sounded an assembly, and the officers who came to the commanding officer's tent received their orders. Also, two privates were summoned to headquarters—one, a short, dark fellow, and the other a tall, light-haired Englishman. As these two had taken the engine to safety when they were attacked before, the commander felt safe in trusting the work to them. When both had volunteered, he explained that they would have to pass through the German lines; but if word was not given to the commander-in-chief soon, the men would die of starvation, as it was of no use for them to attempt to pierce the German lines.

No time was lost in starting. They took two rifles and a supply of ammunition, and, boarding the engine, bade their comrades farewell. They had a dangerous journey ahead, as they did not know whether the enemy had torn up the track or had a camp near it. However, they were not the men to quit. The

little Frenchman could hardly speak English, while the big Englishman did not know any of his comrade's language. They made each other understand by signs and with what little English the Frenchman knew. The Englishman took charge of the engine, and opened the throttle full, and the heavy locomotive swayed from side to side in her haste.

It was only about two hours' run to the outposts of the enemy's lines, but the engine went so fast that the sentinel didn't have time to get his gun to his shoulder to fire at it. In a few minutes the locomotive was right in among the German troops. The big Englishman looked out of the engine for a second to see if all was clear ahead, but amid the hail of bullets the engine received, one found its mark in the big fellow's head. He fell back from pain and shock in front of the little Frenchman. The latter tore his shirt into strips and bandaged the wound as best he could. Then laying the injured man to one side, he crouched low in the cabin.

Bullets hit the iron monster all over, but she kept on. Rapid-firing guns were turned against her, and these were the most dangerous. Because of the speed of the machine the heavier guns could not get a good aim. Monster shells exploded with terrific force close by the wild locomotive. Finally, the hail of shots diminished. When the little Frenchman looked out of the engine he saw an armoured motor car coming. He laughed at the thought of an automobile chasing a locomotive going at such a maddening speed. But he had hardly finished his laugh when he heard a hissing noise above the din of bullets crashing against the iron sides of the engine. He looked out to see what it was, and found it to be water rushing from a bullet-hole in the boiler. He tried to plug it up, but could not. He well knew that soon the water would be gone, and then they would be in the hands of the Germans. But he did not tell his wounded friend. Instead, he stood, rifle in hand, waiting for the approach of the armoured car. The engine steadily lost its pace, while the car gained. The Frenchman shovelled more coal into the engine in his vain attempt to outrun his opponents. He was afraid another bullet would pierce the boiler and let the precious fluid out faster, or perhaps it might hit the driving rod, crack it, and—well, what if it did? What difference did it make to him? He was an orphan, no one dear to him; but the Englishman—he thought—he has a wife and

two little children waiting for him. No, they were going to escape. He shot unceasingly at the car, but his engine steadily slackened its pace. Now the car was almost upon them. He looked ahead, and saw a stream, but the bridge was still there. The driver of the car also saw it and stopped his machine. The Frenchman thought that they were safe at last; but the Germans took off the tires, put the machine on the railroad track, and continued the pursuit. The Frenchman knew that they could not hit him as long as the tender was between them; but he also knew that the locomotive was steadily losing its speed. When they stopped it would only be a fight of one man to a whole carful. He did not waste his ammunition on the auto now. He thought—thought how he could take his poor, wounded comrade to safety. The locomotive was now going at only half-speed. Then he thought of a plan. At least he could try it. Shutting off some of the throttle, the engine slowed down. The occupants of the pursuing car ceased firing, and came nearer the engine; but when this was done the Frenchman immediately increased the speed of the locomotive, while the car following, leapt ahead under a greater supply of gasoline. Both were going at a considerable speed now. When the Frenchman had allowed the motor car to approach quite near, he shut off the throttle and, jamming on the brakes, brought the heavy engine to a standstill. The automobile, however, not being able to stop as quickly on account of the bare rims on the steel rails, crashed into the rear of the tender. Leaving the motor car disabled, the locomotive went slowly on to the lines of the main army, to report to the commander the whereabouts of the missing men.

* * * * *

It may also be said that the wound of the unfortunate Britisher was promptly attended to, and, furthermore, that he is again back with his comrades, nobly serving his country.

T. R. RANKIN.

A WILD RIDE

THIS summer I was invited to spend a couple of weeks on the Swift Canadian Company's ranch. The spring round-up was over and all the cowboys had gone back to the plant except two, who were left, one at each end of the ranch, to build smudges and look after the cattle. One of these fellows, Fred, was a special friend of mine, and as there was lots of shooting and fun to be had on the ranch, I promptly accepted.

Things went smoothly for the first three days, and I was certainly enjoying myself. We had plenty of wildfowl, and there was no doubt about it, Fred could cook. On the evening of the third day, at supper, we drank the last of our tea. Tea is a very necessary article in a camp; and as we had planned to go goose-shooting the following morning, I volunteered to get the tea that night. My horse was out in the pasture, so Fred offered me the choice of two that were in the barn. One was a black which I knew I could not possibly ride if he took it into his head to buck. So I took Ted, the grey. He was quiet enough to handle, and, though he never bucked, once in a while he took it into his head to run away; and not only to run away but to bolt blind. He had not bolted for a long time, so I felt quite safe in taking him. I rode the six miles into town quite uneventfully, got the tea, and set out on the return journey. When half a mile from town, I noticed that a storm was coming up; so set him at a canter. He galloped quietly for about a quarter-of-a-mile and then, I do not know whether it was the coming storm, or what made him do it, but suddenly he threw up his head, and away he went.

I immediately commenced to saw; but he let his head come back till I had it almost in my lap, and could see his wild eyes and bloody nostrils, a sight which promptly made me give him his head again. I thought of throwing him, but when I had his head cramped nearly to my knees, and he began to falter in his gait, I thought the chances were ten to one that I should break my neck falling at that speed. So I let him go.

The road had been straight so far, but we came to a quick turn in it; and instead of keeping to the track, he struck through a clump of willows, and narrowly missed brushing me off against a tree. I realized now that he was running blind. When a horse runs blind, he cares for nothing, sees nothing, and has only the

desire to run till he drops. Veterinary surgeons and men who have much to do with horses attribute it to a temporary insanity.

These thoughts, as they flashed through my mind, did not tend to have a very reassuring effect, but there was nothing to do but sit tight and guide him as best I could. I suppose I could have thrown myself off and run the risk of getting a few broken bones; but somehow the idea did not seem to appeal to my taste.

I recognized a few familiar objects as we flew past, and realized that we were nearing the ranch gate. I remembered that I had left the gate open, so that if I could only turn him a little to the left of the road, I should make it all right. When we reached the fork in the road, I stuck my spur into his right flank, at the same time giving a yank with all my strength on the reins. The next thing I knew was that we were flying through the gate. The trail to camp was very crooked, and Ted did not believe in wasting time; so he made a bee-line right through, missing trees by a miracle, and tearing my clothes all to rags. Suddenly we came to a level piece of ground on the side of which I could see the light of the camp. I thought it would be rather a surprise to Fred if I headed for the tent; but then I thought we might upset things, and was about to postpone my visit, when I noticed the hay stack almost straight ahead. I yanked him towards it, grabbed the horn with both hands, yelled "Fred!" and hung on for dear life, I wish I could always think as quickly as I did just then. I had a regular moving picture show of my whole life. I imagined how I should look when I was picked up. How annoying it would be after they had amputated my legs to have to go through life on my knees, selling shoe-laces!

I awoke from these pleasant dreams to find Fred running towards me with a lantern, and Ted was lying on my leg groaning and panting like a one-lunger Cadillac. Fred inquired anxiously if I was hurt, and as I was not sure, I said, "Yes, I think so!" He carefully disentangled me; then kicked Ted, who promptly rose up, apparently none the worse for his little gallop; although he must have stopped rather suddenly, and certainly looked very warm! I soon found that there were no bones broken; so Fred dried Ted off with a handful of hay, and walked him round to cool off, while I built a fire to make some tea, and celebrate my escapade with a little lunch!

A. P. HUNTER.

"F 21"

The two men were leaning over a map of a certain part of the border. Neither spoke. Perhaps they both had thoughts that they did not like disclosing to one another; or perhaps it was the novelty of the situation that unconsciously silenced them both. At any rate, nothing was to be heard except the distant noise of the five-hundred horse-power Fiat motors, which seemed to roar in defiance of the two men's meditations.

That, and the whistling of the wind was all that broke the silence. Presently one of the men spoke. He seemed to be a man of authority.

"I tell you that we can't fail," he said, as he strode over to a large window in a professional manner, and looked over the distant horizon as though expecting something.

"I'm not so sure about that, Sir," quietly returned the other.

"Well, how *can* we? Our monoplane V48 flew over F 22 and 21 this morning," he pursued, as though irritated at the other's cold manner. "He found nothing there, not even a bush or a shrub where a high-level gun could be hidden. We left this morning early, and purposely let the enemy see us flying towards the capital. Then we descended, and changed our course in the direction of F. 22, which we shall reach in an hour or two; and shall arrive at our destination about 6.30; by that time it will be dark and we shall have it all our own way. Of course you know all this, but what could be better planned, and how could it fail?" He evidently did not expect an answer, but leaned out over the window ledge receiving the full fury of the sixty-miles-an-hour breeze in his face. Taking out his glasses, he carefully examined the ground, some two thousand feet below.

"There you have it!" he exclaimed. "The little cottage, that very winding river, and the side road leading off from the main one on the right."

The other man joined him.

"I always thought that aerial transportation would be better than water. How easy it is to find one's way!" he said as he glanced over a large blue book that he held in his left hand. "That gives us exactly two hundred and ninety-six kilometres more before we reach F. 22, and four hundred kilometres, and then—well you know the rest—about six thirty-five will see us there—I hope."

The man who seemed in command heaved a deep sigh, as though it was hopeless to convince such a fool that there was no failing to his plans.

Again there prevailed that melancholy silence only broken by the whistling of the wind, and the distant crackling of the powerful motors.

Presently footsteps were heard in the long passage-way that led to the two engine rooms. This seemed to mean something to the superior officer, who sprang to his feet, and commenced to restlessly pace up and down the narrow cabin. Nearer and nearer came the sound, until a short, thickly-built man appeared in the low, narrow doorway. Saluting, he held out his hand with a small piece of yellow paper in it. The captain seized it eagerly, read it hurriedly, and handed it to his mate, still continuing his uneasy pacing up and down. Finally, he burst into a loud laugh, and sank helplessly into the only easy chair in the cabin, his keen eyes eagerly watching those of his officer. But the other man's face grew darker as he read the little piece of paper, which contained the following brief sentences:

"Scouting biplane seen here about 2.30, heading southeast towards the city. Wireless 28."

"Does not the enemy ever send biplanes out scouting?" said the commander, with a chuckle.

"Yes, but there is a deeper meaning in it, or it would not have been flying towards the city," replied the mate, as he turned to see the beaming face of his superior gazing at him. "I would certainly," he continued, "rise to a higher altitude—about two thousand five hundred metres or so, to allow for any one's appearing and putting a hole through one of our supporters."

"We are flying as high as we can to make the distance comfortably," returned the commander, growing more serious. "There is absolutely no danger until we are about ten kilometres the other side of F. 21, where we shall rise and be out of harm's way."

As the huge biplane rose higher and higher the two men in her conversed through the telephone that was attached to their ears.

"Do you think that we shall get there in time enough?" asked the pilot.

"About five-thirty," responded the other, as he unrolled and

examined the map that was before him." "Six hundred kilometres is the distance."

"But for the deep roaring of the powerful motor, and the incessant burring of the propeller, nothing disturbed the nerve-racking solitude. For four or five hours this continued without interruption except for the casual remark of one of the men to the other, which was, however, drowned by the prevailing noise. To these experienced airmen this was nothing.

They seemed to enjoy it. They appeared to relish the monotony. Five hundred and ninety-five kilometres were thus traversed. Then the mechanic commenced to get ready a small canvas bag preparatory to throwing it over. The dial of the meter registered five hundred and ninety-eight. He lowered the bag over the side. One-and-a-half minutes then elapsed, and the six hundred ticked into its proper place. Here the man released his hold. The bag fell like a stone for several hundred feet; its streamers then were caught by the air; it unfolded, and slowly drifted some three thousand feet below.

The great machine then veered round and was lost to sight as suddenly as it had appeared.

The ground surrounding the spot where the canvas object fell was but a huge field dotted here and there with lonely trees, torn to pieces by shells, giving evidence of a recently disputed conflict. This plain, indeed, looked like desolation itself. Nothing was to be seen or heard. A lonely silence prevailed. Nature itself seemed to have deserted it. But in the far distance one could only discern a small bush.

This was an opening to a cleverly concealed basement known as F. 21.

It was indeed ingeniously hidden from view; so much so, that a friendly airman who knew its exact location could not distinguish it from the surrounding ground.

A small room whose roof was a foot or two below the ordinary level of the ground was all that this station was. It was stacked full of small boxes open at the side, disclosing the polished bases of quick-firing shells.

There was little room elsewhere but was utilized to some good purpose.

In the background there stood a machine-gun, whose muzzle

peered skyward, an ugly-looking object, striped from top to bottom, in strange contrast to the dark and peaceful surroundings.

Five men sat in readiness around it. They seemed to be waiting for something. They spoke in subdued tones, as though afraid to break the silence.

"What was the message that that biplane just dropped?" said one of the men to another beside him.

The man handed him a slip of paper. On it was the desired information.

Indeed, this paper was the same that had dropped from the aeroplane a few minutes before. It read as follows:

"Huge dirigible passed here about 11 a.m., making, possibly, for the capital. Be on the watch about 6.30. F. 22. Doubly warned."

That was the cause of their all waiting. And wait they did.

One hour elapsed and nothing appeared.

Then far over in the distant horizon there appeared the expected object.

"Are you ready?" cried the watch to the gunner. "Here she comes! North-east by east."

"I'm ready as soon as she is," responded the gunner, in his cheery voice. "It is really a shame to take advantage of her like this."

In the long but narrow cabin of the dirigible the captain and his mate were silently controlling their powerful machine as it pierced the air at sixty-five miles an hour.

"F. 22 ahead," quietly remarked the commander at the lookout, as he examined the rapidly approaching ground with his glass. "No need to rise any higher, the wind isn't strong, and there is, as I have said before, absolutely nothing on this plain."

Only be ready to raise her if anything should appear."

"I would—"

* * * * *

The mate stopped short. There was a sharp report from earth. The foremost compartment of the ship crumpled up. With deafening reports the whole dirigible seemed to expand. Then she collapsed earthward—a vivid mass of incandescent ruins.

PAUL C. BROUSE.

THE RESULT OF A FALL

FORT Qu'Appelle is situated in the valley of the same name, some sixty miles from Regina. Although it is one of the first places heard of in the early history of Saskatchewan, it is still little more than a village. This is easily explained by the fact that, until quite recently, there was no railway through it.

The Qu'Appelle River consists, for miles on each side of the Fort, of a chain of lakes. These lakes range from four to twenty miles in length, and all are about two miles wide. The scenery around them is ideal, and during the hot summer months many flock to their cool shores.

B-Say-Tah Point is one of the summer resorts. It is situated on the first lake west of the Fort, called Echo Lake. The next lake, Souix Lake, and also the one west of it, is situated in a reserve. The rivers connecting these lakes are so shallow that a boat can only be taken through with great difficulty, and so the shores of these lakes are very rarely visited. It was while spending a very enjoyable summer at B-Say-Tah Point that the incident which I am about to relate occurred.

My friend, who was also spending his holidays at the Point, owned a small launch. In it we had taken many pleasant trips, and when we went to bed one Monday night we were full of expectations for a fine time the following day. Everything had been prepared, so that when we awoke early the next morning all we had to do was to dress, snatch a hasty breakfast, and get the launch out of the boat-house.

We intended to go down through Souix Lake and then,—well that was as far as our plans carried us; but we did not doubt that we should find something to do, when we got there.

My friend soon had his engine going, and it did not take us long to cover the two miles to the end of Echo Lake, and to the stream, some two hundred yards long, which joined it to Souix Lake.

This stream was very shallow, and it took considerable manœuvring to get through it. We finally managed it, however, and reached the open water of Souix Lake.

This lake was about twelve miles long. Through it we proceeded slowly, as we had two trawling lines out, on the chance

that we might catch a fish or two. We had no luck, however, and reached the end of the lake without having caught a single fish.

The river that we now had to navigate was worse than the other. It took us nearly three-quarters of an hour to go the one hundred odd yards which separated the two lakes. It was only after much shoving that we finally accomplished our purpose.

About half way through this lake we sighted a small sheltered bay with a fine sandy beach. Here we landed, and ate the lunch which had been prepared the preceding night. After we had finished, and had dozed in the shade for half-an-hour, we decided to take a stroll along the beach.

We had not gone far before we came to where a spring spread over the shore, making a channel about fifteen feet wide, and which was almost impassable. We were forced to go away from the shore, and round it. We found the brush very thick. When we were about half-way round, my friend perceived some large, tempting berries which were, unfortunately too high for us to reach, and were in a thick clump of bushes.

Jack, however, managed to get upon the branch of a large tree, from the end of which he could reach them. He crawled out on the branch, and then reached out. Somehow or other he lost his balance, and fell. When he struck the ground there was a crash of rotten timber breaking, and he disappeared from view.

I gave a shout of alarm, and rushed forward. When I reached the spot, I looked down and found my friend sitting up about eight feet below. He had evidently fallen through the roof of an underground cabin.

I now dropped down through the hole my friend had made. He was rather dazed and shaken, but luckily there were no bones broken.

Just then I was startled by hearing him shout, and when my eyes became more accustomed to the semi-darkness, I could see with the aid of the faint light which entered through a small window what had caused the cry.

There, on a chair drawn up to a rude table, was a human skeleton. After we had somewhat recovered from our surprise and horror, we advanced to the table. We now saw what the dim light had before obscured—a hunting knife sticking in the back of it, an unmistakable sign of foul play.

On the table was an unfinished letter, which the victim was

probably writing when he received the knife-thrust which, to all appearances, had caused his death. The letter was dated Friday, June 13th, 1893, and ran as follows:

"Dear Jim,—I am now near the end of my trip, and hope to see you again in very short time.

"I am at present in the Qu'Appelle Valley, spending the night in a small cabin about twenty miles from the Fort, which we found deserted.

The cabin itself is very cleverly concealed, built as it is in a bank back from the shore. The door is in the midst of some bushes. Directly in front a spring has made the ground seemingly impassable. There is a path, nevertheless. I should never have found it alone; but my guide seemed to know it well; and now we are settled comfortably for the night.

While up north I discovered, (the words in the next line were illegible). Unfortunately I took my guide into my confidence, and I later have come to think that he is rather an unscrupulous character. Several people have since warned me about him. This however, is my last night with him, for to-morrow we shall reach the Fort, where I can discharge him.

"My trip has been very successful, and I shall have many geological specimens to show for my long journey.

"Well, it is getting late, and I am rather tired after to-day's work." (Here the letter ended).

My friend and I were horror-stricken, you may be sure, by the tragedy which had been unfolded to us. We did not choose to remain any longer than was necessary in such ghastly company, and we were not long in climbing back the way we had entered.

When we were once more out in the bright sunshine, and away from the seemingly oppressive air of the cabin, we both drew a long breath of relief. We had neither of us spoken, but we now made up for it. We had soon decided to cover the hole, and then get back to the point as quickly as possible.

On our return trip we did not waste any time. Two hours later we rounded B-Say-Tah Point, and turned into the bay.

We beached the boat and then hurried up to the house. Our story was soon told. It was decided that the Mounted Policeman at the Fort was the best man to handle the case.

The policeman was soon brought to the Point in a car. As the cabin was difficult to find, my friend and I went back again to

point the way. As it was growing late the policeman did little more than confirm with his own eyes the extraordinary story we had told.

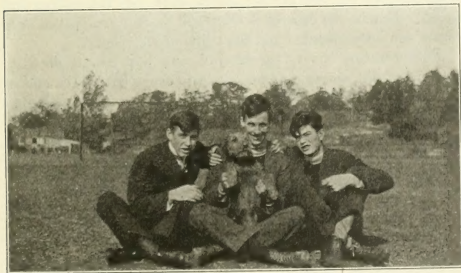
The next morning I was forced to return to Regina. The vacation had drawn to a close, and it was almost time to return to school.

After arriving here, however, I received a letter from Jack. In it he told me that more evidence had been disclosed. The dead man's name was William Gilmore, of Mount Forest, Ontario. The guide was a half-breed called Denis Paul. Nothing, however, had since been heard of him.

He was known to be at times a heavy drinker, and as the canoe was gone, it was thought that he was drowned while making his escape from the scene of the crime.

As the two principal characters are dead, it is very unlikely that anything further will ever be known concerning one of the many tragedies which occurred in the West during the early days.

R. BALFOUR:



"Birds of a Feather"

Miscellaneous

CONCERNING POCKET-MONEY

POCKET-MONEY, in some cases, is good for boys. Through the agency of pocket-money the minds of boys may be instructed, the muscular parts of the body strengthened, and also it may be used for sport and amusement.

"The instruction of the mind may be carried on in numerous ways. But the best way is for boys to spend their pocket-money in buying interesting and instructive books, such as the lives of different great men in the world's past history. For examples, the lives of Wellington, Nelson, King Edward, Lord Strathcona, and Lord Roberts.

"Pocket money may be used to strengthen the muscular parts of the body. For instance, a boy may spend his pocket-money on a punching-bag, or a pair of boxing-gloves.

"Boys need pocket-money to buy a camera or a telegraph instrument. In the case of the camera, it is very interesting and amusing. But in the case of a telegraph instrument, it not only interests you but it teaches you the value of electricity.

"Pocket-money is very useful, and some boys cannot do without it. If pocket money was not given to every boy at the end of every week, there would be some very unhappy, lazy, unintelligent boys in the world."

MUNN.

* * * * *

Munn is not by any means the only great writer who has written on the subject of Money. The student of literature is recommended to consult the works of Juvenal, Chaucer, Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens. It is interesting to note that whereas Chaucer, Juvenal and Munn appear to have a strong objection to poverty, Dickens and Dr. Johnson seem to have liked it. (See Chaucer's "Complaint to his Purse"). Juvenal's lines were, no doubt, present to Munn's mind when he wrote the above masterpiece. They were as follows:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Johnson, on the other hand, wrote:

*Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est.
Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant,
nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum.*

None of the other great writers, however, grasped the sublime point that pocket-money might be used for developing the muscular parts of the body. This distinction was reserved for Munn.

ED.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

A School Tragedy in Shakespeare's Best Style.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Professor Andrew Slapastrap, *a mere Schoolmaster.*

Black <i>tertius decimus</i>	{	<i>Heroes.</i>
White <i>undevicesimus</i>		
Gray <i>duodetrigesimus</i>		
Green <i>millesimus</i>		

Scene.—St. Andrew's College.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Prof. Andrew Slapastrap's Bedroom; TIME, Midnight.
(The hour bell of the City Hall is heard in the distance, hustling, as usual, thro' the midnight chimes).

Professor A. S. (sitting up in bed and stretching)—

'Tis now the very witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.

[A loud noise is suddenly heard in a distant part of the corridor]

Ah! What is that? Methinks I smell a voice!
Marry! 'tis some one out o' bed, i' faith!

I'll don my dressing-gown and search the flat,
And find out who it is, or—eat my hat!

SCENE II.—*The Corridor.*

Enter a boot from one end; Professor Andrew Slapastrap from the other. They meet in the middle.

Professor A. S. (muttering):

The flat is out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
But 'Sdeath! and Zounds! The book I have forgot
Without the which I cannot write a jot.

[Catches sight of the boot, picks it up and examines it]

And hereby hangs a tale! Room No. 10!

A pen! a pen! my kingdom for a pen! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

(Enter the Professor on tiptoe. He proceeds as far as the door of Room No. 10, where he stops.)

Professor A. S. Muri aures habent, so they say:

The truth of which I'll demonstrate this day.

[Applies his ear to the keyhole]

SCENE IV.—*Room No. 10.*

Black. Holy Moses! You've been, and gorn, and done it now,
Green!

Green. Done what?

Black. Why, woke up old Slapper.

Gray. Bosh! I can hear him snoring. He sleeps like the dead.

Black. I tell you, I heard his door open.

Green (turning green). Let's go and listen.

[They open the door a crack, and listen. The Professor retires a step or two in the dark]

Gray. Nothin' doin'! I told you so. Old Slapper's dead drunk
by this time. Nothing short of an earthquake 'll wake him.

Green (regaining confidence). Old Slapper's an ass. I'd tell
him so to his face, for two pins.

White. I'll bet you a dollar, Green, that you haven't got the

pluck to go and throw the other boot right at old Slapper's door.

Black and Gray. Go on, Green. Be a man, and do it.

Green. I'm not afraid. But, supposing old Slapper was to ask me why I did it?

White. Tell him it slipped out of your hand, man. He's fool enough to believe anything.

Gray. We'll all swear it was an accident. We'll tell him you did it in your sleep. We'll stuff him that you're a——here, what's a chap called who walks in his sleep?

Black. A ventriloquist.

Gray. Aye, that's the word. We'll stuff him that you're a ventriloquist.

Black and White. Go on, Green. Take the bet on.

Green (turning white). I'll take it on.

Black, White, and Gray. Well played, old Green!

Black. Let's go and see the fun.

White. We'll say we saw him walking in his sleep, and ran after him to stop him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*In the darkness they pass the Professor, who enters the room, quietly closes the door, switches on the light, and takes possession. A distant noise as of a boot flung violently against a door, is heard. Then the four heroes return somewhat hastily, their laurels fresh upon them. Entering the room they find the Professor calmly seated at the table, with book open and pen in hand.*]

Professor A. S.

How now, ye varlets? Ye are in my power,

And ye shall rue it with full many an hour.

Green. But, Sir—

ACT II.

Professor A. S.

But me no buts, I say, but me no buts:

With stiff-stretched strap we'll talk in terms of cuts.

SCENE.—*A classroom used as a prison.*

TIME.—12.40 p.m. the following Saturday.

Black (whispering). What would I not give to be able to soak old Slapper!

White (looking black). Cursings on the head of him who first invented Detention Classes.

Green (yawning) Seven times four is thirty-six, carry five. Oh, dear! I shall never get this sum right!

Gray (studying History). Magna Charta, signed by Guy Fawkes, 1066. I'd give old Slapper some dates, if I'd my way!

Black (sotto voce). I wish we could get old Slapper out on the Rugby field. We'd take it out of him!

Professor Slapastrap. Stop talking, there, or I'll send you all out. No boy shall be permitted to remain in Detention Class whose conduct is not absolutely perfect.

White (trying to learn some Latin verses). *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* What the deuce did Vergil want to write in Latin for, when English is so much simpler? (*Sighs*) Oh, dear! I shall never master it! (*a brilliant thought suddenly strikes him*). I know what I'll do! I'll write a Latin ode to old Slapper! (*writes*) *Olim erat asinus, nomine Slapastrapus.*

[Warning bell rings. *Exeunt omnes*].



"The Long and Short of It"

THE NU SPELING

UPON that great old-fashioned tax,
The rules of spelling made by quax,
We of to-day have turned our bax.

We won't have rules of any sort,
So children now to spell are tort
Just as they like, not as they ort.

Our grandsires must have found it rough,
When pedagogues were stern and grough,
To have to master all that stough.

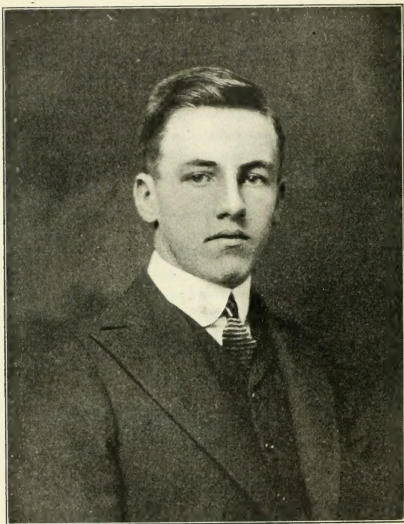
They had to mind and spell it "plough".
Such things we never think of nough—
We never could remember hough.

In short, in these days none but fools
Would think of heeding any rools,
Or dream of teaching them in skools.

Do as you like—this rule you seize,
Then you of learning have the keize
To open any door you pleize.

If you ambitious are to climb,
Take my advice, be wise in timb,
And break all rules. So ends my rimb.

E. C. B.



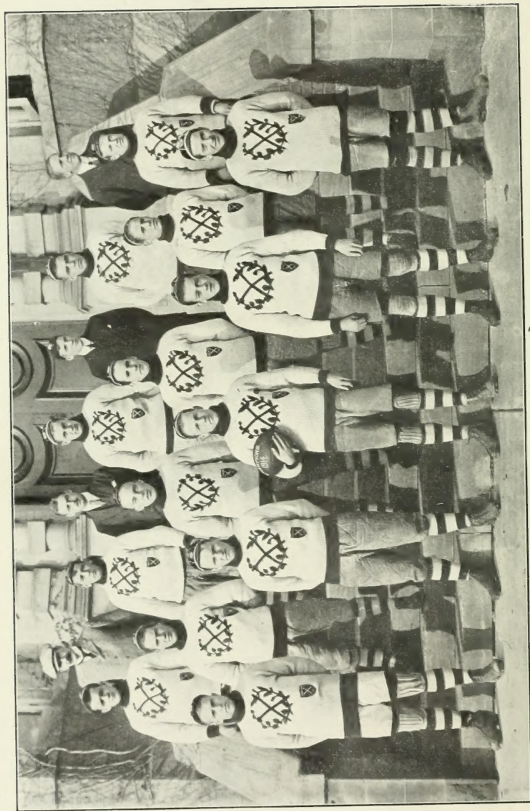
W. G. Cassells

Athletics

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

CASSELLS (Cassie)—An old color, and played right outside wing. He used excellent judgment in directing his team and is one of the surest tackles in the league.

Scott (Scottie)—Centre half, also an old color. A sure catch, tricky runner, and displayed great ability in calling the signals.



Champions Again!

Cossitt (Ed.)—Right half, a graduate of last year's seconds, and the best kicker we had. Also a magnificent runner. Showed best in the Ridley game.

Taylor 11. (Joe)—Left half, came up from the Lower School. A good catch and a fair kick. Fitted in well with the other halves.

Whitaker 1. (Ewart)—Quarter, also came up from last year's seconds. A good tackler and used his head.

Willoughby (Hilly)—Centre scrim, also an old color. The hardest player in the team and kept in the best condition.

McRae (Alex.)—Scrim, old color. A very steady, useful man and of much assistance in bucks.

Roger (Johnnie)—Scrim, a new boy as far as football is concerned. Steady, but inclined to tackle too high.

Soot (Eimer)—Inside wing, old color. The best buckler in the league and plays a strong defence game.

Galbraith 11. (Nig.)—Inside wing. The only new boy on the team. Bucks well, and is the best place kicker in the league.

Trow (Fatty)—Middle wing. Third year on the team. An exceptionally hard tackler. Played well in the Ridley Game.

Paterson (Pat)—Middle wing. Came up from last year's seconds. A good tackler and fair buckler, but hindered by lack of weight.

Cantley (Bunny)—Outside wing. Old color. Most aggressive player we had. Played best against Upper Canada. Hindered through the season by lame shoulder.

Davis 1. (Rick.)—Flying wing. Also an old color. Good buckler and always in his place.

The team wish to thank Grant 1 (Tod) for his able management. It is doubtful if a team ever had such a good manager.

RUGBY SEASON, 1914

THE TRINITY GAME.

S. A. C. VS. T. C. S.

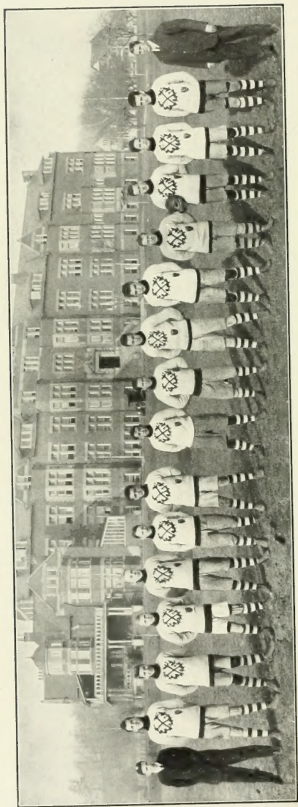
On Saturday, October 24th, the Little Big Four season opened with St. Andrew's playing at Trinity College School. The final count rather disappointed the general expectation of a close struggle, as the Saints carried off the large end of a 39—5 score. Weather conditions were not altogether conducive to good Rugby, as the keen north wind carried with it too much bitterness. The ground, however, yielded a firm footing in spite of the morning's rain.

S. A. C. lost the toss, and were given the south end of the field, playing almost directly against the heavy wind.

The teams lined up for the kick off as follows:

S. A. C. (39)	Position	T. C. S. (5)
Davis	F. W.	A. Morris
Scott	C. H.	J. Taylor II.
Cossitt	R. H.	M. McLachlin
Jos. Taylor II.	L. H.	Ketchum
Ewart Whitaker	Q.	G. Thetford
Willoughby	C. S.	Roche
Roger	R. S.	Moore
McRae	L. S.	Sutcliffe
Galbraith II.	R. I.	W. Hogg
Paterson	R. M.	(Capt.) P. Grey
Cantley (Ed. Whitaker)	R. O.	Dunbar
Soot	L. I.	M. Carter
Trow	L. M.	Cruikshank
W. Cassells (Capt.)	L. O.	Vibert
Referee, Ed. Cuzner.		Umpire, K. MacLaren

Willoughby fozzled the kick off, and Hogg secured for T. C. S. at mid-field, where S. A. C. were given possession on downs. S. A. C. at once began their bucking, and successive attempts by Soot, Galbraith and Davis netted 30 yards. Trinity then took a brace and held two bucks, forcing Cossitt to kick for a single point. S. A. C., 1. T. C. S., 0.



Fourteen Good Men and True

Helped by the wind, Taylor drop-kicked to S. A. C's line, where Scott was held, just clear. S. A. C. bucked to mid-field, where Scott and Taylor exchanged punts with no advantage. S. A. C. gained twenty yards more on bucks and McRae went over the line only to lose the ball, a rouge adding another point. S. A. C., 2. T. C. S., 0.

Taylor's long punts soon put the visitors on the defensive, and the crimson backs were several times called upon to run out kicks. Trinity's line soon began to tire under the powerful bucking of their opponents, and frequent delays were caused by injuries. Taylor, of T. C. S., twice essayed to drop goals, but both kicks



"In the Enemy's Country"

went wide. Cantley broke away for a 50-yard run, being downed twenty yards out; but S. A. C. lost on interference, and several exchanges of punts put S. A. C. in possession at centre. Scott's kick was returned by Ketchum to Joe Taylor, who, after a fine running catch, carried play to Trinity's 20-yard line by good running. Bucks by Soot and Davis covered 15 yards, and McRae went over for a try, which Galbraith converted. S. A. C., 8. T. C. S., 0. The whistle soon put an end to the period, with S. A. C. defending their twenty-yard line. S. A. C., 8. T. C. S., 0.

With the wind in their favor, St. Andrew's kicked incessantly, and early in the second quarter Cossitt booted into a rouge for a single point. The kick-off went to Scott, who, catching at centre, kicked clear to the dead line for another point. S. A. C., 10. T. C. S., 0.

Scott returned the kick-off to Trinity's ten-yard mark. Here Cantley secured a loose ball for St. Andrew's, and, after Soot and Trow had covered eight yards, Galbraith bucked over for the Saints' second try. He missed the goal by only a few inches. S. A. C., 15. T. C. S., 0.

T. C. S. kicked off, and on first down Cantley tore off a fine dodging run of 40 yards, but no score resulted. Cantley, however, sustained a severe strain of the shoulder, and Ed. Whitaker was sent in for him. Cossitt kicked to Taylor, who caught cleanly right beneath his goal. Two bucks failed, and Trow blocked Taylor's kick on last down, and himself recovered for a try. Galbraith converted very cleverly from the extreme side. S. A. C., 21. T. C. S., 0.

Trinity secured on S. A. C.'s ten-yard line for "no yards," but the visitors' sturdy line would not yield them any gain, and St. Andrew's secured on downs. Several exchanges of punts resulted in McLachlin's fumbling on his 10-yard line. Cassells recovered, and Galbraith bucked over for a touchdown, which he himself converted from a point not a yard from the side lines. S. A. C., 27. T. C. S., 0.

The whistle blew half-time, with Trinity on the offensive at mid-field. Half-time score—S. A. C., 27. T. C. S., 0.

After half-time McGillivray was sent in at right middle, Patterson going to centre scrim in place of Willoughby, whose ankle had given out. With the wind against them, the Saints returned to their bucking game. Trinity took a decided brace, and for some minutes played the Saints to a standstill. The latter, however, came back before any scoring took place. Taylor twice attempted drops at S. A. C.'s goal, but failed; once by missing the bar; another time owing to Rogers' breaking through and spoiling his kick. S. A. C. bucked to Trinity's quarter-way mark, from where "Joe" Taylor, of S. A. C., tried a drop goal. His kick went wide, however, though, taking into consideration the angle and distance, it was a very clever attempt, going only a foot or so to the side. Davis followed closely and dragged down Ketchum for a rouge. S. A. C., 28. T. C. S., 0. Cossitt returned the kick-off to Trinity's quarter line, where three-quarter time found the latter in possession. Three-quarter time score—S. A. C., 28. T. C. S., 0.

S. A. C. blocked Taylor's kick, and secured the ball 25 yards out. After the leather had changed and re-changed hands for in-

terference, Soot bucked 15 yards for a try which Galbraith could not convert. S. A. C., 33. T. C. S., 0. For five minutes the teams were content to leave the work in the hands of their respective kickers. Then Scott fumbled on his line, and the speedy Trinity wings secured for T. C. S. their only score. As they did not convert, the score was, S. A. C., 33. T. C. S., 5.

Several exchanges of punts left S. A. C. with the ball on the home team's forty-yard line. Trow and Galbraith covered ten yards, and Soot went through for the remaining thirty for the final try of the game, which Galbraith again converted from an extremely hard angle. S. A. C., 39. T. C. S., 5.

Play hovered about centre for the remainder of the game, with little advantage for either side, leaving St. Andrew's winners by 39 to 5.

Perhaps no names should be mentioned on the winners' line-up; but the work of Galbraith, Soot, and Scott was undoubtedly a little more brilliant than that of the others, Galbraith's notably so. Taylor, of Trinity, was easily the best of the home team, as his fine all-round work did much towards holding the winners to their actual score. The superior condition of the Saints told, however, and their line work added to the fact that every man played his place, gave them the victory. Ed. Cuzner and Ken. MacLaren handled the game to the entire satisfaction of all.

F. GRANT.

THE RIDLEY GAME.

S. A. C. vs. RIDLEY.

Saturday, October 31st, saw S. A. C. at St. Catharines, for what was generally expected would be the decisive game of the Little Big Four season. Both teams had come through their games the previous week in a manner which plainly showed that the final honors of the League would lie between them. The day was perfect for football, bright, with a slight breeze, which blew almost directly across the field. St. Andrew's presented the same line-up which had defeated T. C. S. a week previously, while

Ridley were but slightly changed. The teams lined up as follows:—

S.A.C.	Position.	B.R.C.
Davis I	Flying Wing	Irvine (C.)
Scott	Centre Half	D. Garrett I
Cossitt	Right Half	Parish
Taylor II	Left Half	Folger
Whitaker I	Quarter	Turnbull
Willoughby	Cen. Scrim.	B. Garrett II
Roger	Right Scrim.	Barr
McRae	Left Scrim.	Boyd II
Galbraith II	Right Inside	Ryder
Paterson	Right Middle	Wiggs
Cantley	Right Outside	Daniels
Soot	Left Inside	Gates
Trow	Left Middle	Porter
W. Cassells (C.)	Left Outside	H. Cassells

Ridley won the toss, and elected to play with the wind very slightly in her favour. Galbraith's kick-off was returned by Garrett, and St. Andrew's were in possession at centre. The Saints commenced their bucking tactics at once, and to such good purpose, that they twice gained yards. Then Ridley secured a loose ball on her forty yard line, and Garrett booted on first down to St. Andrew's thirty yard line, where Scott was downed in his tracks. The Crimsons now commenced an uninterrupted march towards Ridley's line, which terminated in McRae's being sent over for a try. It was a splendid exhibition of line-plunging. St. Andrew's lost their right to convert for moving the ball.

S.A.C., 5. B.R.C., 0.

Cossitt took the kick-off on his thirty-yard line, where Ridley secured a minute later, and Garrett booted on first down for a single point.

S.A.C., 5. B.R.C., 1.

For some minutes the home team pressed hard, and Taylor was twice called upon to run out Garrett's kicks. St. Andrew's kept to their bucking game, while Ridley relied mainly upon D. Garrett. St. Andrew's were penalized for interference on their quarter-way mark, and Garrett attempted one of his famous drop goals, which missed only by a very narrow margin. Scott ran

out safely, and Cossitt kicked to centre, where his wings secured on a fumble. S.A.C., in two bucks, reached Ridley's twenty-yard line, where Cossitt kicked to Garrett, who was held by Cassells for a rouge.

S.A.C., 6. B.R.C., 1.

A moment later Cossitt kicked over to Folger, who was dragged down by Willoughby for another point.

S.A.C., 7. B.R.C., 1.

Quarter time was called a minute later, with S.A.C. on the offensive at centre.

Shortly after the change Cossitt caught a long kick on his thirty-five-yard-line, and, evading many tackles, worked his way to within two yards of the home team's line. Soot easily covered the short distance, and Galbraith converted neatly.

S.A.C., 13. B.R.C., 1.

The play now began to open up slightly, and soon became a punting duel between Cossitt and Garrett, with the former having slightly the better of the argument; and his long kicks soon resulted in Folger again being forced to rouge by Davis.

S.A.C., 14. B.R.C., 1.

The Saints soon dropped the punting game, and, after being given the ball on the home team's thirty-yard-line, sent Soot through for a try, which Galbraith easily converted.

S.A.C., 20. B.R.C., 1.

Ridley began to assume the aggressive, but found the Crimson line impenetrable, and resorted once more to their open style. As a result of a blocked kick, S.A.C. secured forty-five yards from Ridley's line, and Scott, on first down, sent a beautiful long spiral to the dead line.

S.A.C., 21. B.R.C., 1.

Ridley were rapidly tiring under the gruelling pace set by their opponents, and they were gradually forced back on their line; with the result that just before half-time, S.A.C. added a rouge and a try by Soot, which Galbraith converted from an all but impossible angle.

Half-time score—S.A.C., 28. B.R.C., 1.

The Ridley line-up was slightly changed after the interval, Peuchen replacing Parish, while Peters took the place of Porter.

Shortly after the recommencement of play, both Peuchen and Galbraith were injured on one of the latter's bucks, and Peuchen

was forced to retire in favour of Heighington. A moment later Scott kicked to the dead line for a point.

S.A.C., 29. B.R.C., 1.

B.R.C. retained the ball by a fake kick-off, but a moment later lost on offside; and St Andrew's quickly bucked over for another try. Galbraith sent over a phenomenal convert from the very side lines.

S.A.C., 35. B.R.C., 1.

"Dud" Garrett was now playing up on the line, and his brilliant example put new life in his team-mates. St. Andrew's gathered in a loose ball on Ridley's quarter-way line, where Taylor attempted to drop a goal. D. Garrett, however, broke through, and blocked; and, on next down, booted out of danger. On S.A.C.'s first down, he broke through again, and, interrupting Whitaker's pass, ran to St. Andrew's ten-yard line, before being caught and brought to earth by Cossitt. On second down Garrett went through centre for a try, which went unconverted.

S.A.C., 35. B.R.C., 6.

On the return of Galbraith's kick-off, a combined run by Scott and Taylor brought the ball to centre, where Ridley secured a moment before three-quarter time.

Both teams were worn down by the hard pace, and Garrett several times broke through for gains; but no scoring resulted. Garrett dropped a clever field goal from thirty-five yards out; but the ball was called back for S.A.C. offside, and Ridley got ten yards. Two bucks carried the ball to within two yards of S.A.C.'s line, but Paterson prevented a score by clever tackling, and Ridley's chance was gone. Folger received a nasty gash, but continued with the game. St. Andrew's were now in possession ten yards from their line, with Ridley pressing hard; but Taylor relieved by a fast forty-yard run. Cassells then opened up a few tricks, and, as a result, Trow was sent over on the third attempt, making the final score of the game, Galbraith missing his kick, owing to the difficult angle.

S.A.C., 40. B.R.C., 6.

Shortly after the kick-off Daniel intercepted a pass, and ran to the Saints' five-yard line before being brought down from behind, by Cossitt. Ridley failed to complete the distance, and full-time found S.A.C. defending her twenty-yard line.

Final score—S.A.C., 40. B.R.C., 6.

The brilliant star of the day was Dudley Garrett, as his phenomenal kicking and running were always a menace to the visitors, scoring, as they did, all Ridley's points, and he playing under great difficulties.

St. Andrew's success was achieved mainly by their strong line-plunging, at which Soot, McRae and Trow excelled; but added to this was the all-important fact that each individual played his position and played it well.

F. GRANT II.

THE UPPER CANADA GAME.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

Champions again! On Saturday, November 7th, Old Andy cleaned up her second championship in two years, and incidentally set up a score which will stand for years as a Little Big Four Record; and which almost equalled the Canadian record (106), by trimming U.C.C. to the tune of 98 to 7. Heavy intermittent showers fell in the early morning, but a warm sun soon dried the gridiron, and the weather in nowise hindered play. "Rusty" Bell and "Jack" Ramsey had been secured to officiate, and they handled the game perfectly. The teams lined up for the kick-off at 10.45, as follows:—

S.A.C.	Position.	U.C.C.
Davis I	Flying Wing	Dean
Scott	Centre Half	McWhinney
Cossitt	Right Half	Wright
Taylor II	Left Half	Hamilton
Whitaker I	Quarter	Grier
Willoughby	Centre Scrim.	Henderson
Roger	Right Scrim.	R. Hay
McRae	Left Scrim.	Hess
Galbraith II	Right Inside	O'Reilly
Soot	Left Inside	Hay
Paterson	Right Middle	Price
Trow	Left Middle	Phillips (C.)
Cantley	Right Outside	Esten
W. Cassells (C.) ...	Left Outside	Mulock

S.A.C. lost the toss, which, by the way, they have done in all games this year, and kicked off toward the south end. There was scarcely any wind, what there was being almost across the field. S.A.C. soon got possession at centre, and bucked half the length of the field for a try, McRae carrying the ball over in less than two minutes of play. Galbraith converted easily.

S.A.C., 6. U.C.C., 0.

It was patent to all that U.C.C. were entirely outclassed; but, nevertheless, they fought gamely. Immediately after the kick-



At Home to U.C.C.

off, U.C.C. secured for interference ten yards from S.A.C.'s line, and, on McWhinney's high punt, Cossitt was forced to rouge.

S.A.C., 6. U.C.C., 1.

Hamilton returned the kick-off to S.A.C.'s ten-yard line. Here St. Andrew's line-plungers commenced a steady onslaught, and buck after buck went through; till, finally, McRae went over again, after the Crimson had advanced uninterruptedly the entire length of the field. Galbraith added another point by his convert.

S.A.C., 12. U.C.C., 1.

Quarter-time was called a moment later, with S.A.C. in possession on their opponents' twenty-yard line.

Taylor tried to drop a goal on first down, but was blocked. S.A.C., however, blocked McWhinney on the next play; and Scott

went over for a try, which, however, was not allowed, and U.C.C. kicked to centre. Here Scott kicked on first down, Hamilton fumbled behind his line, and Whitaker recovered for a touchdown, which Galbraith did not convert.

S.A.C., 17. U.C.C., 1.

A moment later, Cossitt kicked over to Wright, who was forced to rouge, by Cassells.

S.A.C., 18. U.C.C., 1.

Paterson secured a loose ball shortly after, and Soot bucked over for a try, which was converted from a difficult angle.

S.A.C., 24. U.C.C., 1.

Scott, shortly after, booted to the dead line for a point.

S.A.C., 25. U.C.C., 1.

S.A.C. continued to buck, and soon Cassells was enabled to get over for a try, after blocking McWhinney's kick, Galbraith converted.

S.A.C., 31. U.C.C., 1.

Cassells took a fumbled pass by U.C.C. on her twenty-yard line, and on first down Soot bucked over. Galbraith again put over a very clever convert.

S.A.C., 37. U.C.C., 1.

Half a minute later Cossitt kicked to touch-in-goal for a single point, and when Wright fumbled Cossitt's return of the kick-off, Whitaker gathered in the ball for a touchdown, which went unconverted.

S.A.C., 43. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off, Upper Canada made her yards for the first time in the game, just before the half-time whistle.

Ewart Whitaker, Soot, McRae and Cossitt have been the Crimsons' best so far; while Mulock and Esten have shown up for the Blue. Upper Canada have been almost powerless against the Saints' bucks, which gain substantially every time.

SECOND HALF.

St. Andrew's commenced to rush things, and in less than three minutes Soot went through for five points, which Galbraith made six by a neat convert.

S.A.C., 49. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off had been returned, S.A.C. were given the

ball at midfield, whence bucks by Davis and Soot carried it over again, and Galbraith converted once more.

S.A.C., 55. U.C.C., 1.

After the kick-off, the Saints bucked to U.C.C.'s quarter-way mark; here Ewart Whitaker slipped around the end for a twenty-yard gain, but received a kick on the head which forced him to retire, after having played a most brilliant game. Cassells went to quarter, and Ed. Whitaker took his place at outside wing. On the next play Soot was sent through for another touchdown, which Galbraith was unable to convert.

S.A.C., 66. U.C.C., 1.

Upper Canada were now almost completely worn down, and frequent fumbles by their back division resulted in Cassells smothering a loose ball for another five points, as Galbraith missed the convert.

S.A.C., 71. U.C.C., 1.

U.C.C.'s kick-off was short, and after Taylor had covered thirty yards around the end, bucks by Davis and McRae resulted in another try, which Galbraith converted.

S.A.C., 77. U.C.C., 1.

The Saints now commenced to play a more open game, but on an attempted end-run Henderson intercepted a pass and sprinted thirty yards for Upper Canada's only touchdown, which was converted.

S.A.C., 77. U.C.C., 7.

Three-quarter time was called with no further scoring.

In the last quarter the Saints scored almost at will, as their opponents seemed almost powerless against their strong line-plunging. In the first minute of play, Cossitt booted to the dead-line, and two minutes later, on another of his kicks, Scott forced a rouge by downing McWhinney.

S.A.C., 79. U.C.C., 7.

Paterson was hurt, and was replaced by Phillips. The Crimson, after being given the ball right on their own line, sent through buck after buck until Soot was pushed over for a try. This went unconverted.

S.A.C., 84. U.C.C., 7.

During the next three minutes Cossitt twice kicked for single

points, which was followed up a minute later by Cantley's securing a fumbled ball for a try, after having dribbled it thirty yards. Galbraith made the convert.

S.A.C., 92. U.C.C., 7.

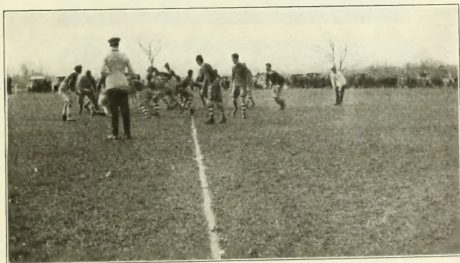
Two minutes before the whistle McRae ploughed through for the Saints' sixteenth touchdown, Galbraith converted; making in all, twelve converts during the game. Full-time saw St. Andrew's in possession two feet from Upper Canada's goal-line.

S.A.C., 98. U.C.C., 7.

The Upper Canada boys admitted that they were completely outclassed in all departments of the game. The two best on their line-up were Mulock and Esten, their outsides.

For St. Andrew's, Soot and McRae, and indeed the entire wing line gave an extraordinary exhibition of line-plunging, while the back division played a remarkably steady game. Cossitt's kicking deserves special mention as also does the goal-kicking of Galbraith. Cassells deserves great credit for his fine generalship during the entire season.

F. GRANT.



"In the Thick of It"

POST-MORTEMS ON THE RUGBY SEASON

In addition to winning the second successive championship of their league, S.A.C. also won all their practice games handily, beating Parkdale by 13 to 9, Technical High School by 14 to 0, and Jarvis by 31 to 0. During the season our boys ran up 235 points, allowing only 27 scores against them.

Murray Galbraith converted 18 times out of 26 chances, and a great many of them from almost the extreme side-lines, which is an excellent record, to say the least.



The Landsturm

Ed. Whitaker filled in very well in his two chances against Trinity and Upper Canada, tackling and following up well.

Scott was a "find" for centre-half, playing even a better game there than at quarter, which position was ably filled by Ewart Whitaker. Scott's kicking against the wind at Port Hope was of exceptionally high calibre.

The playing, notably the catching, of the half-line was remarkably steady, and supported the line-plungers ably. Cossitt also cut off several scores during the season by his fast tackling.

Before disbanding, the team sent in a challenge to the junior O.R.F.U. winners. The latter, however, did not accept, and S.A.C. must remain content with the laurels they have won.

No changes were made in St. Andrew's line-up during the season, as we presented the same team against all our opponents.

Paterson, despite the fact that he is the lightest man on the wing-line, did some excellent tackling and buck-stopping during the season.

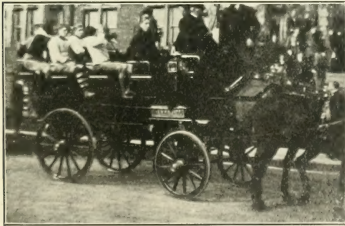
F. GRANT.

FOOTBALL NOTES

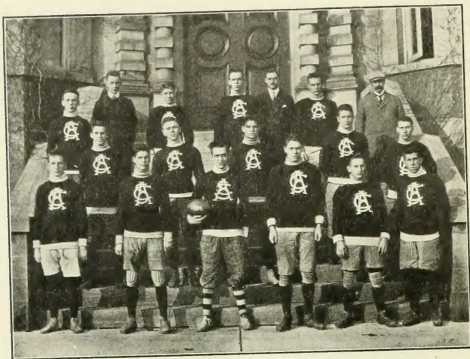
A week or so after the close of the season a congratulatory telegram was received from England from the Old Boys in camp on Salisbury Plain, of whom there are nearly fifty. It speaks well for our graduates, that, while in training, preparatory to going to serve their country at the front, they can nevertheless find time to think of their old school, and to express their interest in her welfare and progress.

Great credit should be given to Cantley, who filled the position of acting captain during the early days of the season. The initial few weeks are by far the most trying, and much of the success of the season was due to his early efforts in organizing the teams.

F. GRANT, II.



The Embarkation



The Second Contingent

THE SECOND TEAM

On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, the Second Team defeated Upper Canada Second Team, 13 to 6, on Upper Canada's grounds. The day was anything but good for Rugby, as it was raining and snowing, and the field was in a poor condition.

St. Andrew's lined up as follows:—

Flying Wing—Dimock (Capt.).

Halves—McPherson, Leishman, Campbell.

Quarter—Douglas.

Scrim.—Taylor I, Comstock, Horn.

Inside Wings—Duncan, Rankin.

Middle Wings—Bailey, Phillips.

Outside Wings—Whitaker II, Wallace.

Spares—MacDonald, Mosley, Firstbrook, Galbraith I.

Within a few minutes of play, Bailey went over the line for a touch, which was not converted. The Saints bucked well, but were lost on the muddy field. In the latter part of this half good line-plunging gave U.C.C. a touch which was not converted.

In the second half, St. Andrew's returned to kicking, and scored three rouses, while U.C.C. succeeded in getting one.

In the last quarter, St. Andrew's worked hard for a touch-down, and, with only three minutes to play, St. Andrew's, by three successive bucks, went over with Duncan under the ball. Some dispute arose over this, but the ball was over. This was not converted, time being called.

Final score, S.A.C., 13. U.C.C., 6.

I. MacG.



On the Steps of Learning

THE THIRD TEAM

The third team, under the captaincy of Davis II, had a very successful season.

The first two games were played with St. Clements, and U.T.S. Seconds. Both games resulted in victories for St. Andrew's, by large scores.

On November 4th, the annual game with Upper Canada thirds was played on our own grounds. This was a much better game than the previous two, but S.A.C. again won by the score of 27-2.

Two days later the team went to Oakville, and played Appleby College. The game was closely contested, but our opponents were victorious.

The return match was played on Nov. 11th. The play in this game was very even, but the visitors again won, this time by 18-12. This was the last game played.

The outstanding feature of all the games, was the running of Moseley and the tackling of Rolph.

The following received their colors: Fleming, Moseley, King, Rose, Rolph, Meyers, Galbraith, Leckie, MacDonald I, Neill, Cameron, MacCutcheon, Winter, MacDougall I, and Davis II (Captain).

R. M. BALFOUR.

THE LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY SEASON

THE Lower School has not been very successful on the field of sport during the past season. We have no desire to hide ourselves completely behind the screen of physical disabilities, but it is only fair to say that our choice of heroes has been circumscribed by the smallness of our numbers, and that the heroes themselves have not been conspicuous for their Herculean proportions. With the exception of Blayney, none of the team has possessed any very great weight, and Blayney was only able to play in the return match with Upper Canada College, which was contested on our own ground. The average weight of our players has been about ninety-eight pounds, which is considerably less than that of last year.

Out of six matches played we only managed to win one, and that was the first. This victory was achieved against the Crescent Club. We hasten to state that this club has no official connection with Turkey, against whom we are at present at war; though it is quite possible that some of its members are *Young Turks*. And in saying this we have no desire to speak slightly of our very sporting opponents, especially as some of our own budding players are themselves *Young Turks*, if not *Tartars*. The result of our first engagement with these Oriental gentlemen was a score of seventeen points to nil. This was due to the *sublime port* of our men, who found themselves quite equal to the occasion—for once.

By the time the return match was held, however, our adversaries had brought up considerable reinforcements and several much heavier guns, by means of which they secured a notable victory of eleven points to six.

Against the Lower School of the University of Toronto School (known to sportsmen as U.T.S.), we succeeded in being most unsuccessful. We have hardly the face to announce the score; but perhaps we shall feel better in the next paragraph.

They outweighed us—they outplayed us! (The poetry was unavoidable. When men feel strongly about things they burst the restraining bonds of prose and warble forth their deeds in song). Suffice it to say, they beat us by thirty-four points to nil. A great weight is now off our mind. But—*miserabile dictu*, as Shakespeare says—worse is to come!

Against Deer Park we were again defeated, but this time only by the Lilliputian margin of twelve points to nil. That is nothing, when you have gone through what we have! We have come to regard this kind of thing as a mild form of victory!

In the first game against the Lower School of Upper Canada College we were completely outclassed by the weight of our opponents. The U.C.C. team were a formidable lot of men. Their bucks were particularly powerful, our much smaller team being quite unable to hold them back. Honorable mention must here be made of Gallagher, who played exceptionally well. His tackling was particularly good.

Time was when we should have blushed to state in cold print the score, and thus hand down to posterity a weapon with which to mock our memory. At any rate, we give this unpleasant subject a paragraph to itself, in the hope that, dear reader, you will pass it by without reading it, or read it without noticing what it contains—an achievement, by the way, at which we schoolboys, by dint of long practice in preparation, have become experts. This aforesaid score was forty-one to nil. We refrain from saying in whose favor, but it was not in ours.

In the return match with U.C.C., played on a very cold and uncomfortable day (from the point of view of the spectators), our team gave a much better account of themselves, so much so, indeed, that at half-time there was positively no score on either side. Blayney was very useful here, and did good work, especially in the bucking, where his weight was badly needed and well

used. It was in the third quarter that Fortuna, the goddess of fickleness, began to smile at our opponents, causing them, despite our heroic resistance, to gain a touch, but preventing them (with the help of Aeolus) from converting. In the last quarter history repeated itself, as, from time to time, it has a knack of doing; with the result that the final score was ten to nil in our opponent's favor.

The personnel of the team was as follows:—Stonehouse, outside wing; Gallagher, outside wing; Thorley, inside wing; Morton, inside wing; Cross, middle wing; Blayney, middle wing; Hill, left scrumage; Cox, right scrumage; Merlick I, centre scrumage; Easson, quarter; Kent, flying wing; Boyd, middle wing; Auld, centre half; Fielding, left half; Lawson, right half.

Captain, Lawson. First Spare, Somers II.

E. C. B.

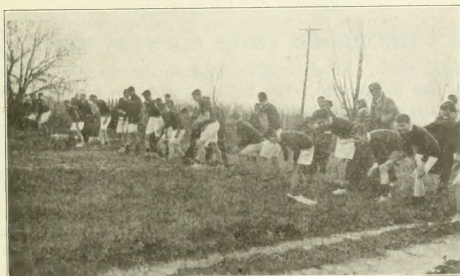


Quot Homines tot sententiae

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On Tuesday, November 17th, the Annual Cross Country Run took place. The day was anything but suitable for running, as a biting wind blew from the north, carrying with it a blowy snow-storm. However, a surprising number of entries were booked, and the weather in nowise affected the spirits of the contestants. The pistol cracked sharp at 3.30, and the race began.

Cantley sprang away into a lead of fifty yards, but was soon forced to drop back. Cossitt took the lead after the first mile, with Bell second. The latter, however, was forced to drop out,



"Are You Ready?"

owing to cramps, and Willoughby ran second with Dimmock pressing him. Cossitt maintained his lead to the end, finishing with a good margin. Willoughby was second, and he beat Dimmock by fifty yards. Cossitt completed the three-and-a-half miles in 21 minutes 4 seconds,—very good time, taking into consideration the weather.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st—Cossitt, gold medal.

2nd—Willoughby, silver medal.

3rd—Dimmock, bronze medal.

1st Team cake—Cantley.

2nd Team cake—Douglas.

Boarders' cake—McPherson.

Prefects' cake—Davis I.

Lower Flat cake—Rolph.

Upper VI Form cake—Lowndes.

Lower VI Form cake—Whitaker II.

Fifth Form cake—Moseley.

Fourth Form cake—Frith.

Third Form cake—Harris.

The REVIEW wishes to congratulate Cossitt and all those who entered, on their excellent showing and good running.

F. GRANT II.

THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On Friday, November 20th, the Annual Junior Cross Country Run was decided. The day was perfect for such an event, and a splendid number of the juniors were entered. The race commenced at 3.45, and exactly 16 minutes and 16 seconds after the start, Macdonald III crossed the finishing line, a winner by 50 yards. Gallagher finished second, winning the bronze medal. Lawson, who finished third, received Mr. Clayton's cake, and Home II, coming in fourth, was awarded the Second Form cake. Findlay II, who finished fifth, was winner of the Day-boys' cake, and that presented by Mrs. Montgomery went to Black. Merry was the recipient of the First Form cake; while Mr. Furnival's was awarded to Menold, who carried off ninth place.

The first ten contestants finished as follows:—1st, Macdonald III; 2nd, Gallagher; 3rd, Lawson; 4th, Home; 5th, Findlay II; 6th, Kent; 7th, Merry; 8th, Simpson; 9th, Menold; 10th, Denovan.

F. G. II.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The Hockey prospects this year are not so bright as those of last season; nevertheless we hope to do more.

There will be three, possibly four, old colors back after Christmas. The new material, as far as we can judge, is good; still we cannot assume too much until we see them on ice.

No doubt the season will be a successful one, especially if the

fellows put the same spirit into the game as they did in Rugby; and, no doubt, they will.

We are entered in the Junior O.H.A. again, and in all probability will be in the same group as last year.

We are fortunate in having the Arena to practise in again this season, which will enable us to work out before Christmas.

CANTLEY.

School Notes

DINNERS

Since the close of the season several dinners are being tendered the team.

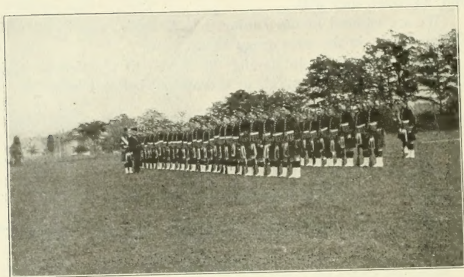
First, Colonel Gooderham very kindly gave a sumptuous spread at the King Edward Hotel, on Friday, November 20th. All present thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Short speeches were made after the repast, and a general air of mirth and congeniality made it a most pleasant affair.

Then, Mr. W. G. Cassells, on behalf of his son, Captain "Walter," gave a spread at the Hunt Club, on Tuesday, Dec. 1st. It was not a dress affair, and, assisted by Mr. Jules Brazil, the well-known entertainer, was a brilliant success.

At the time of going to press, the team are looking forward with unabated expectation to the banquet to be given at the Ontario Club on Monday, Dec. 7th, by Mr. D. I. Grant, on behalf of his nephew, our "peppery" manager, "Tod." Grant. This bids fair to rank with any as a successful and merry evening.

Then, last but not least, there is yet to come, the College Football Dinner, which is invariably a source of great enjoyment.

From which it may be seen that a championship team does not necessarily fare badly.



"The Old Guard"

THE CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps this year has recruited to the usual strength; in fact, it is somewhat stronger, if anything.

We have been unable to secure a sergeant to drill the corps. Lieutenant Sinclair, our former instructor, is away with the first contingent; but some of our Old Boys have kindly offered to act in that capacity.

One cannot write about the Cadet Corps without mentioning the ex-Cadets who are now in England, or training in Canada, for the second contingent. We extend to them our heartiest wishes for good luck.

Some of the boys known as the "Carpenters' Union," built a house on the new school grounds. A shooting range is to be built as well; and there we hope to improve our marksmanship.

The spirit of the corps is excellent. The war has had an inspiring effect, and, as a result, the fellows are drilling faithfully. We intend this year to be the best in the history of the corps.

A Junior Corps is being organized in conjunction with the Senior.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

THE following Old Boys have been in communication with the College since the publication of the Midsummer REVIEW:—

F. S. Milligan, 33 Rathnally Ave., is now working for the City of Toronto.

Henry Herschkvotiz, working with the Hamburg-American line, Mexico City, Mexico.

D. G. McGregor, attending the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW since the publication of the Mid-summer number:

Lloyd M. Ault, June 9th, 1914, married to Miss Wilhelmena Gladys Currier, of Toronto.

Fred. H. M. Irwin, August 19th, married to Miss Katherine Maclaren of Whitby, Ont.

John S. Galbraith, July 28th, married to Miss Eileen Haney, of Port Credit, Ont.

Geo. B. Frost, Sept. 30th, 1914, married to Miss Marion Pearl Robinson, of Smith's Falls, Ont.

Geoffrey A. J. Boak, August 30th, 1914, a son.

Harrison A. Driscoll, August 26th, 1914, a son.

A. E. Duncanson, June 21st, 1914, a son.

Lesslie Ferguson, August, 1914, a daughter.

SOCIETY NOTES

A sewing circle has been organized by Miss Sooks McGregor, for the benefit of the new boys. As the winter will be a hard one, good work will be accomplished.

Mr. "Archie" Fleming, after his recent accident, returned to Ottawa, where he seems to have become very indisposed as to coming back. If that city can stand the strain, we hope that he will return after Christmas.

One of the most enjoyable little luncheons of the social season

was given by Miss Fat Emma Davis for her fiancé, Mr. "Chappy" Hagawong.

Several society leaders invited themselves to aid in the destruction of the sumptuous repast. Among these was Miss Fateria Soot, who sent members of the Carpenter's Union ahead to widen the doorway. Union hours were over when these men arrived, and Miss Soot was forced to enter in a most undignified manner.

Miss Davis received the guests near her washstand, dressed in one of Cooper's latest creations. Mr. Hagawong stood with his arm about her middle, and ably assisted; although a trifle shy, he gave everyone a cordial hug, and said how disgusted he was to meet them. The ravenous visitors were allowed to wander about in the spacious apartments, while the pork and beans and other delicacies were being prepared.

Among those present, were especially noticed, Miss Stringy Cossitt, in grey charmeuse, à la B.D.V., and winsome Miss Navy-plug McRae, in a ravishing gown of tinsel-paper, trimmed with cigarette ribbons.

A sudden departure of the guests came when a well-directed pop bottle hit Miss McRae on the jaw, this being followed up by strange footsteps in one of the many corridors of the house.

The first annual theatre-party of the physiography students was enjoyably spent at a movie show on King Street. After the performance, the host, Mr. Detweiller, suggested that they should dine at some exclusive café; accordingly, the party wended its way to Bowles's, where they enjoyed "*one hot bean*"!!! On account of the late hour the billiard room was avoided. Another party is looked forward to by all those who participated.

JOE TAYLOR.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Lawrence Robert Wilson. Wilson was born on the fifth of June, in the year 1893. He entered the school at the age of twelve, taking his place in the Second Form. He was with us from Sept. 19th, 1905, to June 21st, 1910. By 1909 he had mounted the ladder of learning as far as the Lower Vith Form, and at the end of that year was third in General Proficiency, and sixth in Honours. In 1910 he passed the Matriculation Examination of the University of Toronto; and, on leaving us, he spent one year there in the study of Arts, and two years in the study of Medicine. With an excellent record behind him, and on the very threshold of what seemed to all a most promising career, he developed typhoid fever, and, after a long illness, died on the 29th day of last September. He will be remembered with affection and respect by all who knew him. We extend to all his sorrowing relatives and friends our cordial sympathy.



WE wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following first-rate exchanges, and here take the opportunity of voicing the hope that some of our former acquaintances, which do not appear in the ensuing list, will have been received before our next issue:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *The Argosy*, Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The Bishop Bethune College Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Blue and White*, Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *The Carlisle Arrow*, Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.; *The Chronicle*, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; *Lux Columbian*, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Daedalion Monthly*, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas; *The High School Times*, Chatham High School, Chatham, N.B.; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ont.; *New York Military Academy Bulletin*, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.; *Purple and Gray Magazine*, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; *Queen's Journal*, Alma Mater Society of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *The School*, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.; *The Scotch Collegian*, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia; *Trinity College School Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope; *Western Canada College Review*, Western Canada College, Calgary, Alta.; *The Wilmerding Life*, Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco, California; *The Wind Mill*, The Manlius Schools, Manlius, N.Y.

Blue and White.—A few more school photographs would slightly improve your otherwise interesting paper.

St. Margaret's Chronicle.—Your magazine, with its excellent stories and articles, shows that your staff must be hard-working and efficient. The publication does credit to your school.

The Black and Red.—As far as school news goes your paper is excellent. Fiction and illustrations, however, would add to its attractiveness.

Acta Victoriana.—An unusually good magazine with well-written poetry, jokes that are jokes, and interesting stories. Your article on the causes of the war is complete and convincing.

The Albanian.—Your articles are clever and literary. One notices, however, a lack of illustrations in your paper. Some school snap-shots are always welcomed by the reader.

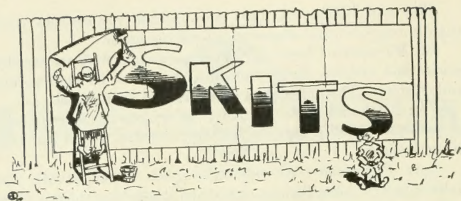
The Wilmerding Life.—As usual, you send us a cleverly written magazine, with first-rate stories, humorous drawings, and original jokes and cuts.

The Ashburian.—Your publication is interesting, and gives an outsider a very good idea of the school life of the college. The old boys' supplement is a good idea, but have you not room for a little fiction?

The Boone Review.—Your magazine is well worth the time spent in reading it. It gives us an idea of the conditions in China, and the progress that is being made there.

The Scotch Collegian.—It is truly "a magazine of work, games, and old boys' news." Your form notes are interesting and original; your poetry is also good, but we note a lack of good stories.

LECKIE.



MR. Taylor (to Beer)—“Did you come up to my room after school yesterday?”

Beer—“No, sir!”

Mr. Taylor—“Well, we’ll have to make a special case of Beer.”

Duncan—“What’s a Caterpillar?”

Hunter—“An upholstered worm.”

Davis, I—“All undertakers are rich.”

McRae—“Yes; but their business is dead.”

Mr. Findlay—“Just a word about ‘nutting’ (nothing) before we proceed.”

Cantley (before Rugby game)—“Gee, it’s a tough bunch we’re playing to-day.”

Cossitt—“Then you’ll be right at home, eh?”

Mr. Taylor—“That table remain behind!”

Neill—“It wasn’t coming with us, sir.”

A lady I met in Cologne,
Was the fairest I ever had knogne;
When I asked her to wed,
You can guess what she sed,
When I tell you I’m living alogne.

Mr. Findlay—“Give the future tense of *he drinks*.”

Campbell—“He will be drunk.”

Duncan (at table)—“They didn’t give me any meat.”

Joe Taylor—“It’s under your peas.”

Duncan—“Oh! I beg your pardon, Joe, I looked under the wrong pea.”

A good guard against water on the knee is to wear pumps.

Fishee, Fishee,
Nibble, nibble,
I no catchee,
Ish ga bibble!

Mr. Taylor—"Who made that noise?"

Douglas—"I did, sir; but I have a cold in my head."

Mr. Taylor—"Well, I'm glad to hear there's something there at last."

The boy sat at his book-strewn desk,
His brain went round in whirls,
His hands and mouth were full of pens,
But his thoughts were full of girls.

The Branksome Harriers Club wish to thank those S.A.C. boys, who so nobly sacrificed an afternoon's pleasure, in order to act as stewards and coaches on the occasion of their annual paper-chase.

McRae—"I hate these square meals."

Macpherson—"Why?"

McRae—"The corners catch on my stomach."

Rankin (going into a store on York Street)—"Is this a second hand shop?"

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

Rankin—"Well, I want one for my watch."

Cantley—"We have eighty miles of boulevard in Nova Scotia."

Phillips—"Mostly *bull*, eh?"

Mr. Findley—"What's a daschund?"

Ed. Whitaker—"An underslung dog."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who was the chancellor who fell from office in James I's reign? We come in contact with him more or less every morning."

Voice from back of room—"Bacon, sir!"

Taylor I—"Bring in some more dog biscuits."

Pantry Boy—"There aren't any left."

Taylor—"What do they feed you on?"

McRae—"Who'se little toodle 'oodelums is 'oo?"

Soot—"I'se 'oo'se."

Cameron to Lee Davis, who is looking glum—"Thinking of the future, Lee?"

Davis—"No! It's Rick's birthday to-morrow, and I'm thinking of the present."

Dr. Macdonald (during Sunday night hymn practice)—"Any other hymns you would like to sing, boys?"

Douglas—"Yes, sir. From Iceland's greasy mountains."

Mr. Taylor (before Thanksgiving holiday)—"Well, good-bye, Grant, and I hope you enjoy yourself and come back a wiser man."

Grant I—"Same to you, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw, to Dimock—"Tell me the names of some more cities you don't know!"

Neill—"I had a very responsible position last summer, I had two thousand men under me."

Grant II—"What were you doing?"

Neill—"I was night-watchman in a graveyard."

Mr. Laidlaw—"Did you study your lesson?"

Comstock—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Laidlaw—"You must have been reading between the lines."

Mr. D.—"Do you do your homework every night, Bailey?"

Bailey—"Yes, sir! McNulty and I do ours together every night."

Mr. D.—"How about the day before yesterday?"

Bailey—"Well, McNulty was away that night, sir."

Clement—"I hear no more letters can be mailed to Washington."

Harris—"Why; how's that?"

Clement—"Well; he's dead, isn't he?"

Soot (during T. C. S. game)—"If there's any more dirty work over there, I'll come and clean up the line."

Marsh—"What does a ball do when it stops rolling?"

Mr. Blomfield—"I don't know."

Marsh—"It looks round."

Mr. Magee—"If you come down here to make a noise, well you aren't."

Hill (in Queen's Park)—“The hand on that statue is eleven inches long.”

McCarter—“Why didn't they make it twelve inches?”

Hill—“Because they didn't want to make a foot.”

Syme—“Did you see that pretty girl smile at me as we crossed the road?”

Winter—“That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed right out loud.”

Leishman—“Why is a panic in stocks like the finding of Moses?”

Bell—“Don't know.”

Leishman—“Because men find a little *profit* in the *rushes* on the *banks*.”

There was an old Zeppelin Count,
Who said, “In de air I vill mount,
And vly away over
De channel to Dover,
Dropping boms, weighing tousands of poundt.”

Rankin—“When do the people of New York travel in subways?”

Fleming—“When they're going to Brooklyn.”

Whitaker I—“Why isn't there any milk to-night?”

Maid—“The cow kicked the bucket.”

Mr. Findley—“Now that you're all present, boys, we'll see whose absent.”

Black—“We came back from England on the ‘Royal George.’ He is a fine boat.”

Mr. Clayton—“Don't you know that you should always speak of a ship as she?”

Black—“Yes, sir; but the ‘Royal George’ is a mail boat.”

Even should every man in Canada be called to the front: we shall still hope to hold the *Review* three times a year, as usual.

Two Irishmen met once and referred to the illness of a third.
“Poor Mike Hogan!” said one. “Faith! I'm afraid he's going to die!”

"And why should he die?" said the other.

"Oh! Sure, he's got so thin; you're thin and I'm thin, but, begorra, Mike's thinner than both of us put together."—*Exchange.*

Overheard in a train:

Smith—"Hullo, Jones! Fancy sus—sus—sus—seeing you here. Where are you g—g—g—going, eh?"

Jones—"I'm off to Toronto to sus—sus—sus—see Dr. Brown, to be cuc—cuc—cuc—cured of my s—s—s—stammering."

Smith—"How cuc—cuc—curious! He's the v—v—v—very doctor who cuc—cuc—cured me!"

Mr. Tudball—"Macdonald, stand up in the corner."

Macdonald II—"What for?"

Mr. Tudball—"Half an hour."

Hunter (translating German)—"*Es geht mir gute.*" "It gets my goat."

N.B.—This is why Hunter quit German.

Trow—"If we had some ham—we'd have some ham and eggs—if we had some eggs."

Grant I—"Lend me a two cent stamp."

Paterson—"Can't; I've lent mine."

King (to Bailey on Yonge Street car)—"Do we get off at Eaton's?"

Conductor to Bailey—"Taking the little one down to see Santa Claus?"

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—*Exchange.*

Father—"Look here, young fellow, you've got to cut down your college expenses, somehow."

Son—"Well, father, suppose we begin on the books."—*Exchange.*

Horn—"I'd like to stretch a mile, but it's too far to walk back."

Bennett, looking at "Illustrated War News," and then at Rankin—"And these men die!"

Davis—"What would you give for a voice like mine?"
Joe Taylor—"Chloroform!"

Galbraith—"Did you ever draw a wagon?"
Bailey—"What do you think I am—a horse?"
Galbraith—"No; your ears are too long for that."

"Charge of the Mad Brigade."

Half a shirt, half a shirt, half a shirt homeward,
Came from the wash, there were six to be laundered,
Holes in the right of them, ribbons were left of them,
Pins stuck all over them, five or six hundred.
Mine not to make reply, mine but to go and buy,
Get in a new supply, each time they're laundered.

—*Exchange.*

The worst pun of the war—General Joffre will Arras the Germans until they Argonne.

Mrs. Chadwick—"This letter got here yesterday. Why wasn't it delivered before?"

Mr. Chadwick—"Well, yesterday was an all-fired big day. Seventeen letters came in in the one day, and the postmaster got all rattled."—*Exchange.*

Mr. Fleming—"Why are you always behind in your studies?"
Cassells—"Because, if I wasn't, I couldn't pursue them."

Queen of Spain—"Moi Gracia! The baby has the stomach ache."

Court Chamberlain—"Walka loo! loo! Send for the Secretary of the Interior."

Once a young fellow named TS,
Asked KS if she'd be his MS.
"I'm sorry to StS
But I'm married," said KS,
And such was the poor fellow's FS.

Mr. Taylor (to dog)—“Come, sit with me, my canine friend.”

Geometry, Book 999.

Prove that a cat has three tails.

No cat has two tails.

One cat has one tail more than no cat.

Therefore, one cat has three tails.

Teacher—“With what part of the body does the bee buzz, Willie?”

Willie—“With it's buzzum.”

McGregor (translating)—“‘Ah, sapristi on distribue les billets!’—Oh, slush, they are distributing the pocket money.”

When are jokes not jokes?

Answer—Nine times out of ten.

Fraser Grant—“Why did you cry in the ‘Strand’ on Saturday?”

Leckie—“It was a moving picture.”

Mr. Chapman—“They’re going to tear up all those car-tracks on Bloor Street again.”

Mr. D.—“Why?”

Mr. Chapman—“They’re in the road.”

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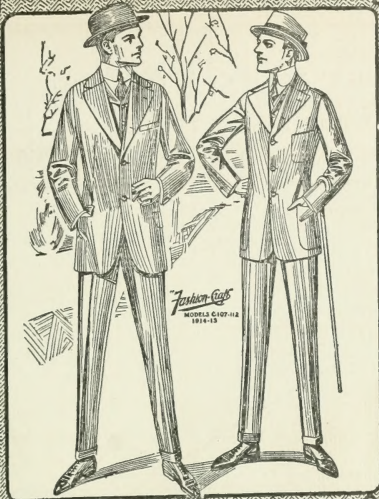
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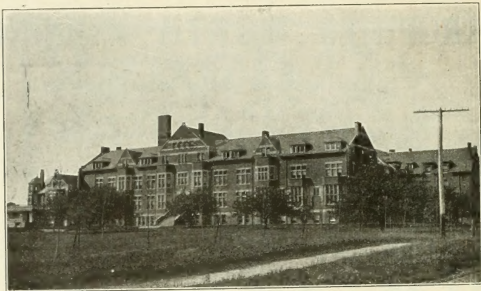
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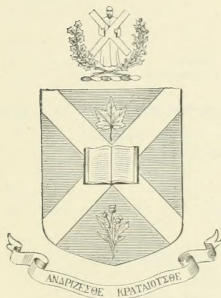
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EASTER, 1915

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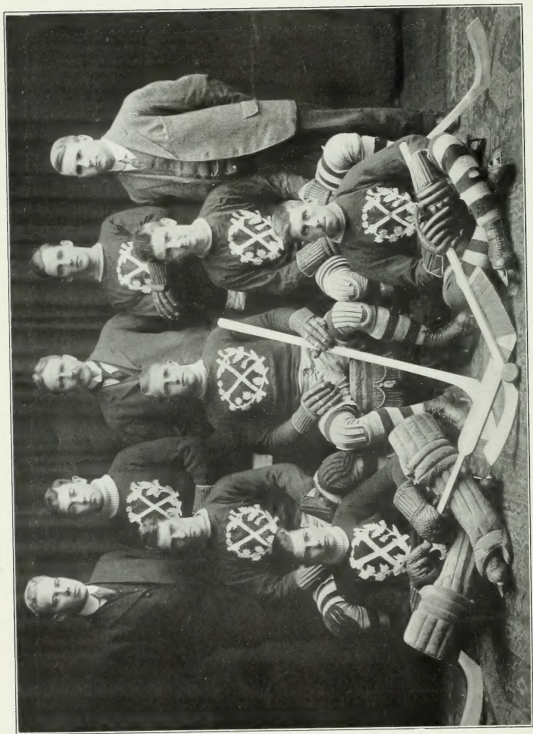
Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

EASTER, 1915

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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1915

Editorial

SO many things have happened since we last went to press, that we can do no more than allude very briefly to a few of them. Christmas has come and gone. So have the Christmas puddings, mince pies, and all the other delightful concomitants of this delightful season. The New Year was ushered in punctually on the first of January, and is still with us; though by this time it is no longer in its infancy; and we have now got so used to it that we are able to write it correctly in our correspondence without the necessity of afterwards changing a four into a five. A good many new year resolutions have, we dare say, by this time been broken. We can only hope that those who made them will not wait until 1916 before renewing them. In these things we cannot have a better motto than—DO IT NOW.

Another term has come and gone, with its varied hopes and fears, its joys and disappointments, its difficulties and achievements. On the whole, it has been, we think, a very strenuous term. Hour by hour, and day by day, the work of the classroom has gone on. And let no one think that achievement in the realms of learning is less glorious because it is not brought about so quickly as in other fields, and is less spectacular. It is for learning that schools are founded; and the boy who makes the best of his opportunities in school is the one who is most likely to make the best use of his opportunities in life.

We have had a memorable hockey season, and although our team did not carry off the championship, they did a better thing than if they had merely won. They deserved to win.

“ Who misses or who wins the prize,

“ Go lose or conquer as you can;

“ But if you win, or if you lose,

“ Pray God, be each a gentleman.”

The words are Thackeray's, but the ideal is ours.

In the world without, the war has been working awful havoc among the nations of Europe. It is pathetic to think how many thousands of young and promising lives have been cut off since our last number was issued! It proves, however, how unshakable is the belief of mankind that there are things in life more sacred than even life itself. Although we ourselves are not threatened by any hostile attack by land, or water, or from the air, the spirit of war is felt even in Canada, and this spirit is re-



Robert H. Grant

flected in the school. Numbers of our old boys are serving with the colours. A certain poet who once wrote a line about St. Andrew's sending "six times ten," had long ago to alter it to "ten times ten" in order to be up-to-date. Of course, poets are not usually up-to-date; they live in a world of their own creation, and in any age they please (except the present). However, as this particular poet has a greater regard for truth than even for poetic licence, he will have to sing:—

"When our great Empire called for men
Old Andy sent sixteen times ten."

Of course this kind of thing is all right up to nineteen times ten; but after that, heaven only knows what'll have to be done!

The two entertainments which Mrs. Macdonald initiated and worked so hard to make a success were enjoyed and appreciated alike by those who took part in them and by those who formed the audience. Best of all, by their means a substantial sum of money was raised for the Red Cross and similar societies. The thanks of the whole school are due to Mrs. Macdonald for having given us an opportunity of doing something for the National Cause. A full account of these two evenings will be found elsewhere in these pages.

By the time this number appears three other events will have been added to the term's achievements. The Easter Examinations will have been written, the Lower School will have given a play entitled "Vice Versa," and the Annual Assault-at-Arms will have been held. The exigences of the press prevent us from waiting till these things have actually come off, so we cannot here do more than foreshadow them. As the play called "Vice Versa" is intended as a lesson for fathers, we can only hope that a large number of parents will be present, and that they will take the lesson to heart!

The Easter Vacations are at hand. We hope that, if short, they will be "short and sweet," and that we shall all return to school refreshed in mind and strengthened in body for what, to borrow the language of athletics, we may call the *last lap* of the school year.

News Articles

HONOUR ROLL

The following list is as accurate and as complete as the data we have received will enable us to make it. If there are inaccuracies or omissions we should be very glad to have them pointed out to us. We know by the continual arrival of fresh information that the list is by no means perfect.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE MASTERS AND OLD BOYS SERVING THE EMPIRE.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingt.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
<i>Masters.</i>					
Jennings, L. A..	90th Winnipeg Rifles.	1st	England	1912-13
Ker, A. W.	Sergt.	9th Field Battery ...	1st	Hitchin, Eng.	1913-14
Knighton, G. G..	Lieut.	9th Oxf. and Berks. Light Infantry, Cam- bridge Barracks	1st Ealing, Eng..	1910-13
Macdonnell, J. M.	9th Field Battery	1st Kingston, Ont.	1909-14
Sinclair, Alex...	Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1st Toronto	1912-14
Taylor, A. E....	Major	Ont. Mounted Rifles	..	2nd Toronto	1905-14

Old Boys.

Alexander, Fred.	1st Campbellton, N.B.	1910-12
Allan, Gordon..	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Toronto	1906-10
Allan, John R.	Ottawa Artillery	2nd Ottawa	1907-09
Allen, E. R.	16th Battery, C.F.A. .	2nd	Toronto	1903-05
Anderson, W. S.	Newfoundland Contgt.	1st	St. John's	1909-10
Andrews, Fred..	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters	Hamilton	1905-06
Auld, J. C.	Artillery	2nd Toronto	1904-12
Ballantyne, C. C. Lieut.	Army Medical Service	2nd	Toronto	1901-05
Bell, A. L.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal	1906-10
Bennett, Frank	Nfld. Regiment, Re- cord Office, Lon., Eng.	1st	St. John's	1911-12
Black, Stew't. C. Sergt.	21st Battery, C.F.A. .	2nd	Montreal	1910-12
Blackstock,
Gibbs	Lieut.	British Army	1st Toronto	1899-06
Bond, H. St. G. Lieut.	Royal Can. Engineers, Permanent Force	1st Toronto	1904-09
Broughall, Deric	3rd Batt. 1st Brigade.	1st	Toronto	1904-05
Burton, R. B. S. Lieut.	90th Rifles, "B" Co..	1st	Toronto	1902-07
Buscombe, R.	3rd Battalion	1st Vancouver	1911 ..
Campbell, Alec. Gunner	9th Field Battery	2nd Toronto	1905-12
Cantley, C. L..	Lieut.	5th Royal Highlanders	1st	New Glasgow	1900-02
Cassels, Gordon. Lieut.	Royal Can. Infantry	..	2nd Toronto	1903-12

Corsan, Thos. W.	C. Co. 30th Batt C.E.F.	3rd Victoria, B.C.	1904-06
Cotton, J. D.	Q.O.R. Maxim Gun	1st Toronto	1901-05
Crane, Geo. A.	48th Highlander, Asst. Paymaster	1st Toronto	1900
Davison, E. S.	Sergt. Artillery	1st Bridgewater, N.S.	1906-08
Dick, J. W.	Artillery	1st Winnipeg	1911
Diver, V. S.	Transp'n. Column	1st Toronto	1909-13
Donley, H. G.	Can. Field Artillery	3rd Toronto	1908-13
Doolittle, Gordon	Eaton Battery	2nd Toronto	1906-10
Douglas, Gordon	Exhibition Park	2nd Toronto	1906-09
Duncan J. Moyle	Lieut.	Eng. R.N., H.M.S. "Jupiter"	Toronto	1903-06
Dyment, Irvine.	5th Fld. Ambulance	2nd Toronto	1906-12
Fasken, Sydney.	Artillery	2nd Toronto	1901-03
Ferguson, J. A.	Queen's Engineers	2nd Massey, Ont.	1910-13
Fergusson, Neil C.	Artillery	2nd Toronto	1903-10
Fergusson, Lesslie	Lieut. C. A. S. C.	2nd Toronto	1899-1902
Findley, T. J.	Can. Field Artillery	Toronto	1906-14
Fleming, Donald	Winnipeg A.S. Corps, 4th Co.	1st Winnipeg	1910-12
Fraser, D. Jack	Lieut.	8th Can. Mtd. Rifles, Mach. Gun Section	2nd Ottawa	1903-11
Goforth, Paul	.. Capt.	17th N.S. Batt., Chaplain	1st China	1902
Gillies, A. R.	3rd Batt., C.F.A.	1st Toronto	1900-02
Gooderham, M. S.	Lieut.	10th Ryl. Grenadiers	1st Toronto	1901-10
Hastings, J. O.	Lieut.	5th Ryl. Highlanders	1st Montreal	1906-07
Hastings, Victor	Lieut.	Winnipeg Regt.	1st Winnipeg	1906-07
Hastings, W. A.	Fort Garry Horse	2nd Winnipeg	1907-09
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut. 2nd Field Co. Divisional Engineers	1st Toronto	1900-04
Hertzberg, O. P.	Engr.	No. 9205, 1st Brigade	1st Toronto	1906-09
Hunt, Gordon C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	1st London, Ont.	1901-03
Jones-Bateman, J. B.	1st Division Signal Corps	1st Toronto	1909-13
Junkin, R. R.	Royal Engineers	2nd Toronto	1902-07
Kay, Jack	Lieut. 48th Highlanders	1st Toronto	1901-09
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	Gov.-General's Body Guards	1st Toronto	1900-07
Kilmer, C. E.	Lieut.	19th Battalion	2nd Toronto	1905-09
Lafferty, Heber.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Horse Artillery	1st Calgary	1906-07
Lockhart, J. W.	19th Batt. "A" Co.	2nd Toronto	1909-13
Lockhart, N. B.	19th Batt. "A" Co.	2nd Toronto	1906-09
Macdonald, Fred	Capt.	48th Highlanders	1st Toronto	1901-08
MacKeen, D. W.	15th Batt., 3rd Brig.	2nd Halifax	1907-12
McAvity, P. D.	Royal Can. Engineers.	2nd St. John	1906-08
McIvor, W.	St. John Horse (c.o. The Armouries)	1st Winnipeg	1910-14
McKenzie, K. C.	Lieut.	Motor Brigade	2nd Monkton	1905-09
McLennan, A. R.	Army Medical Corps.	1st Toronto	1907-14
		36th Peel Regiment		
		4th Batt., 1st Brigade		

Mitchell, R. C.	28th Battalion	2nd Weyburn, Sask.	1909-11
Montgomery, A. R.	Westmount Rifles, 23rd Batt.	2nd New Richmond	1909-10
Montgomery, Lorne	McGill General Hospital Corps	2nd New Richmond	1909-12
Mortimer, V. S.	2nd Can. Mtd. Rifles.	2nd Toronto	1902-05
Morton, R. C. G.	Royal Can. Artillery, Quebec	2nd Toronto	1907-12
Munn, R. S. E.	2nd Nfld. Regiment	2nd St. John's	1909-13
Murray, Roy E.	28th Battalion, "D" Co.	2nd Weyburn, Sask.	1910-...
Murray, Gordon.	Body Guards	3rd Toronto	1902-05
Nation, Geo.	Esquimalt (in training)	2nd Vancouver	1910-13
Nelson, Warren.	24th Battalion	2nd Montreal	1906-13
Nicol, H. L.	Trpr. Strathcona Horse	1st Vancouver	1909-11
Norris, C. E.	Stf. Srgt. Division Ammunition Park, Motor Transport, A.S.C.	1st Toronto	1905-08
Parsons, Myles.	No. 1 Co., 19th Battn.	2nd Toronto	1903-07
Quigley, F. G.	Queen's Engineers	2nd Winnipeg	1908-09
Rolph, Har'd. J.	Sergt. Gov.-General's Body Guards	1st Toronto	1906-14
Ross, Malcolm E.	Army Service Corps	1st Toronto	1907-10
Saunders, R. P.	Lieut.		1900-04
Sinclair, Donald C.	78th Regiment (At Canso on duty)	1st New Glasgow	1902-03
Skidmore, J. Paul	77th Regt., 1st Batt., 1st Inf. Brig., Co. H.	1st Cobourg	1908-10
Spohn, Hy. Gordon	McGill Gen'l. Hosp. Corps	2nd Penetang	1909-12
Stavert, R. Ewart	Lieut. 23rd Battalion	2nd Montreal	1906-07
	Royal Can. Artillery	2nd Farran's Pt.	1911-13
Taylor, Jack S.	Borden Motor Car. Battery, Montreal	2nd Whitehore	1908-10
		Yukon	
Thomson, R. A.	19th Alberta Dragoons Paymaster, Divisional Cavalry	1st Paris, Ont.	1905-09
Wallace, Clarence	5th Batt., 2nd Brig., "E" Co.	1st Vancouver	1911-12
Wilkes, F. H.	Royal Can. Dragoons.	1st Brantford	1908-09
Williams, J. M.	Mechanical Division, A.S.C.	2nd Winnipeg	1913-14
Williams, W. D.	Troop. Ontario Mtd. Rifles	2nd Mexico	1906-11
Willson, Algernon	30th Battalion	2nd Somenos, B.C.	1911-13

Winter, E. R.	2nd Nfld. Regiment . 2nd St. John's . .	1912-14
Wright, D. C.	Transportn. Column, Armoured Motor 2nd Toronto	1909-13
Wrong, Harold V.	Commission—Kit- cheners' Army Toronto	1902-07

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

Information has reached the *Review* that the following Old Boys are serving the Empire in various capacities. As this information is not exact their names have not been included in the main roll of honour. It is hoped that readers of the *Review*, who may be able to give further facts, will forward them to the Headmaster:—

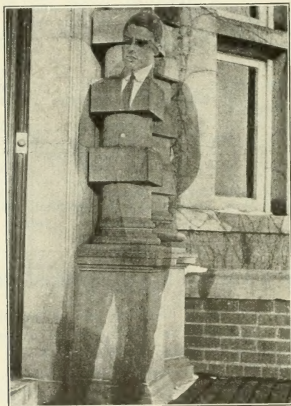
	At College.
Abendana, Eric M.	1905-1909
Bell, A. M. (Master), Army Medical Service . .	1904-1908
Booth, Sergeant	
Cotton, C. D.	1902-1904
Flecher, A. G., Army Medical Service	1902-1907
Henry Clifford	1910-1913
Higinbotham, H. T.	1907-1909
Junor, K.	1908-1912
West, R. R., 99th Manitoba Rangers	1906-1912
Wishart, D. E. S., University Toronto Hospital	1901-1906

THE TABLEAUX AND SING-SONGS

ON Thursday, the 4th of February, and on the following evening, the school gave two entertainments, consisting mainly of Songs and Tableaux. These entertainments took the place of the usual Cadet Corps Dance, it being felt that at a time when the whole Empire was at war it would be more fitting to help forward the National Cause than to forget it for the time being under the captivating charms of Terpsichore.

To Mrs. Macdonald belongs the honour of having thought of this, and, further, of having arranged and settled those thousand and one details which functions of this kind entail. Only those who have acted as directors or managers on such occasions as these can form even the faintest estimate of the amount of work to be done in order that the machinery may run smoothly. There are the practices and rehearsals, the selection and trying on of the costumes, the making and fitting of countless other garments, the invention and manufacture of the scenery, etc., etc. However, everything came off well, and without a hitch of any kind. The

only *contretemps* which was in any way noticeable was the non-appearance on the second evening of Mrs. Roberts. We were very sorry that the cause of her absence was illness; and her place at the piano was not easily filled; but Hyde stepped in and accompanied Mr. Roberts in Schumann's charming "Traumerei," and Mr. Roberts accompanied himself on the violin in his second solo.



Marley's Ghost

We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to all those ladies and gentlemen who so kindly and generously gave their services on these occasions, as well as to the very appreciative audience who turned up in large numbers, and helped to make the evenings so pleasant and so successful. It would be invidious to mention any of the artists without mentioning them all, but we may, perhaps, be allowed to offer our special thanks to Mr. William Hopkins, who so ably and unostentatiously sang whatever was wanted in the way of solos to the school songs. He has a fine

baritone voice, and should be heard from in the future. Miss Violet Dunn gave her recitations most excellently. Her pieces were well chosen, and most appropriate to the occasion.

With regard to ourselves, bearing in mind the old adage that *self praise is no praise*, we must leave it to others to pat us on the back. Our singing, perhaps, was somewhat less sweet than that of the Syrens, but it was not less hearty. If we did not *fill* the hall, at least we can affirm that we did not *empty* it. All the boys who took part in the various tableaux did well. The metamorphosis which Circe had been able to accomplish in that little back room was so complete that it was difficult to identify the various characters, and many of them looked so nice that it seems a pity that the enchantress's wand was not lost before she could transform them back into their former selves. Johnson, in particular, looked so charming as a Georgian maiden that it is a wonder he managed to escape the fate of Narcissus.

Last, but not least, by means of our united efforts, when all expenses had been paid, we were able to hand over to various "Red Cross" funds no less a sum than \$167.00.

The full programmes are appended:

PROGRAMME.

Thursday, Feb. 4th, 1915.

1. Tableau—"Britannia, Canada" (Chorus: "Rule Britannia")
 2. Recitation—"The Union Jack"
Miss Violet Dunn.
 3. Songs—(1) "Dainon" Max Strange
(2) "The Shepherd's Cradle Song"
Arthur Somerville
(3) "Wood Pigeon" Lehmann
Miss Winnifred Hicks-Lyne.
 4. Tableau—"The Hope of the Nation"
(Chorus: "Jack's the Boy")
 5. College Song—"S—T—A—N—D—R—U" E. C. Blomfield
 6. Violin Solo—Mr. Roland Roberts.
 7. Tableaux—(1) "The Rivals" (Song: "Sally in Our Alley")
(2) "The Chosen One"
(Song: "Drink to Me Only")
- Songs sung by Mr. William Hopkins.

8. Recitation—"My Wish"
Miss Violet Dunn.
9. Song—"Mon Cœur s'ouvre a ta Voix" (from "Samson et
'Dalila") Saint-Saens
Miss Marjorie Gray.
10. Chorus—"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary"
11. Tableaux—(1) "The Farewell"
(Song: "The Soldier's Farewell") ..
Song sung by Mr. William Hopkins.
(2) "Echoes of the Front"
(Chorus: "The Deathless Army") ..
(3) "The Return"
(Chorus: "Home, Sweet Home") ..
12. Violin Solo—Mr. Roland Roberts.
13. Songs—(1) "Were my Songs with Wings Provided". R. Hahn
(2) "The Lover's Call" Anton Rückauf
Miss Marjorie Gray.
14. Tableau—"The Bivouac" (Chorus)
15. Chorus—"The Soldiers of the King" Leslie Stuart
God Save the King.

PROGRAMME.

Friday, Feb. 5th, 1915.

1. Tableau—"Britannia, Canada" (Chorus: "Rule Britannia")
2. Recitation—"The Union Jack"
Miss Violet Dunn.
3. Violin Solo—Mr. Roland Roberts.
4. Tableau—"The Hope of the Nation"
(Chorus: "Jack's the Boy")
5. Song—Miss Madeline Hunt.
6. College Song—S—T—A—N—D—R—U... E. C. Blomfield
7. Tableaux—(1) "The Coquette"
(Song: "Sally in Our Alley")
(2) "The Chosen One"
(Song: "Drink to Me Only")
- Songs sung by Mr. William Hopkins.
8. Recitation—"My Wish"
Miss Violet Dunn.

9. Song—Miss Madeline Hunt.
10. Chorus—"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary".....
11. Tableaux—(1) "The Farewell"
 (Song: "The Soldier's Farewell").....
 Mr. William Hopkins.
 (2) "Echoes of the Front"
 (Chorus: "The Deathless Army").....
 (3) "The Return"
 (Song: "Home, Sweet Home").....
12. Violin Solo—Mr. Roland Roberts.
13. Song—Miss Madeline Hunt.
14. Song—Mr. William Hopkins.
15. Tableau—"The Bivouac" (Chorus)
16. Chorus—"The Soldiers of the King" Leslie Stuart
 God Save the King.

AN EVENING WITH DICKENS!

ON Friday, February 26th, the Literary Society accepted the offer of Mr. E. S. Williamson to give a lecture entitled "An Evening with Dickens," and the meeting was made an open one. It is to be regretted that so few people availed themselves of the invitation, because the lecture was really most enjoyable, and the pictures with which it was illustrated were excellent. Mr. Williamson is the president of the Dickens Fellowship, a well-known Toronto organization. He has a wide knowledge of the works of the great English novelist, and an admiration and enthusiasm for them which make him an interesting lecturer.

The entertainment Mr. Williamson gave us was divided into three parts. The first two parts comprised the lecture proper, and the third part consisted of two sketches which he recited from Dickens's own works. During a short interval between the first and second parts, while Mr. Williamson was giving his voice a rest, the boys sang some of their songs.

The lecturer gave us a succinct life of Charles Dickens. He showed us the house in Portsmouth where, in the year 1812, the great novelist was born. We ourselves have seen this house, and a very modest mansion it is—very different from Gad's Hill where.

after a brilliant career in which he covered himself with glory and enriched for ever the English literature, he passed away in the year 1870. In connection with Gad's Hill there is an interesting story. When Charles Dickens was a little boy he happened to be passing this beautiful country house in the company of his parents. He admired it, and expressed the wish that he might live in it. "Well, my boy," said his father, "who knows? By patient industry and economy you may one day find yourself the owner of it." The words were not lost upon the child, and, as every one knows, the prophecy (for such it turned out to be) came true.

In addition to telling us much of Dickens's life, Mr. Williamson showed us pictures of the characters which Dickens created—his "children" as the great novelist used fondly to term them. And what a wonderful family they are—these "children" of Dickens! Not two of all the fourteen hundred and twenty-five are alike. How varied, how real, how repulsive in some cases, how attractive in others, how humorous, how pathetic! It is a long way from Fagin to little Nell, or from Pecksniff to little Paul Dombey; and yet they are all true to life (even if somewhat exaggerated), and their counterparts are to be found in the world to-day.

The very enjoyable evening Mr. Williamson gave us ended with two sketches. One was from the *Pickwick Papers*, and the other from the *Christmas Stories*. The latter was entitled "*The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*," and was a beautiful and pathetic little thing.

Our best thanks are due to Dr. Hamilton, through whose instrumentality the lecture was given, and who very kindly paid all the expenses entailed by it. The lantern was ably managed by one of our old boys, namely, Edgar Wallace. To him also our thanks are due.

Perhaps in coming to lecture to us Mr. Williamson may have been the means of introducing some of us to Dickens for the first time. If, as a result, some of the boys of the school will cultivate the further acquaintance of this great master, the lecture will not have been in vain. In the twenty-four works of Dickens you have literature that is good, and clean, and wholesome, and clever. It is original, amusing, often exciting, always interesting, sometimes brimful of humour, not seldom full of tenderness and pathos. In

descriptive power none have ever excelled, and few have equalled, "the inimitable Boz." He is the novelist of good fellowship and kindness, of simple pleasures, and of home. Here you will find fitter occupation than in reading the modern sensational rubbish which passes for literature, and for a few brief weeks or months makes what is called "a hit." The turning out of vast quantities of rubbish is an easy process. The only requisites for this kind of manufacture are a pen, ink, paper, and a certain amount of ignorance. An indulgent publisher is also an advantage. Nor is the production of cheap literature (which, by the way, is usually very expensive) peculiar to our own day. There has always been plenty of it on the market. It may be necessary, so that the genius may have his chance, to read masses of rubbish, in order to sift the good from the bad. But the wise man lets others do this sifting for him. For there is one thing very unsatisfactory about a new work; you have to spend hours of valuable time in reading it in order to find out whether it is worth reading; and if it is not, where is your time, and what have you got for all your trouble? Among the works of the immortals, such as Dickens, on the other hand, one may pasture at will with the assurance that the crop will always be rich and abundant.



McRae in Creases

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION RESULTS

<i>Upper VI.</i>	Rank.	Average.
Galbraith I.	I.	97.5
Lowndes	II.	78.0
Grant II.	III.	77.3
Crowe	IV.	76.6
Caven	V.	75.4
Whitaker I.	VI.	59.3

Lower VI.

(Toronto)

Balfour	I.	74.08
Eakins	II.	72.8
Macdonald I.	III.	70.83
Wright I.	IV.	69
Douglas	V.	64.3
Cossitt	VI.	60.6
Macpherson	VII.	58.1
Dimock	VIII.	52.5
Scott	IX.	50.08
Husband	X.	47.6
Bell	XI.	42.9
Grant I.	XII.	41

(McGill)

Leckie	I.	80.1
Skinner I.	II.	70.8
Whitaker II.	III.	69.6
Taylor I.	IV.	65
Paterson	V.	62.8
Hunter	VI.	60.3
Galbraith II.	VII.	50.3
Horn	VIII.	43.3
Phillips	IX.	43
Bole	X.	41.4
Davis I.	XI.	40.2
Cantley	XII.	38.8
MacDougall I.	XIII.	36.1
Leishman I.	XIV.	34.3

(R.M.C.)

Galbraith I.	I.	76.6
Rose	II.	59.6

<i>Form V.</i>	Rank.	Average.
Wright II.	I.	83.1
Bennett	II.	78.2
Brouse	III.	71.9
Rolph	IV.	67.5
Johnston	V.	62.5
May	VI.	61.8
Taylor II.	VII.	61.4
King I.	VIII.	60.0
Pieper	IX.	59.5
Hyde	X.	59.2
Ross	XI.	58.9
Cameron	XI.	58.9
Rankin	XIII.	58.3
Winter	XIV.	55.1
MacGregor	XV.	53.1
Moseley	XVI.	52.8
Firstbrook	XVII.	52.0
Home I.	XVIII.	48.0
Bullock	XIX.	46.1
Duncan	XX.	43.0
Clement	XXI.	42.5
Soot	XXII.	42.3
Trow	XXIII.	37.7
Roger	XXIV.	35.1
Comstock	XXV.	30.5
Campbell	XXVI.	29.0
Cassels	XXVII.	26.1
Wallace	XXVIII.	26.0
Fleming (Absent)		

} equal

Form IV.

MacLeod	I.	88.4
Kerr	II.	78.4
Harrison	III.	75.9

Form IV.—Continued.

McLaughlin	IV.	75.0
Grant III.	V.	74.1
Macdonald II.	VI.	73.0
McNulty	VII.	66.0
McLaurin	VIII.	64.8
Wood	IX.	64.3
Graham	X.	56.5
Turnbull	XI.	53.9
Emmerson	XII.	52.7
Tugwell	XIII.	51.4
Willoughby	XIV.	50.08
Milligan	XV.	48.0
Syme	XVI.	47.4
Smith	XVII.	46.9
Davies	XVIII.	45.8
Davis II.	XIX.	44.9
Darroch	XX.	44.7
Porter	XXI.	43.4
Chapman	XXII.	42.4
Beer	XXIII.	42.3
Cross	XXIV.	39.5
Frith	XXV.	36.1
Meyer	XXVI.	28.7
Calvert I.	XXVII.	25.8
McCutcheon	XXVIII.	23.0
McRae	XXIX.	22.5
Bailey	XXX.	21.1
Odell I.	XXXI.	19.9
Neill	XXXII.	15.0

Form III.

Black I.	I.	85.2
Fielding	II.	84.8
Morton	III.	81.2
Choppin	IV.	79.9
MacDougall I.	V.	79.6

Form III.—Continued.

Dewdney	VI.	79.3
Burns	VII.	74.3
Lawson	VIII.	73.3
Thorley	IX.	70.4
Gallagher	X.	69.8
Munn	XI.	68.6
Somers I.	XII.	67.6
Hewitt	XIII.	67
Harris	XIV.	65.4
Easson	XV.	62.6
Kent	XVI.	60.8
Darke	XVII.	60
Odell II.	XVIII.	57.3
Auld	XIX.	54
Burritt	XX.	49.4
Lockhart	XXI.	47
Liehsman	XXII.	45.7
Stonehouse	XXIII.	41.6

Form II.

Denovan	I.	81
Ganong	II.	69.6
Macdonald III.	III.	69
Home II.	IV.	63
Nerlich I.	V.	61.3
Marsh	VI.	59.6
Simpson	VII.	59
Hill	VIII.	56.6
Gordon	IX.	56.5
Somers II.	X.	53.4
Applegath I.	XI.	53.1
Millar	XII.	52.1
Blayney	XIII.	50.2
Findley I.	XIV.	48.1
Applegath II.	XV.	38.3
Boyd	XVI.	37.8

<i>Form I.</i>	Rank.	Average.
Calvert II.	I.	78.9
Brown	II.	77.8
Findlay II.	III.	64.1
Cox	IV.	61.1
Lumbers	IV.	61.1
Green I.	VI.	55.1
Macdonald IV.	VII.	54.8
Menold	VIII.	54.2
Merry	IX.	50.3
Skinner II.	X.	50.2
Secord	XI.	47.1
Nerlich II.	XII.	45.3
McCarter	XIII.	35.2

}equal

Preparatory Form.

Blomfield I.	I.	73.1
King II.	II.	70.1
Montgomery	III.	61.8
Rogers	IV.	59.2
Blomfield II.	V.	53.7
Denison	VI.	50.6
Parker	VII.	41.3
Smart	VIII.	38.6
Clarke	IX.	36.6
Green II.	X.	32.8
Blackwell	XI.	31.4
Cowie (Absent		

Fiction

THE OLD SCHOOLROOM DESK TELLS ITS STORY

"YES," said the schoolroom window, "I once had a very narrow escape from being broken."

"Oh," said the chair, "that's nothing. I once *was* broken," and just then the old desk woke up.

"What's that?" said he. "You were nearly broken? Well, I can't say that I was ever broken; but I have had quite a few exciting incidents in my time."

"Let's hear one," said both of the others at once.

"Well," he began, "there was once a young fellow in this school who was very far behind the other boys in his work, and often he would try half-heartedly to catch up. But every time he became discouraged. At last he gave up all hope. At the end of each week, when the marks were read out, Parkman was always last on the list.

"Now, as you probably know, my friend the pencil will do almost anything I ask of him, and it happened that one day the master left his markbook in my drawer, and, about ten o'clock that night, when nobody was stirring, I asked the pencil to put a higher mark in Parkman's place on the list. So at the end of the week, when the marks were read out, Parkman stood seventh instead of twelfth in his class of twelve.

"Of course he was very much surprised and encouraged, and he began to have ambitions of even coming third or fourth.

"The next week he came sixth by the aid of the pencil, and the next he came seventh without any help; and before long he held the proud place of fourth by no one's help but his own.

"And of course if it had not been for my friend pencil, Parkman would not be first, where he is now."

"Very good," said the window.—"Dang, dong, dang, dong, dang, dong, dang," said the clock in the hall.

"Seven o'clock," said the desk; "I'm going to sleep."

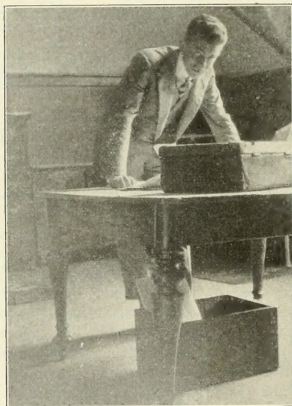
"So am I," said the window and chair together. "Good day."

J. McDougall.

"1950"

MR. JOHN COLE had just arrived in New York on the *Olympic* from Cherbourg. He had been abroad for over five years, and was glad to be in his own country once more.

As he walked out of the Central Station, and hailed a taxi, a woman confronted him. Mr. Cole was a handsome young man.



"Ladies and Gentlemen"

Before leaving for Europe he had distinguished himself at one of the biggest of the American universities. While being abroad he had heard that the women had won out in "Votes for Women."

The woman said, "Will you please come and marry me?" He looked at her in blank amazement. He wondered who this impudent woman was, but thought that he had better call a policeman. He called one, and explained the circumstances of the case. The policeman said, "She is right, but you had better come with me. You will be sold to-morrow morning, as it is sale-day."

He soon arrived at the jail, and was speedily conducted to a nice, cool cell. He sent for a lawyer, and told him all about it. The lawyer paced up and down the cell like a madman. "Don't you know what this means? You will either have to stay in jail about ten years or be sold," said he. "I would much rather stay in jail," said Mr. Cole. At last the lawyer stopped and turned hastily. "I have a fine plan. You give me some money, and I will give it to a nice girl I have in mind." "That will be very much better," said Mr. Cole, and it was agreed upon. The lawyer went away with the money in his pocket, and a smile on his face.

After passing a terrible night in his coop, Mr. Cole was led forth into a large room. The auctioneer stood at the end of the room, and seven policemen guarded his fellow unfortunates. As soon as the others were disposed of he was led forward. There was no small excitement amongst the ladies. Mr. Cole could not see any young woman who might be the possessor of his freedom and money.

"How much am I offered for this young man?" cried the auctioneer in a loud voice. "He is very strong and can work well." There was a series of murmurs in all directions at this. "One dollar," said one. "Five dollars," said another. "Come, come," said the auctioneer, "he is worth more than that." "Twenty dollars," said an elderly woman in the corner. Presently a young woman appeared on the scene. Then the race began in earnest. At last it was between an elderly woman with a turned-up nose and a rather pretty young woman. When it came to \$500 Mr. Cole's excitement was terrific, but only to be dashed to zero, when the elderly woman managed to get "\$550" out. The young woman stepped back. She was out of it.

He was led out to a taxi, where he seated himself opposite his future wife. "I have spent quite a bit of money on you," said she. "I have had over eight husbands, but I think you will be the best. You are not allowed to leave the house, and must do all the work. You will clean the house every day, but that will be light work, for we only have forty rooms."

Passing along a small street, they came up to a party of men holding banners with "Votes for Men" on them, which blocked the road. "Look at those idiots. They want votes." They began to throw stones at the taxi, and Mr. Cole made good his escape.

On the train going to Philadelphia, Mr. Cole saw the young woman who had tried so hard to buy him. On arriving at the station he dropped a nickel into a slot, and obtained his marriage licence.

G. HARRIS.

THE GUN RUNNERS

IN the roomy harbor of Port X, situated on the eastern coast of North America, a trim little steamer lay at anchor.

All day she had been taking on a cargo such as any ordinary trading steamer would carry. But any observer who could have seen the boxes and bales that she was loaded with would have noticed a small black cross on the corner of certain ones. These marked goods were carefully stowed at the bottom of the hold, while the unmarked portion of the cargo was placed with equal care above them.

The reason of this was that in each package marked with a cross there reposed either a Colt quick-firing gun, or a small amount of ammunition for the British forces in Africa.

If the ship was overhauled by an enemy's cruiser, the captain hoped that his secret cargo would be overlooked by the searchers.

The captain had been concluding his business with the party on whose behalf he was shipping the munitions of war, and at about ten o'clock at night left the hotel for his ship. In his pocket was a memorandum of his dangerous cargo. Stepping out briskly he would soon have reached the quay where he had left his boat.

But as he turned down a dark street two figures leaped simultaneously upon him, and something descended with a dull thud upon his head. He had been sandbagged. As he sank to the ground one of the figures bent over and began to feverishly search his pockets. Presently this individual gave a grunt of satisfaction, and produced the captain's memorandum. Then, springing to his feet, he glared vindictively at the prostrate figure, and muttered, "Now, pig, we will leave you and warn our dear Fatherland. You little thought that the cook that you engaged to-day was a German secret service agent." With this he and his companion turned, and slunk off in the darkness.

In about half an hour the captain recovered consciousness. Having a very strong constitution, he threw off the effects of the

blow very quickly. Upon sitting up he wondered at first where he was, but soon the details of the assault came back to him. At this he staggered to his feet, and set off for his boat, which he duly reached. His next thought was to reach the ship, and order the engineer to get up steam in preparation for an early departure.

After a few minutes' hard rowing, he reached the ship, and going straight to his cabin, sent for the first mate. This officer duly arrived and learned the details of the assault. As the captain concluded his story, the mate nodded gravely. "I think," he said, "that I know whom we have to thank for this. To-day the fellow whom you engaged as cook mysteriously disappeared; he was evidently a spy, and you must have noticed that he had a strong foreign accent."

"Aye," growled the captain, "I have no doubt that he was the fellow. Our one hope will be to set sail as soon as possible."

At about six o'clock next morning the ship began its hazardous voyage for Cape Town.

When they had been at sea for two hours or so the chief engineer came on deck, looking extremely grave, and announced that someone had put sand in one of the engine's bearings, and they would have to stop at once, and repair the damage that had been done. "But," he added, "we have a lot to be thankful for. If the scoundrel who did this had known anything about machinery, he could have crippled us completely. As it is, it will only mean a delay for six hours or so."

To the anxious captain the hours seemed like days. But at last the engineer announced that the bearing had been cleared of all foreign substance.

Early that evening the captain and first mate went to the chart room. Selecting a chart of the west African coast, each pored over it for a long time. Presently the mate spoke. "The best plan that I can suggest is to keep a straight course for Sierra Leone. There we shall receive particulars for the landing of our cargo at Cape Town." The captain nodded, and said in reply, "Yes, that is the best that we can do. If only that spy had not been on our track!"

The first few days of the voyage passed uneventfully. No ships were seen, much to the relief of all on board. Every day they were fearful of sighting the long grey hull of an enemy cruiser on the horizon. Each member of the crew knew that some day one of

those dread vessels would arrive, and, if they were captured, that their ship would be confiscated; while the captain and themselves would have to pay the full penalty allotted to captured gun-runners.

All went well until they were a day or two out from Sierra Leone. The night preceding that day had been unusually dark, and the ship crept along with all lights shrouded.

As dawn was breaking, the officer of the watch saw the grey outline of a cruiser, flying the hated red, white, and black colours of the German Navy. He at once sent for the captain, who dressed rapidly and came on deck. Just then the warship ran up the following signal in the international code, "Heave to, or we shall sink you. Ten minutes allowed for you to surrender."

At this the captain turned to his subordinate, "Ring for full steam ahead, and run up the signal, 'No surrender.'" A few seconds later a throb ran through the merchantman, and she forged ahead at full speed. The cruiser, seeing that her intention was flight, quickened her pace. Presently there was a dull report, and a shell struck the water about two hundred yards astern. Just then the mate gave a joyous shout, and pointed wildly towards the west, where, coming to their assistance, was a large British warship. The German man-o'-war saw her also, but before turning about in flight, she sent a shot which wrecked the *Wasp's* funnel.

The *Wasp* was the name of the gun-runners' vessel. Now that her objectionable pursuer had been eluded, she continued her course, while the British warship engaged in a futile chase after the cruiser, whose lead was too great to be overcome.

The following day the *Wasp* reached Sierra Leone, received her instructions, and left for Cape Town. This city was reached after an uneventful voyage, while the day after their arrival, their sinister cargo was landed.

The same day they cabled the firm of their success. A return message was received, congratulating them on their success, and saying that their pay was waiting their claim in the Bank of South Africa.

MACDONALD II.

Miscellaneous Articles

OBSERVATIONS

Single men enlist because they like a bit of war; married men because they like a bit of peace.

The business managers of the REVIEW express the opinion that business will be better when the war is over. We believe it Willoughby.

Will Constantinople follow the example of Petrograd and change its name? If so, will it be Discontentinople or Inconstantinople?

Although we have no negroes at present in the school, two of the boys of the Lower School are Blacks.

Douglas may be all very well in a military band, but he would be of no use in a war; for should a bass drum be anywhere within his reach he would be pretty certain to *beat it*.

No doubt the reason which made Mr. Furnival decide to get up a dramatic entertainment in the Lower School was the consideration that "All Work and *no Play* makes Jack a dull Boy."

Some boys appear to have taken our poem on the New Spelling rather too seriously. When upon a MS. submitted to us we saw "pailish blew" we turned *pail*; but when, later, we came across "redish wight," we felt *blew*.

For spelling "*meddle*" medal, one of our contributors deserved the Iron Cross. Instead of which he only made the Editor cross.

The English language is getting very rich in synonymous expressions. One boy describes a certain experience as a good *tuck in*; another boy describes the same experience as a good *blow out*.

We have several mischievous boys in our midst, but none are such *pickles* as Cross & Blackwell.

It has been suggested that the Prince of Wales should change his German motto, "*Ich dien*," into the French "*J'offre*."

America seems very proud of Commander Boy-Ed. We have several much better Boy-Eds. on the staff of the REVIEW.

The German trade has vanished. It has gone to Jellicoe.

The war has long permeated our literature, e.g.:

"Full many a brand-new German submarine
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

—(Sir Edward) Grey's Elegy.

It has even found its way into the nursery:

Little Germania's lost her ships
And doesn't know where to find 'em.
But let them alone—they'll *not* come home.
For Britain their place has assigned 'em.

In these days of financial stringency it is a great satisfaction to think that the school has still two excellent Grants to rely upon.



The Flower Girls

A GREAT ISSUE

THE question which is troubling the universities of the world at the present time is not whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare. That is no longer at issue, because, from exhaustive research made among the archives at the Records Office, it has now been conclusively proved that at quite an early period of his life Shakespeare *ate* Bacon. So that theory is disposed of!

The further question as to whether Shakespeare wrote Bacon still remains. But even that has now been shelved. If Shakespeare really did write Bacon, which is quite a feasible proposition, at any rate, he did not do so during his lifetime; because a minute study of Bacon's works has brought to light an Essay on Death, which, critics are agreed, can only have been written from personal experience.

Nor is the question which is occupying a prominent place in academic discussions any longer the rival claims of the Society for the Promotion of Everything and the Society for the Prevention of Everything. The respective propaganda of these two competitive institutions has been thoroughly treated by all the learned heads of Christendom from the psychological, anthropological, and metaphysical points of view; and they have come to the unanimous decision that with regard to them we have made considerable progress, and have at length advanced to that position known to philosophers as *in statu quo*. Therefore there is no longer any feeling of uncertainty or doubt about this all-important question.

This brings us at last to the point from which we started, namely, as to what the question which is troubling the universities of the world really is. There is no doubt that this question is a purely philological one. Without going into any etymological intricacies, we may state in plain terms that the great point now at issue is whether the word *yup* should be pronounced *yep* or *yah*.

Before the outbreak of the present war academic opinion was pretty equally divided into two great hostile camps on this question. These consisted of the advocates of *yep*, and the votaries of *yah*. Since the war began, however, the latter cause has lost a good deal of its popularity, owing to the similarity of the word *yah* to the German *ya*.

Indeed, although this is not generally known, it was really this question that led to the outbreak of hostilities between the British

and the German peoples. For years Canada has insisted, and rightly so, upon the pronunciation of this word as *yep*, but Germany has obstinately refused, in spite of the repeated efforts of Mr. Winston Churchill, to give up the pronunciation of the word as *yah*. The First Lord of the Admiralty even went so far, in his desire to maintain peace with Germany, as to propose a twelve months' holiday in shipbuilding, hoping thereby to bring Germany round to the British point of view, which is that there is only one way of pronouncing any word, and that is the British way. But Germany was deaf as well as blind. In her determination to force this detestable word *yah* upon the world, she went ahead with all her naval and military programmes, until at last the British Bulldog, tired of *yepping*, began to growl and show signs of biting.

The story of the Austro-Servian ultimatum is all nonsense. There never was an Austro-Servian ultimatum. The only ultimatum there was came from England, backed up by Canada. The Canadian Government, tired of all the *pourparlers* which for years had gone on without achieving anything, threatened to resign in a body if the question were not immediately settled. England, fearing that such a step would lead to the dismemberment of the Empire, immediately wired an ultimatum to Berlin, giving the Germans till midnight to return a satisfactory answer. A satisfactory answer was not forthcoming. To the plain question of *yep or no*, the Imperial Chancellor, Herr Von Sauerkraut Krönprinzausage, replied "*Nein*"; which was considered by the British Government to be a reference to a certain hour on the clock at which a counter-ultimatum from Germany would expire; and which, in consequence, caused hostilities to commence three hours before they actually began.



"Up in the air"

BIRDS

THERE are many different species of birds in Canada, as we all know, but few of us have taken the pleasure in studying their ways and finding out their different names.

The most common bird is the house sparrow, which we see most frequently on the streets of cities and towns as they seem more attached to human dwellings than any other of the wild birds. On projecting parts of buildings and sometimes in deserted wood-peckers' nests they build their shabby homes made of straw and feathers.

Also there are other kinds of sparrows known as the hedge sparrow, the tree sparrow, and the reed sparrow or bunting.

The hedge sparrow is a little brown-bodied bird with a grey head and neck, mostly seen in country fields, hopping about with little flutters of the wings, tamely seeking its food, which consists almost entirely of insects found among the grain and grass. Its nest is very neatly made of hair and straw, and in it four or five reddish brown-spotted eggs are laid.

As we pass on to the tree sparrows we find them very similar to the house sparrows, except for a reddish-brown top-knot. They generally build their nests, which are spherical in shape, in poplar trees. The eggs of the house sparrow and tree sparrow are almost identical.

As these common birds are not so interesting to us as the bright-coloured birds which leave us and go down to their southern homes for the winter, we shall just pass them over and look at these beautiful birds for awhile.

The most beautiful bird in my estimation is the scarlet tanager, which we may see flying about the outskirts of woods. The first time I saw this beautiful bird was about two years ago, in the Reservoir Park, as I was looking for different kinds of birds' nests. I came upon it very suddenly, so I just saw the streak of scarlet pass in front of me. As I had heard that if you keep very still the bird might return to the same place, I sat down and waited for awhile. It came back, and after a while started to hop around, picking up things from the ground, which were most likely insects, so I had a good opportunity of seeing him. His wings and tail were very black, while the body was of the brightest scarlet. Soon

after he was accompanied by his mate, which, to my surprise, had not a bright color in her feathers, but was of a dull olive green. After they had flown away I commenced to look for the nest, but without success; so I decided that I would read a little more about them than I knew then. Their nest is made of coarse materials, loosely put together, placed on horizontal limbs of oak trees well out of reach of meddling people. The three to five eggs are of a greenish blue, with brown spots.

The tanager is closely matched by the rose-breasted cross-beak and the Baltimore oriole for beauty. The cross-beak is very beautiful, and I am sorry to say I have only seen him once, and then it was when I was in a hurry. The head, back, tail and wings were black, and on the breast was a V-shape of bright rose. The under part of the body was very white. He was resting on a big root, singing his beautiful song, which is surpassed by few of our domestic birds. As I came closer he flew away. Their nests are usually built among young oaks. The eggs are of a pale blue, spotted with brown, and the nest is so lightly woven that the eggs are visible through it.

The Baltimore oriole is one of one hundred and fifty species of orioles. The head, back, tail and wings are black, but the under part of the body is of a very bright reddish orange, which makes him very conspicuous when hopping from branch to branch, singing in a shrill whistle. The nest is the cleverest nest made by any bird. It is usually made of string of the brightest colors interwoven with dry grass and horsehair, and is suspended from very small branches at various heights. The eggs are white, with scrawls of black and brown. The orioles return to Canada in May from their winter quarters in Central America.

The bluejay is also a very pretty bird, but sometimes beauty is only skin deep, as they say, and it is so with the bluejay, as he is the most destructive of all birds to other birds except the shrike. His food is the inside of other birds' eggs, and very young birds.

The shrike is not such a beautiful bird, but is destructive to the smaller birds, as it catches the smaller birds, and sticks them on thorns of the haw trees, in which it builds its nest. There it leaves them until they begin to decay, and then eats them.

The cowbird is another destructive bird, as it is too lazy to build a nest for itself, and so lays its eggs in other birds' nests.

These eggs hatch quicker than those of the other birds, and the bird gets much stronger and bigger; and after awhile drives out the smaller birds from the nest.

The cowbird gets its name from being seen so much among the cows when pasturing. The eggs are not of a regular shape, but are white with brown spots.

HAROLD E. DAVIES.

THE YUKON

THERE is practically nothing known of the Yukon before the gold rush of '97. It is supposed that the Indians were as savage as those of the prairies and eastern Canada, in the days of Champlain, until they were nearly exterminated by a northern tribe known as the Copper River Indians. Since that time they have become a very poor class of people to be called savages, and would rather lie around a camp and starve than go out and hunt for a living.

When the first stampeders entered the country by way of the Chilcoot Pass in southern Alaska, they met with very little resistance from the natives. However, they had opposition enough from the trails, and would most likely never have entered if a strong band of red men like the old Iroquois had been there to worry them.

There are only two easy ways of entering the Yukon. One is at the south end, over a high pass; and the other is at the extreme north, by way of Nome on the Behring Sea. It can be entered from the west by crossing a high glacier, which is very dangerous even for a man to walk over. The police patrol comes in at the northeast from Fort Macpherson once in a while, but several patrols have been lost, and only a few Indians know the pass.

At the present time a railway enters at the south, following up the pass that the prospectors climbed in the early days to get to Dawson. In the first twenty-nine miles the road rises 3,000 feet.

The Yukon River takes its rise in some swamps at the summit of the White Pass in southern Alaska, and flows for twenty-five hundred miles through the Yukon and Alaska to the Behring Sea.

Before the railway was built in 1899, people going in built boats at the summit, and followed the river to Dawson. There are

many dangerous rapids between the source of the river and Whitehorse, the present terminus of the White Pass Railway from Skagway.

During the summer, boats run between Whitehorse and Nome. In the winter, all the travel is by stage over the Government roads, which are built to all the camps and towns in the Territory. On the road from Dawson to Whitehorse, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, there are roadhouses every twenty miles. The stages running on this road change horses at every roadhouse, and make on an average sixty miles a day.

The Northwest Mounted Police went in with the first gold rush, and put a stop to all claim jumping and stealing, which is still quite common on the Alaskan side, they having no real police force. No one committing a crime in the Yukon has much chance of getting away, since he must go out of the country at one end or the other, and, as there are Government telegraph stations all over the country, the police are always waiting for him whichever way he goes.

All small boats going down the river are numbered, and the names of the owners recorded. In this way the police can trace anybody that comes into the country.

The Government has established a good mail system in all parts of the Territory, and no one has to go to the coast for mail, as they did in the early days.

Good dogteams are seldom seen now, their places having been taken by horses and automobiles.

Although the Yukon is noted mostly for gold, it has some very good copper and silver mines, which ship ore all the year round.

The fox-raising industry is steadily rising in importance, and since young foxes cannot be shipped out of the country any more, several companies have commenced to raise them on a large scale.

The winters are not as cold as outside people suppose. I have lived there for thirteen years, and it has never been below minus seventy-five degrees, which is only a little over a hundred degrees of frost.

TAYLOR I.

ODE TO THE TAXES, OR THE TAXES OWED

To literature my soul doth lean,
For it my mind relaxes,
And so an ode to write I mean
Upon my rates and taxes.

The poor rate and the water rate
Are source of much contention,
But I maintain they are a great
And glorious invention.

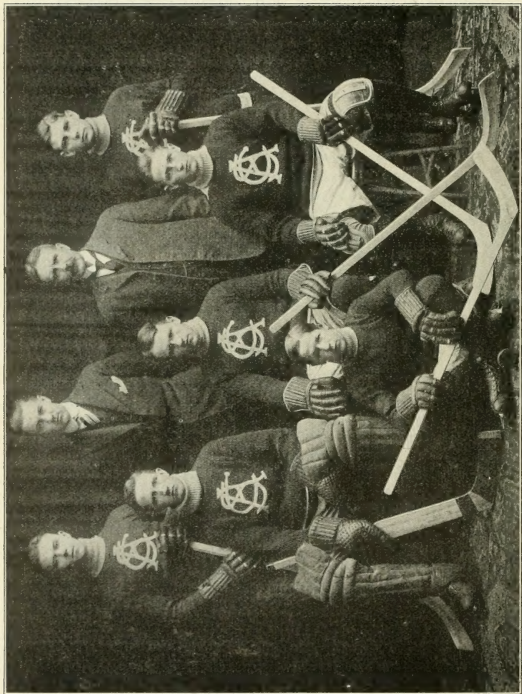
The income-tax I do declare
To be a splendid measure,
And if they laid a tax on *air*
I'd pay it down with pleasure.

To pay the taxes they impose,
That is my sole ambition.
I have no sympathy with those
Who talk of imposition.

"You can't afford to live," you sigh,
"Thro' taxes which they levy!"
You can afford still less to die
While death-dues are so heavy!

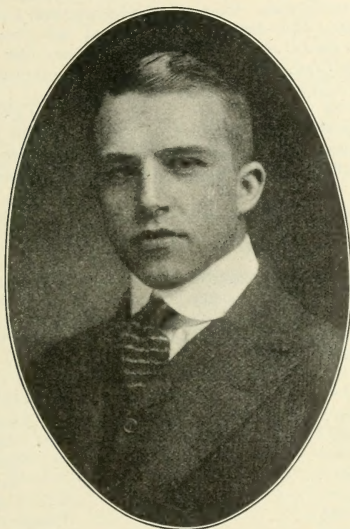
So this advice I give to you,
To live you must endeavor,
And go on paying taxes, too,
For ever and for ever!

E. C. B.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

Athletics



D. F. Cantley, Hockey Captain

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Cantley (Bunny)—Right wing. Captained the team well; fourth year on team. Has a wicked shot, and is a good stick-handler. Showed up well in second Varsity game.

Scott (Scottie)—Left wing. Came up from last year's thirds. A good shot, and fair rusher, but inclined to be slow.

Watson (Squirt)—Centre. Probably the best hockey player the school ever turned out. Chosen on both Senior and Junior All-Stars.

Wallace (Wally)—Rover. A new boy. Very fast. Best back-checker on the team. Handicapped all winter with a cut foot.

Cossitt (Ed.)—Left defence. Dropped back from centre. Played a steady, useful game all winter. A very clean player.

Roger (Fat)—Right defence. An old color; was hardly up to last year's form on account of continued illness.

Fleming (Archie)—Goal. An old color. Came along at the end of the season and played a wonderful game against Varsity.

The team wish to thank Grant, I, and Davis, I, for the way in which they worked in managing the team. Much credit is due to them.

S.A.C. vs. DE LA SALLE

St. Andrew's first engagement of the season took place on Friday, January 16th, when they lined up at the Arena against the De La Salle seven. The Saints went into this game without practice, and as a result went down before their opponents. The teams lined up as follows:

De La Salle (6).

S.A.C. (4).

Power	Goal.....	Fleming
Pocock (C.)	Right Defence.....	Roger
Maloney	Left Defence.....	Phillips
Finley	Rover.....	Watson
Mogan	Centre.....	Cossitt
Ingoldsby.....	Right Wing	Cantley (C.)
O'Connor	Left Wing.....	Wallace

FIRST PERIOD.

Both teams started in to rush things, and for some minutes there was fast back-checking and skating on either side. Pocock got away for a long rush, but Roger stopped him and, with one man on the La Salle defence, had no trouble in counting. S.A.C., 1; D.L.S., 0.

In less than three minutes De La Salle evened things up, when Pocock placed a long one past Fleming. S.A.C., 1; D.L.S., 1.

Two minutes before the call of time, La Salle went out in front on a fast two-man combination, against which Fleming stood no chance. S.A.C., 1; D.L.S., 2.

SECOND PERIOD.

Early in the second round Cantley evened things up after a clever individual rush, when he burned a top-corner shot past Powers. S.A.C., 2; D.L.S., 2.

When only eight minutes were left the Saints' forward line pulled off the best piece of combination they have shown, and, as a result, Wallace poked the rubber past Powers, thus putting the crimson in the lead. S.A.C., 3; D.L.S., 2.

De La Salle took a decided brace and sent in several hot ones on Fleming, at length beating him on a hard, low one from the side. S.A.C., 3; D.L.S., 3.

Three more minutes of exceptionally fast hockey and the period was over.

THIRD PERIOD.

De La Salle jumped ahead when Finley glanced one off the goal-post into the corner, only to be forced back to an even footing by Cantley's clever marksmanship. S.A.C., 4; D.L.S., 4.

Then it was a case of combination and condition against St. Andrew's superior individual playing. The back-checking of Wallace and Watson many times upset the calculations of the green-shirted forwards, while the best efforts of this pair came to naught against the husky D.L.S. defence. Then with three minutes remaining La Salle bulged the net twice in quick succession, and from that time the result was no longer in doubt. The gong found St. Andrew's boring in long shots on their opponents' net, which availed nothing.

The final score was—De La Salle, 6; St. Andrew's, 4.

S.A.C. at S.M.C.—FIRST GAME

On January 20 the Saints hooked up with St. Michael's in their second game of the season, and delighted their supporters by their vast improvement in the two days' practice since their encounter with De La Salle. This game resulted in a win for St. Andrew's by the decisive score of six goals to one. The crimson line-up had been considerably changed, and when Ernie Jupp rang his bell at 4.15 the teams lined up for the face-off as follows:

St. Andrew's.	St. Mike's.
Campbell	Goal Fitzpatrick
Roger	Right Defence Latchford
Cossitt	Left Defence Kelley
Wallace	Rover Doyle
Watson	Centre Dwyer
Cantley	Right Wing Rathwell
Scott	Left Wing Feeney

Referee, E. Jupp, of 'Varsity.

The game opened with a succession of erratic rushes, but after a few minutes' play it became clear to all that St. Mike's were out-classed. S.A.C. were the first to steady down, and after six minutes a three-man combination by Scott, Watson and Cantley, followed by a bullet-like shot from the latter's wing, drew first blood for St. Andrew's. S.A.C., 1; S.M.C., 0.

Two minutes later Cantley took a shot from some distance out and Scott following in hard took the rebound and poked it past Fitzpatrick. S.A.C., 2; S.M.C., 0.

S.A.C. were all over St. Mike's, Cantley and Watson roaming almost at will. The latter notched the third for his team after a combined rush with Cantley and Scott. S.A.C., 3; S.M.C., 0.

The second round opened with a hot bombardment of St. Mike's goal, and only the brilliant playing of Fitzpatrick prevented a score. It took eight minutes for Watson to beat him. S.A.C., 4; S.M.C., 0.

Cantley and Watson were simply running wild over their opponents, though the former was hindered somewhat by a bruised thigh. After five minutes more Watson again bulged the net as the result of a pretty piece of stick work. S.A.C., 5; S.M.C., 0.

St. Michael's were rapidly tiring and their only attempts were on lone rushes by their defence men, all of which came to naught against the crimson defence. The period ended with the score unchanged.

Right at the start of the last round St. Mike's came in strong, showing more than at any time during the game, with the result that after checking their opponents to a standstill for five minutes they at length beat Campbell by a tricky shot off Dwyer's stick. S.A.C., 5; S.M.C., 1.

St. Michael's limited their offensive work to stray rushes, which were steadily turned back by the sterling defence work of Cossitt and Roger. Watson showed some exceptionally fine hockey, and three minutes before the call of time, after circling the entire St. Mike's team, he beat Fitzpatrick unassisted, counting the final tally of the game. S.A.C., 6; S.M.C., 1.

F. G.



The Sign of the Cross

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

On Friday, January 22nd, Upper Canada and St. Andrew's met in their first encounter. The Saints' win over St. Mike's, who in turn had taken U.C.C.'s measure, gave them the call, but up to the last ten minutes it was anybody's game. Fleming, owing to illness, was unable to take his regular position in the nets, but his place was ably filled by Campbell. Referee "Ernie" Jupp called the game shortly after four o'clock. The teams:—

St. Andrew's: Goal, Campbell; defence, Roger (R.), Cossitt (L.); rover, Wallace; centre, Watson; wings, Scott (L.), Cantley (R.).

Upper Canada: Goal, Grier; defence, McWhinney (L.), Dean (R.); rover, McLaren; centre, Peters; wings, Phillips (L.), Henderson (R.).

Ernie Jupp gave entire satisfaction as referee.

The game started at a fast clip, with wild individual rushes, which gained nothing. S.A.C. were the first to hit their stride, and Scott counted the first point on a clever pass from Cantley. S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 0.

Time and again the Saints rushed, but for several minutes failed to beat Grier. Then Cantley found the net on a powerful shot from half-way down the rink, Grier being unable to get his eye on it. S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 0.

Six minutes of fast work and Wallace brought the Saints' supporters to their feet by a neat side shot, which easily beat Grier. S.A.C., 3; U.C.C., 0.

SECOND PERIOD.

During the second round Watson came to the front, and roamed almost at will. He notched the opening counter in two minutes of play, piercing the defence himself. 4-0.

Four minutes after he repeated this performance, playing right through Grier. 5-0.

Upper Canada came back strong, and a moment later Peters notched their first tally, repeating a moment later, both goals results of clean combination. 5-2.

Shortly after McLaren broke away down the boards and beat Campbell on a neat side shot. 5-3.

McLaren again fooled the Crimson defence, and on a side shot brought the Blue's total up to four.

THIRD PERIOD.

U.C.C. started off fast, but their spurt soon subsided and St. Andrew's had things their own way, though for some time no scores were made. Then Cossitt began the fireworks by a long rush which brought on a scrimmage in front of the goal, from which he batted the rubber past Grier. 6-4.

Wallace was forced to retire owing to a bruised ankle, and McLaren went with him.

A minute later Watson pulled off a long rush and worked through unaided for a tally. S.A.C., 7; U.C.C., 4.

The Saints' fast centre player again slipped through for a goal on a lightning rush, which brought rounds of applause. 8-4.

Watson also was responsible for S.A.C.'s last count, when he slammed a bullet-like shot into the corner, after the most sensational individual rush of the game. 9-4.

U.C.C. died hard, and the last few minutes saw some lightning play keenly contested all the way. S.A.C., however, were all over their opponents, and full time found them leading by the handsome margin of 9 goals to 4.

F. GRANT.



The Ragged School

S.A.C. vs. DE LA SALLE

Wednesday, January 27th, saw St. Andrew's and De La Salle clashing in the game to decide the group. A win for De La Salle would give them the group honors, while a St. Andrew's victory would tie things up. Fleming appeared in goal for St. Andrew's again, and acquitted himself quite creditably. A large crowd turned out in support of each team. F. Waghorne was chosen to handle the game, and did so to the satisfaction of all.

The teams lined up at four o'clock as follows:—

S.A.C.	Position.	La Salle.
Fleming	Goal	Power
Roger	Right Defence	Pocock
Cossitt	Left Defence	Maloney
Wallace	Rover	Finlay
Watson	Centre	Mogan
Cantley (C.)	Right Wing	Ingoldsby
Scott	Left Wing	O'Connor

Referee, F. C. Waghorne.

FIRST PERIOD.

Play commenced at a lively pace with De La Salle on the aggressive. However, it was five minutes before the first goal was counted. This was by Watson who, following in hard on Wallace's shot, batted in the rebound. S.A.C., 1; D.L.S., 0.

Watson, shortly after the face, was banished for loafing, and on his return tore off a very pretty rush, followed by a hard shot, which hit the goal post and glanced out. Then, after Wallace and Power had been chased for exchanging wallops, Pocock broke through and managed to beat Fleming, tying the score. S.A.C., 1; D.L.S., 1.

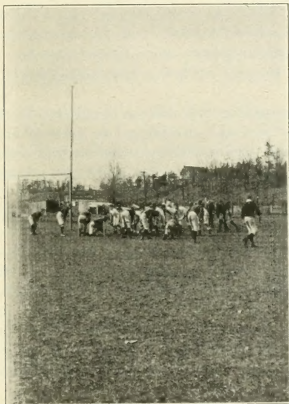
Two minutes more and Cantley got clear away down the right boards and found the net by a hard side shot. S.A.C., 2; D.L.S., 1.

SECOND PERIOD.

St. Andrew's were on the aggressive during the early stages of the second round, but in spite of this, De La Salle counted first

when O'Connor from his wing lifted a beauty into the corner of the net after six minutes. S.A.C., 2; D.L.S., 2.

This proved the only score of the period, for both teams were now checking back hard, and the defence kept the opposing marksmen at long range. This period produced some spells of lightning play, and when the teams left the ice the score stood tied at 2 all.



Winning Their Spurs

Scott and Finlay were both forced to retire owing to injuries, and the game was finished with six men a side.

THIRD PERIOD.

De La Salle went out in front early in the final round, when Mogan bulged the net on a close-in shot. S.A.C., 2; D.L.S., 3.

St. Andrew's, however, continued to hammer away, and by speedy back-checking prevented De La Salle from counting, while

they ran in three tallies, the first coming after half-a-minute of play from Wallace's stick.

Three minutes more bombarding and Watson put S.A.C. out ahead on a clever piece of stick handling, which carried him right past Power. S.A.C., 4; D.L.S., 3.

It looked bad for La Salle when Watson repeated this trick in half-a-minute, giving S.A.C. a two-goal lead with eight minutes remaining.

La Salle, however, did not let up for a minute, and inside of five minutes had landed two more, tying things up. The first of these was off Mogan's stick, the second by Pocock. S.A.C., 5; D.L.S., 5.

The fast going began to tell on the Green Shirts, while the Saints showed they had something left, when Wallace won the game for them by stick-handling his way through twice for tallies, after playing past the entire team. The game finished with De La Salle playing their entire team up on the line in the effort to even things up. But the Crimson septette easily staved off their rushes and pulled out a 7-to-5 victory.

Wallace was easily the best man on the ice. His back-checking and lightning skating marked him as one of the speediest juniors in the local ranks, while his shooting was remarkably fast and accurate.

Watson also deserves special mention. While his playing on this occasion, perhaps, did not measure up to his performances later, he was, next to Wallace, the fastest on the ice, and in stick-handling and combination work surpassed him.

The Saints' entire team played well and showed a greater willingness to go in than their opponents. This, together with their hard working, and, perhaps, greater speed, won them the game. The De La Salle boys excelled at the combination game, and played more "finished hockey." But they lacked the spirit of their opponents. Their best man was Pocock, on the defence, while O'Connor was the pick of the forwards.

F. GRANT.

S.A.C. vs. ST. MICHAEL'S

The St. Andrew's seven took another forward step in their group race when they sent St. Mike's down to defeat on Monday, Feb. 1st, to the tune of 9 to 2. St. Andrew's were much too speedy for their opponents, and displayed more combination than at any time to date. Whitaker II was sent in at left wing in place of Scott. He put up a splendid game there, and while he was unable to keep up with the fast pace set by the rest of the forward line, he more than retrieved himself by his steady checking and rushing, showing a willingness to mix and to "go in," which helped his team much.

Cantley showed a great improvement in this game, and had his wicked shot working to perfection. He was responsible for five of the Saints' nine counters, while Watson and Whitaker each found the net twice. During the game St. Mike's could collect but two tallies, one coming through Drohan in the first round, the other by Feeney in the third. During the last two periods St. Andrew's were all over their opponents, and Wallace, Watson and Cantley simply ran wild. The Crimson team was master at all times, and each man played his position well. This victory puts St. Andrew's in line for their group honors. Waghorne handled the game well.

Line up:—

S.A.C. (9).

St. Mike's (2).

FlemingGoal.....	Fitzpatrick
RogerRight Defence.....	Latchford
CossittLeft Defence.....	Kelley
WallaceRover.....	Drohan
WatsonCentre.....	Rathwell
CantleyRight Wing.....	Feeney
Whitaker II.Left Wing.....	Dwyer

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The return game against Upper Canada was played on Wednesday, February 3rd. By winning this game S.A.C. captured their group honors. A loss would have meant a tie. Fleming, who was unable to take part in the last encounter between these two, appeared in goal, and gave his best performance to date. "Ernie" Jupp, of Varsity, gave entire satisfaction as referee.

The teams:—

S.A.C.	U.C.C.
Fleming	Goal..... Grier (Cap.)
Roger	Right Defence..... McWhinney
Cossitt	Left Defence..... Phillips
Wallace	Rover..... McLaren
Watson.....	Centre Esten
Cantley (Capt.)....	Right Wing Henderson
Scott.....	Left Wing Dean

FIRST PERIOD.

For some time after the start play was almost even. It was some minutes before the teams struck their stride. St. Andrew's were the first to do so, and after five minutes Watson opened the scoring, when he followed in on Wallace's unsuccessful shot and batted one between Grier's feet. S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 0.

Half a minute was sufficient for Cantley to find the net on a hard shot from near centre ice. S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 0.

A minute more and Esten began Upper Canada's scoring by netting a pass from Henderson's wing. S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 1.

Though there remained some ten minutes to play, neither team could add to their total during this period.

SECOND PERIOD.

Again it took five minutes to open the scoring, this time by McWhinney, for U.C.C., who beat Fleming on a lone rush. S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 2.

Watson broke the tie in one minute of playing, and Scott duplicated a couple of moments later, on a well-trained shot from his wing. S.A.C., 4; U.C.C., 2.

St. Andrew's had considerably the better of play, for some time, but wilted badly, and Upper Canada came in hard, and rang up two counters in as many minutes, the first a result of Phillips' long rush, the second a clever shot from Dean's stick against which Fleming stood no chance. St. Andrew's took a decided brace, but for eight minutes could not locate the net. Then Cossitt sent S.A.C. out in front after a full-length rush and a shot which had Grier beaten all the way. S.A.C., 5; U.C.C., 4.

In less than half a minute Watson added another by his clever stick work. S.A.C., 6; U.C.C., 4.

This ended the scoring for the period. S.A.C., 6; U.C.C., 4.

THIRD PERIOD.

It was St. Andrew's all the way during the final round. Cantley took five minutes to make the seventh goal, but the Saints would have added several more but for the sterling work of Grier in the net for the Blue and White. Rogers was the next to bulge the twine, after a fast spurt from his own goal. S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 4.

Upper Canada, though outplayed, fought gamely, and McWhinney brought their total to five with four minutes remaining. Watson came back hard, and by his wonderful circling succeeded in beating Grier for the Saints' ninth and last counter. The score remained unchanged till the gong, which sounded a minute after, leaving the victory with St. Andrew's by 9 goals to 4.

For St. Andrew's, Watson and Cantley showed the most, while Wallace's back-checking brought rounds of applause. The latter, however, was forced to retire during the last round owing to the opening of a cut in his foot. Cantley played a steady, aggressive game throughout, although he persisted in wandering from his position. He stood some gruelling body work and was forced to leave the ice three minutes before full time. Watson's stick handling was sensational, and with just a little more combination worked in would have been perfect. Fleming in goal played a cool and steady game, turning aside shot after shot which looked sure. Grier, the U.C.C. captain, was the pick of his team, while McWhinney and Henderson were worthy of mention. Phillips, though too ready with his body, was also useful.

F. GRANT.

S.A.C. vs. OSHAWA

On Monday, Feb. 8th, S.A.C. were scheduled to play Oshawa Juniors in Oshawa, in the second round of the Junior O.H.A., S.A.C. being winners of Group 4 and Oshawa of Group 3. The teams started as follows:—

S.A.C.	Oshawa.
Fleming	Goal..... Marr
Roger	Right Defence Bone
Cossitt.....	Left Defence Smith
Wallace.....	Rover Folley
Watson.....	Centre Kellow
Cantley (Capt.).....	Right Wing Cotter
Scott.....	Left Wing Venini

Referee, Gorry.

FIRST PERIOD.

The game started at eight o'clock, and at first S.A.C. were lost on the small rink and natural ice. It did not take Oshawa long to find this out, and in half a minute latter, on an individual rush, tallied. Oshawa time after time rallied the puck around S.A.C. goal, but the good work of Fleming kept it out.

S.A.C. by this time were becoming accustomed to the difficulties they were up against, and got some nice combination going, but could not score. Venini got away and netted the puck. Score—Oshawa, 2; S.A.C., 0.

Kellow scored for Oshawa again in half a minute. Score—Oshawa, 3; S.A.C., 0.

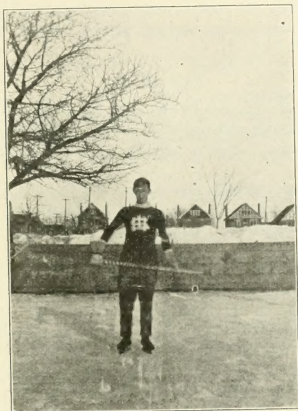
Things were mixing up now, and Bone was sent into the boards by Watson, the latter being benched.

On a nice combination rush S.A.C. got past the defence, but Mann in goal saved the shot. Folley of Oshawa then took the puck the length of the rink, and added another for Oshawa. Score—Oshawa, 4; S.A.C., 0.

Things began to look very gloomy for the S.A.C. boys, but they stuck to it and after sixteen minutes' play, Cantley, the S.A.C. captain, scored the first point for St. Andrew's. Score—Oshawa, 4; S.A.C., 1.

Cossitt made a beautiful rush, but his shot was wide, and Watson following close behind got the rebound off the boards, and scored. Oshawa, 4; S.A.C., 2.

Watson again scored five seconds before gong, on a pass from Cantley. First period score—Oshawa, 4; S.A.C., 3.



"Arma virumque cano."

SECOND PERIOD.

S.A.C. started with a rush, and for the next five minutes played Oshawa off their feet, but lacked ability to score. Cotter of Oshawa was laid out, but after a rest returned to the game. Cantley and Bone were benched for fighting. The play now was even, both teams playing fast hockey. Watson took the puck, and drew the goalkeeper out and scored. Oshawa, 4; S.A.C., 4.

Watson was benched for slashing. Cantley tried one of his side shots, but Mann was not to be fooled. Cantley was put off for loafing. Oshawa broke away and on a three-man combination

Fleming stopped it, but Kellow of Oshawa netted on the rebound, breaking the tie. Oshawa, 5; S.A.C., 4.

Roger was put off for jabbing, and, with one man to the good on the ice, Smith beat Fleming. Oshawa, 6; S.A.C., 4.

Kellow repeated this in one minute. Oshawa, 7; S.A.C., 4.

Cantley took the puck behind his own goal and went through the whole Oshawa team, scoring half a minute before gong. Oshawa, 7; S.A.C., 5.

THIRD PERIOD.

This period commenced with both teams on the offensive, trying very hard, Oshawa seeming to know the S.A.C.'s strong point, "Good finishers." Cossitt beat the Oshawa defence, but failed to score.

S.A.C. were playing fine hockey now, and time and again passed the defence, but could not fool the goalkeeper. Venini on a lone rush scored for Oshawa in seven minutes. Oshawa, 8; S.A.C., 5.

Scott at this point was hit in the leg which he had hurt in the last game he played, so was put off. Cotter of Oshawa went off to even up. Kellow was put off for loafing. Roger, on an individual rush, scored for S.A.C. with a neat shot from the boards. Oshawa, 8; S.A.C., 6.

With six men a side S.A.C. were walking away with Oshawa. Cantley was benched, and Wallace, who had his ankle cut in the last U.C.C. game, was forced to retire, taking Folley off with him for Oshawa.

Cantley and Watson were now the only two men in S.A.C.'s forward line, and with their clever stick-handling played rings around their opponents. Cantley scored, Watson repeating half a minute later. S.A.C., 8; Oshawa, 8.

Watson again scored, making the score S.A.C., 9; Oshawa, 8.

Cossitt on a lone rush beat the defence but not Mann. Things were beginning to be very interesting, but Roger broke the monotony when he scored on a neat pass from Watson, with two minutes to go. S.A.C. were on the defensive for the rest of the game. The whistle blew, the final score being—S.A.C., 10; Oshawa, 8.

Mann was by far the best for Oshawa. It would have been a different story had it not been for him.

For S.A.C. a real star could not be picked, as each man played his position well, but perhaps the work of Captain Cantley and Watson deserve honorable mention.

R. D. DAVIS.

OSHAWA vs. S.A.C.

On Thursday, Feb. 11th, the Oshawa septette came to Toronto to play their return game with St. Andrew's. The game was called at 8.30 at the Arena. St. Andrew's were without the services of Wallace, their speedy rover, but Whitaker proved an able substitute for him.

The teams:—

S.A.C. (11).	Position.	Oshawa (2).
Fleming	Goal	Mann
Roger	Right Defence	Smith
Cossitt	Left Defence	Bone
Whitaker II	Rover	Folley
Watson	Centre	Kellow
Cantley	Right	Venini
Scott	Left	Cotter

Referee, Gorey.

FIRST PERIOD.

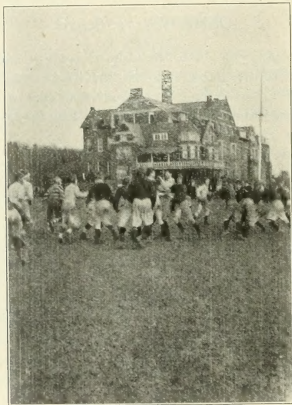
After two minutes of play, Scott secured from a scrimmage in front of the Oshawa net, and flipped one past Mann. S.A.C., 1; Oshawa, 0.

St. Andrew's began to bombard Mann steadily, but for six minutes he prevented any score. Then Scott, on a pass from Watson, slammed a hard one into the corner of the net. S.A.C., 2; Oshawa, 0.

Several more shots were rained in on Mann, and Cantley succeeded in placing a rebound neatly in the corner of the net. S.A.C., 3; Oshawa, 0.

SECOND PERIOD.

Cotter, in taking a swing at Cantley, succeeding only in injuring himself, but Gorey, who seemed to be having an off day, sent Cantley to the boards. Gorey again failed to penalize Smith for throwing Watson (over his hip). Watson was badly shaken,



A Bloodless Victory

but continued to play. At the end of five minutes the Saints added one by Cantley, who, following Watson along, recovered the puck and slammed it passed Mann. S.A.C., 4; Oshawa, 0.

A minute later a combined rush by Roger and Watson easily pierced the Oshawa defence, and resulted in Watson scoring. S.A.C., 5; Oshawa, 0.

St. Andrew's sixth goal came as the result of a two-man combination by Cantley and Watson, the former doing the trick. S.A.C., 6; Oshawa, 0.

A couple of minutes later Kellow scored Oshawa's first counter on a rebound from Fleming's pads. S.A.C., 6; Oshawa, 1.

Cantley and Watson ran wild over the Oshawa forwards, and several times beat the defence, only to be turned back by Mann; while the visitors seemed wary of the sturdy Crimson defence.

THIRD PERIOD.

S.A.C. reopened the scoring after a minute of play, when Cositt beat Mann. Cantley broke away for a sensational rush, circling the entire visiting team, only to be thrown off his balance in trying to play past Mann. Watson later duplicated the feat, with better results, as he trained his shot on the corner of the net. S.A.C., 8; Oshawa, 1.

A minute later Cantley, hovering around centre, received the puck from a mix-up and bored a hot one through on Mann. S.A.C., 9; Oshawa, 1.

The Oshawa defence men began to resort to rough tactics and each received a couple of penalties. Oshawa took a brace, but Fleming's phenomenal stopping prevented scores. With six minutes to play, however, Bone succeeded in slipping one past him. S.A.C., 9; Oshawa, 2.

Half-a-minute more and Scott found the net for S.A.C. from a scrimmage in front of goal. 10-2.

Cantley secured the final score of the game two minutes before the gong, on a clever side shot, leaving S.A.C. winners by 11-2, and on the round by 21-10.

For the home team every man played a clever game. Cantley, Watson and Fleming perhaps deserve special mention. Fleming's game in goal could not have been improved upon. Whitaker, at rover, put up a very clever game, being handy with his body and a very reliable check.

F. GRANT.

S.A.C. vs. VARSITY

On Saturday, February 13, St. Andrew's and University of Toronto Juniors lined up for the first of their home-and-home games in the third round. A large crowd turned out to see this game, which was generally expected to decide the honors in the junior series. The Saint's great improvement in their round with Oshawa showed clearly that they would give the Varsity boys a great struggle. Referee Sproule called the game at 2.45. The teams lined up for the face-off as follows:—

S.A.C.**U. of T.**

Fleming.....	Goal	Malone
Roger.....	Right Defence	Sheldon
Cossitt.....	Left Defence	Ramsay
Wallace.....	Rover	Gouinlock
Watson.....	Centre	Smythe (Cap.)
Cantley (Cap.).....	Right Wing	Stratton
Scott.....	Left Wing	Saunders

FIRST PERIOD.

The game started off with a rush, when Watson secured on the face-off, and the Saint's forward line broke through the Varsity defence only to be turned back by Malone, Stratton relieved, and on a two-man combination with Smythe bored in a hot one on Fleming, which, however, he stopped cleverly. After Ramsay had been benched for rough work, Stratton and Saunders again broke away, but owing to Fleming's phenomenal stopping, no score resulted. Smythe gave Watson a hard crack against the boards, which put him out for some minutes, but he stuck to it gamely. Varsity several times tried to get their combination going, but were hampered by the speedy back-checking of the Crimson forwards, notably that of Wallace. Cantley and Watson both had chances, but their shots went wide. Gouinlock was benched for loafing, but the Blue-and-White defence staved off the attack of the Saints during his absence. Cossitt and Roger were also playing stellar hockey, while Fleming's goal-tending was first class. This defence for sixteen minutes defied even the great Stratton-Smythe-Saunders combination. Then Varsity broke the ice when

Saunders broke away down the boards, and sent a hard one in on the Saint's net. Fleming handled this shot cleanly, but Sheldon took the rebound from his pads, and poked one into the corner of the net. U. of T., 1; S.A.C., 0.

Two minutes later, on a combined rush by Smythe and Sheldon, the latter again bulged the net on a shot beyond Fleming's reach. U. of T., 2; S.A.C., 0.

Wallace was forced to take a rest owing to the old cut in his foot. Gouinlock accompanied him.

SECOND PERIOD.

Wallace and Gouinlock returned to the game at the bell, but the former was plainly hindered by his foot. Stratton was chased for tripping, and Watson worked through and cleverly drew out Malone, but having no one with him was unable to score. It was a *clever* play. A scrimmage around the S.A.C. net failed to count, and Wallace and Watson broke away for the full length and twice bombarded Malone. The Varsity net guardian, however, was invincible, and kept remarkably cool. Watson was given a rough passage by the opposing team, and the gruelling body work began to tell on him. The St. Andrew's forwards kept raining in shots on Malone, while Varsity's chances came on two-man combinations by their defence. It was only the gilt-edge stopping of Malone which prevented the Saints' running up a large score during this period. After twelve minutes Gouinlock beat Fleming on a full-length individual rush. U. of T., 3; S.A.C., 0.

Smythe increased Varsity's total two minutes after on a pass from Saunders' wing. U. of T., 4; S.A.C., 0.

Sheldon found the net two minutes later after a long individual rush. U. of T., 5; S.A.C., 0.

THIRD PERIOD.

Varsity began by a stiff bombardment on the Crimson goal, but for some minutes were unable to count. Then Smythe took a pass at centre, and slipping through alone, he placed a neat shot in the corner of the net. U. of T., 6; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's came back strong, and for some minutes had more than their share of the play, though they were unable to break into the score column, mainly owing to Malone's sensational goal

work. At length Gouinlock circled his way to within striking distance, passed to Smythe, who was waiting right in the mouth of the net, and the Varsity centre beat Fleming. Varsity, 7; S.A.C., 0.

Watson broke away alone, and circling the opposing defence, drew out Malone, and poked one past him for S.A.C.'s one count. U. of T., 7; S.A.C., 1.

Varsity were rapidly tiring, but managed not only to hold off their opponents' attacks, but to increase their total one more, via the Gouinlock-to-Sheldon route. Gouinlock was knocked out by a collision with Scott, but recovered sufficiently to finish out the remaining two minutes, the gong finding the Saints pressing hard, while Varsity was content to remain on the defensive with now and then a single rush. Final score—U. of T., 8; S.A.C., 1. Malône, Sheldon and Smythe were Varsity's best men. For S.A.C. Fleming gave the best performance.

F. GRANT.

Varsity vs. S.A.C.

On Saturday, February 20, St. Andrew's lined up against Varsity in the last of their third round home-and-home games. The Saints were up against a handicap of seven goals.

The game was called shortly after the scheduled time. Line-up:—

St. Andrew's.	Varsity.
Fleming.....	Goal Malone
Roger.....	Right Defence Sheldon
Cossitt.....	Left Defence Ramsay
Wallace.....	Rover Gouinlock
Watson.....	Centre Smythe (Capt.)
Scott.....	Left Wing Saunders
Cantley (Cap.).....	Right Wing Stratton

Referee, F. C. Waghorne.

FIRST PERIOD.

The game started off with a succession of individual rushes, which counted nothing. Then Gouinlock combined with Stratton and Saunders for the first goal. U. of T., 1; S.A.C., 0.

Cantley's back-checking broke up the combination of the opposing forwards, and he laid one dead on. Malone, however, cleared. Roger stopped Smythe and Sheldon, but was banished for tripping. Varsity pressed hard, and Fleming had his hands full, on one occasion coming out alone to break up the three-man combination by Smythe-Stratton-Gouinlock. Wallace soon fol-



Three Beaux and One Bell

lowed Roger for a similar offence. During his absence Cantley broke away, circled the Varsity defence, and beat Malone, only to be called back by Waghorne. Wallace bored one in on the Varsity net, which kept Malone busy, and in the mix-up the latter was upset ten feet from his goal, only hard luck preventing a score. Smythe went up alone after a few minutes, and beat Fleming on a long shot. Two minutes later Gouinlock repeated on a cleverly placed side shot. U. of T., 3; S.A.C., 0.

Scott and Cantley got through on Malone, and succeeded in bulging the net. The bell again saved Varsity, this time for an

off-side. After Gouinlock and Wallace had been chased to the boards, Saunders and Stratton combined for Varsity's fourth counter. A minute later Sheldon passed to Smythe, who notched one from outside the defence just before the gong. U. of T., 5; S.A.C., 0.

SECOND PERIOD.

Cantley took the face-off and laid one in on Malone. Then the Blue Shirts commenced an attack on Fleming. The Saints' net guardian, however, was invincible, and turned back many likely-looking attempts. Watson was penalised for heavy body work, and during his absence Stratton got loose, circled the defence, drew out Fleming, and passed to Smythe, who easily netted the disc. U. of T., 6; S.A.C., 0.

Gouinlock was injured in a *mêlée* near the boards, and Scott left the ice with him. This proved the beginning of Varsity's downfall, for the Saints at once began to assert their superiority at the six-man game. With four minutes to play Wallace sent a scorcher burning into the corner for S.A.C.'s first. U. of T., 6; S.A.C., 1. Owing to injuries and penalties the teams were reduced for a time to three men a side.

Cantley and Wallace gave Malone a hard time for some minutes. Then Saunders counted Varsity's last on a lone rush. U. of T., 7; S.A.C., 1.

THIRD PERIOD.

Right from the start S.A.C. had things their own way. After Sheldon's rush had come to nought, Cantley secured, and, with only Ramsay to pass, easily counted. U. of T., 7; S.A.C., 2.

Several times Watson and Cantley worked through, only to run up against a snag in Malone. Then Cantley's great marksmanship told, when he glanced one in off Ramsay. U. of T., 7; S.A.C., 3.

Watson broke away on the face-off, but was laid cold by Sheldon's heavy body work. Sheldon went off, and during his absence Cantley and Watson combined for a goal from the latter's stick. S.A.C. are now all over Varsity, and Watson stick-handled his way through many times, only to fail for lack of assistance. Cossitt stopped Smythe up short, but did it cleanly. Waghorne sent him off. Varsity worked in on Fleming twice, but the elongated Crim-

son goaler was always there. St. Andrew's find the five-man game easy going. Watson got their fifth from a scramble. S.A.C., 5; U. of T., 7.

Ramsay was given a rest for cross-checking Watson. Smythe came to, and sent in a scorcher on Fleming, which looked sure, but was not. Smythe is all in, and cannot keep his feet unsupported. Watson circled his way the whole length around the Varsity net, and Cantley netted his perfect pass. U. of T., 7; S.A.C., 6.

But Watson's best effort was yet to come. With one minute to go he secured from the face-off and played through à la Mecking for the tying goal. S.A.C., 7; U. of T., 7.

Cantley and Cossitt were banished and with only one other S.A.C. man on the ice Watson capped his performance when he took the throw-in from Smythe, circled Saunders, worked unaided through Ramsey and Sheldon, drew out Malone and poked the puck past him, thus winning the game for his team. Final score—S.A.C., 8; U. of T., 7.

As to the stars, one has no hesitation in naming Watson as the best man on the ice. He played a game of hockey the like of which has not been seen in the school for years. The entire team deserve great credit for their stamina and hard work. Gouinlock showed well for Varsity. Captain Cantley of S.A.C. also is worthy of mention.

F. GRANT.



Labor Omnia Vincit

POST-MORTEM ON HOCKEY

Harry Watson, our clever centre boy, received a unique honor by being chosen, at the age of sixteen, for both Junior and Senior All-Star teams. His playing is marvellous, and he can take any amount of punishment—and give it, too, if necessary. Harry is



A Rising Star

a native of Newfoundland, but for some time has been living in Winnipeg, where he was carried as spare man for the Victorias of that city. He has a nice stride, which can carry him with anybody, and all kinds of endurance. Perhaps his only weakness worthy of mention is his difficulty in giving and receiving passes, a fault which can be remedied by experience. A little more experience should rank him along with any of the seniors.

Watson was our leading goal-getter, closely followed by Cantley. Wallace ranked third; Scott fourth.

Our congratulations to Arch. Fleming on being awarded the sweater for the best man on the ice against Varsity in the first game. Arch. gave a mighty fine exhibition at that.

Wallace, when it comes to fast skating, can show them all something. He could overtake any of his opponents in our group, and most outside of it. It is a matter of great regret that our "hard luck" man was so handicapped by his cut foot. He also has a wicked shot, which is dead on the net.

The experiment of putting Ed. Cossitt on the defence proved a lucky strike. The "Drink" showed some fine defence work, handicapped as he was by lack of weight. When it came to relieving by single rushes he was always there or thereabouts, though his shooting was weak at times.

Ed. Whitaker filled in very well in his two chances, and it is to be regretted that he was not granted colors. He is very handy with his body and a clever check; a fine defence man, but a trifle slow for the forward line of the first team.

Scott has a great body check, which he can use to perfection. He is a trifle too stocky, perhaps, but played in well with the other forwards.

The first place among the "marksmen" goes to Cantley. The captain has a rifle-shot which made him the terror of opposing goalies. He played a good, steady game all season, and showed excellent judgment in running the team. Don has captained two championship hockey teams, made his colors four years in succession, and also played on two championship rugby teams.

"Tod" Grant has managed a record championship rugby team and also a championship hockey team, and made a big success of it, too, as well as playing a good game at centre for the second hockey seven.

F. GRANT.

THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

The Second Hockey Team this year, though smaller than usual, made an exceptionally good showing on the season.

On Saturday, February 13th, the Seconds journeyed to Hamilton to meet the Highfield School seven. Owing to the necessity of making close train connections the game was played in two twenty-five minute periods. During the first of these Grant I managed to find the net three times; and in the second Grant and Winter each added one. Highfield's only counter came half-way through the last period. St. Andrew's were much the better team, and easily deserved their 5-1 victory.

The following Wednesday Highfield came down for the return game at the Arena. S.A.C. again annexed the victory, this time by 11 goals to 2. Grant and Macdougall were the best men.

On Wednesday, February 25, S.A.C. II met and defeated the Upper Canada seven by a margin of 2 goals to none. The game was exceptionally fast and clean, and it was anybody's game until the last few minutes. Macdougall was perhaps the best man, but honors were almost even. S.A.C.'s defence also was good.

On Wednesday, March 3rd, S.A.C. II went to Port Hope to play the second septette from Trinity College School. The Saints met their first defeat in this game, being sent down by the home team to the score of 6 to 4. The game was very strenuous and keenly contested throughout.

A week later Trinity came to Toronto, and again succeeded in taking St. Andrew's measure, this time by 4 to 3. Grant I was not in the line-up owing to sickness. Macdougall showed up best for the home team, in spite of his lack of weight.

Colors were granted as follows:—

Goal	Campbell
Right Defence	Phillips
Left Defence	Paterson (Cap.)
Rover	Macdougall
Centre	Grant I
Left Wing	Whitaker
Right Wing	Douglas

J. W. P.

THE THIRD TEAM

The only game the third team could arrange this season took place against Appleby School, on March 8th, at the local Arena. The play was clean and fast, but the superior combination of the Saints soon had the visitor's defence guessing, and enabled the home team to pull out a victory by 5 goals to 2. Watson handled the game satisfactorily.

Colors were granted as follows:—

Goal	Willoughby
Right Defence	Galbraith II
Left Defence	Bennett II
Rover	Winter
Centre	Moseley (Capt.)
Right Wing	Cameron I
Left Wing	Yuill I

P. V. M.

THE LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY SEASON

The Lower School hockey season was severely handicapped by the lack of weight, the average weight of the team not being over ninety-eight pounds, while the weight of our opponents was fully one hundred and twelve pounds. On account of heavy snows and continual thaws, which hindered our practices, we could not arrange games till the ice was in better condition. Though our team was light, it was fast and efficient.

Being late in the season, our first game with Upper Canada was arranged at the Arena. Their team being heavier and having considerably more practice, we were outplayed from the beginning. Gallagher, although light, was very efficient, and was a great help to the team. The fellows put up a good game from beginning to end, but in the end were defeated. We also played the second game at the Arena. Our fellows played much better, but were hopelessly defeated.

The following were granted colors:—

Goal	Kent
Right Defence	Boyd
Left Defence	Lawson
Right Wing	Easson (Capt.)
Left Wing	Choppin
Centre	Auld
Rover	Gallagher
Spare	Findley I

J. LAWSON.

CRICKET PROSPECTS

Cricket prospects are as bright as usual. There are five old colors back who should form the nucleus for a strong eleven.

As none of last year's bowlers are here this season the bowling will be somewhat weak, yet there is lots of material from which to draw and improve upon.

Davis, our former coach, is at the Front, and as yet another has not been secured; consequently, the fellows intend taking it up themselves, and in that way we hope the interest in the game will be strengthened.

Baseball will open the spring term until the turf is in suitable condition for cricket. This helps to appease the fever for baseball, and, incidentally, improves the fielding for the "jolly game."

D. CANTLEY.

School Notes

CADET CORPS

We have a new addition to the Cadet Corps in the form of a band composed of ten bugles, one bass drum and five kettle drums. These fellows should be commended for the way they have worked



Heroes of the Lower School

to make it a success.—McRae, Douglas, Bell, Balfour, Lowndes, Harris, Meyer, Wallace, MacDougall, Duncan, Frith, Rankin, Warburton, Firstbrook, Bennett, Winter and Chapman. It will undoubtedly add much to the corps both in appearance and work.

The corps itself has been drilling faithfully under the instruction of Sergt. Pitts of the 48th Highlanders. As a result they are

well up in their drill, in fact, have never been better at this time of the year. It is earnestly hoped they will continue the good work, and make the corps the best in its history.

The junior corps mentioned in the last issue was organized immediately after Christmas, and since then have improved steadily.

D. CANTLEY.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society has held many successful meetings this term. On the evening of Friday, February 26th, due to the kindness of Dr. Hamilton, an illustrated lecture was given to the school and their friends by Mr. Williamson. The audience was keenly interested and a very pleasant evening was spent. On March 5th, a debate, Resolved, "That the United States should remain neutral," was held. The affirmative was upheld by Leckie and Macdonald and the negative by Ings and Skinner. After some discussion, Mr. Furnival, on behalf of the other judges, gave the decision to the negative. At other meetings of the Society, violin solos have been enjoyed, rendered by Mr. Laidlaw, and the College sextette is always to be relied upon.

The new boys this year have proved themselves talented in the art of speechmaking, and before the year is over the Society hopes to be favoured with more speeches from them. The whole term's programme has indeed been enjoyable, and great credit should be given the officers, whose names are as follows:

Hon. President, Dr. Macdonald; President, Mr. Macdonell; 1st Vice-President, Cantley; 2nd Vice-President, Davis, I; Secretary, Hunter; Historians, Comstock and McRae; Form Representatives: U. VI., Whitaker, I; L. VI., Cossitt; V., Taylor, II; II., Davis, II; III., Lawson.

R. D. DAVIS.

MISCELLANEOUS

We are very sorry to temporarily lose the services of R. H. Grant, our excellent Business Manager, who is suffering from illness. He is going south for his health, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

THE LOWER SCHOOL

A very interesting visit was made on a Saturday afternoon recently to the Royal Ontario Museum. The boys were very interested in the collection of arms and armor, and in the natural history section upstairs.

There has been a great rage for chess, especially in the Preparatory form. The best chess player in the Lower School is Choppin, who for his age is exceptionally good. He is a very rapid thinker, and this is his danger. If he took longer over his moves he would do better. He should be a really brilliant player later on.

The latest craze is a diminutive form of the old English game of Bowls—called *Marbles*.



A Bomb

Society Notes

Lieutenant "Bullet" Davis, after his recent success in the rôle of the wounded hero, is entering a Shakespearean play for the Easter vacation. The all-star company will play to audiences at Mimico, Oakville and Leaside; these engagements having been fulfilled, the players will spend a few days in the country in order to get back to former physical condition.

One of the largest and gayest revelries that have taken place among the Upper Circles since the war began broke out in Mrs. Dengoza Syme's boudoir. The guests blew in shortly after the dinner dishes had been licked. The rush on the apartment did not commence until Scouts Emmerson and Bullock had surveyed the theatre of operations; then, one by one, the various big society-guns trooped in. Post office, musical chairs and other rough games were played, interrupted at times by "Black-Watch" McNulty's Bohunk Bugle Band, which rendered a few catchy songs such as "When the Ambulance is Ringing," etc., etc. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Skinner-Ings demonstrated the Bologna Wiggle, Half-Nelson Glide, and other modern dances. A departure of the guests came when the hostess took off her boots and prepared to hit the hay. The amalgamated peanut vendors from the neighbourhood catered.

Those favoured with an invitation to Mr. Jessica Hunter's shooting expedition were: Mr. Beetlefur Duncan, Mr. Shootanickel Paterson and Mr. Porisnit Comstock. The party, including a flea-barracks (Mr. Hunter's dog), mounted his magnificent new Ford underslung at ten o'clock and started for the wilds of northern Yonge Street. Mr. Hunter's benzine-buggy does not possess an engine, it runs on its reputation, thus being one of the latest types of this remarkable car. Having anchored it in a suitable place, the hunters set out in search of prey. Many ferocious species were killed and devoured on the spot. At the close of operations Mr. Duncan proved to have been most successful, being found to have in his possession many samples of the great cat family. Un-

fortunately there had been some local showers during the day, and Mr. Hunter's Ford had shrunk so much that two of the party were forced to walk home. The host is to be congratulated on his scenting abilities, for he can scout out a rat, cat, or dog anywhere within the radius of a mile (two miles allowed for a skunk).

JOE TAYLOR.



Candidates for the Iron Cross

Old Boys' News

LETTER FROM AN OLD BOY

We received the following letter from one of our Old Boys, who is now on the firing line. As there are references of a private nature in the letter, we have decided to withhold the name.

"A" Company, Third Battalion Canadians,
Salisbury Plain, Jan. 23rd, 1915.

"The Editor-in-Chief,

"St. Andrew's College REVIEW.

"Dear Sir,—

"It was with a great deal of pleasure, while in the hospital tent with a rather bad cold, I picked up the Christmas number of the College REVIEW.

"I was proud to see my brother's and my own name among the old boys of the College who were on their way to the front. . . . My brother is with the Engineers. I am with what was the Q.O.R. in Toronto, but now chiefly comprises 3rd Canadian Bn., Toronto Regiment.

"I was delighted to see you got the Rugby Championship last season. I never played well enough to make the first team, but I can tell you I was proud of them, as I know all the boys must be now. I hope, if I ever get back, to come up and see you all, and perhaps, if I am able to talk coherently before such a number of new faces (for by that time it will have been six or seven years since I was a student at St. Andrew's College) to speak to you all.

"I often think how I would like to tell the young chaps there that the best men we have in the battalion are those from St. Andrew's, Upper Canada and Ridley. They all have what the rest of the battalion call the 'College spirit,' and there is not one of them who would not go through hell on earth with a smile on his face to help his comrades where and when he could. I have not the slightest doubt that the same spirit is maturing in the old school to-day. When I look back on those old days I realize they

were among the best I have known. The younger fellows may not think so, but the hard teacher, Experience, will soon show those who leave later that I was not far out.

"If we go to the front, as I hope we shall, I shall like to feel that I have written to my old College, and I should like to say one thing to you all, 'Play the game,' as brave Captain Scott said to his men; and they played it for all it was worth. And let me add that there is not a finer game than this same game of life, especially when it is played with the true spirit of self-sacrifice. *Then everything becomes doubly worth while.*

"You older chaps cannot, in your present position, realize what an influence for good you can be, until you go away from the College and are able to look back and see things in their right light. I wish I could have the chance to exercise that influence over again. It is not what I would like it to have been; but you chaps need not have this regret if you are careful."

The letter ends with a wish to be remembered to the Head Master and Staff.

We cannot refrain from saying that we consider this letter a *solemn thing*, coming, as it does, from a man about to make a journey into the very jaws of death. We thank the writer for so kindly sending us this thoughtful message, and we wish him "God-speed" upon his perilous way. Lastly, we would entreat all the boys who are now in the school to take the message seriously, and ponder these words over in their hearts.

THE EDITOR.

N.B.—The post-mark was:—

Feb. 1st, 1915.

Field Post Office,

Canadian Contingent, Expeditionary Forces.

We were very sorry to hear of the accident that befel one of our old masters, Mr. J. M. Macdonnell, who was wounded in crossing to France with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. We are glad to learn, however, that he is now nearly recovered, and hopes soon to rejoin his regiment.

MISCELLANEOUS

The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW since the publication of the Christmas number. To all we extend our hearty congratulations.

Hedley St. George Bond, March, 1915, married to Miss Janet C. Crowley, of London, England.

Robert J. Gill, Dec. 30th, 1914, married to Miss Pauline Lavina Shaw, of Huntsville, Ont.

Melville S. Gooderham, January, 1915, in London, England, married to Miss Ruby Warren, of Toronto.

Victor van der Linde, Feb. 20th, 1915, married to Miss Gertrude Emery, of Plainfield, N.J.

We also congratulate the following upon the birth of a son or a daughter, as the case may be:—

Horace Du Vernet, Feb. 18th, 1914, of a son.

Albert Gooderham, Jan. 31st, 1915, of a son.

J. S. Leeson, Feb., 1915, of a daughter.

AN OLD BOY AT OXFORD

Distinguished success has recently been attained by an "Old Boy" of St. Andrew's College at the University of Oxford. On December 10th, Mr. Murray Wrong was elected to a fellowship after an examination by the President and Fellows of Magdalen College. This distinction entitles the holder to seven years' advanced study with \$1,000 a year. Again on January 15th it was announced that Mr. Wrong had also been successful in winning the Beit prize in Colonial History. This prize has a money value of \$250, and is one of the four best prizes awarded by the University of Oxford. The REVIEW extends hearty congratulations to the winner of these high honors, and as it is some time since he passed out of St. Andrew's College, we add some particulars as to his career.

The new Fellow of Magdalen is a son of Professor Wrong, of the University of Toronto, the eminent authority on Canadian History; and he is a grandson of a very distinguished Canadian, the late Hon. Edward Blake, at one time Premier of Ontario, and

afterwards M.P. for Longford in the Imperial Parliament, and a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Privy Council.

Murray Wrong entered St. Andrew's in September, 1902, and after a successful course matriculated into the University of Toronto in 1907, with honors in Classics, English, French and History. At St. Andrew's he showed himself a capable student with excellent literary ability. He was associate editor of the *REVIEW*, whose columns frequently contained contributions from his pen. Although constitutionally unable to engage in violent athletics, he was keenly interested in sport, and a good tennis player. The writer remembers with what enthusiasm he carried the banner of the school at the great victory over Upper Canada College in the football match of 1905. In the Literary Society he attained success as a debater, and in company with Mr. C. V. Massey, now Dean of Burwash Hall, Victoria University, won a notable success in a debate, which at the time aroused much interest, on the comparative value of Classics and Science.

His course in the University of Toronto was brilliantly successful. In 1909 he won the "Wyld Prize in English," and in 1911 he graduated with a high place in first-class honors in the English, History, and Classics course. He was one of the founders of *The Arbor*, a little magazine which aimed at high literary excellence, and which continued publication for some years. He was also one of the founders of the Historical Club, which has included among its members some of the most brilliant of the undergraduates.

He proceeded in 1911 to Oxford, and graduated from Balliol College in 1913, with first-class honors in Modern history. His election as a Fellow of Magdalen is an honour to himself and a source of pride and satisfaction to St. Andrew's.

Magdalen College, with which Mr. Wrong is now associated, is one of the oldest and most interesting of Oxford colleges. It was founded in 1458, and its noble tower is one of the chief ornaments of "The High"; while its mediaeval quadrangles and cloisters are noted for their beauty among the many beautiful buildings of Oxford. The historian, Gibbon, was a student of this college, as was also the present Prince of Wales. St. Andrew's has already an interest in Magdalen, as we have a graduate of that college on the staff. We congratulate Mr. Wrong on the honors he has attained and on the pleasure of being a Fellow of so old and so famous a college.

PERCY J. ROBINSON.

Obituary

A MEMORIAL SERVICE

On Sunday, Jan. 24th, a Memorial Service was held in the College Hall, on the occasion of the unveiling of a mural tablet to the memory of D. R. M. Cooper, who died about a year ago. The tablet was unveiled by K. Mickleborough, Cooper's old college friend. Dr. Macdonald preached on the text "Be strong. Quit yourselves like men"—which is also the school motto.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—

In Memoriam.

Donaldi Ralph McKenzie Cooper

Discipuli Andreani Ab Anno MCMVIII-MCMXIII

Qui Flore Aetatis Absumptus

Ingenio, Virtute, Comitatus

Hoc Veri Doloris Monumentum

A Comitibus Meruit

Nat. Id. Dec. MDCCCXCVI

Ob. A.D. III Kal. Nov. MCMXIII

Dux MCMXIII

(Translation.) In memory of Donald Ralph McKenzie Cooper, a pupil at St. Andrew's College from 1908 to 1913. He was taken in the springtime of life. His ability, integrity, and kindliness of heart deserved this monument of real sorrow from his comrades.

Born Dec. 13th, 1896.

Died Oct. 30th, 1913.

Head Boy, 1913.

As we go to press we hear with deep regret of the death from meningitis of Norman Burritt Lockhart, at the early age of twenty-three. He was with us from 1906 to 1909. He was attached to the 19th Battalion of the Second Expeditionary Force, and was in training at the Exhibition Camp in this city. We extend our heart-felt sympathy to his relatives and friends.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Fred C. Andrews, who died on March 16th, gallantly fighting for his country's cause. He matriculated at the University of Toronto from St. Andrew's College in 1906. Being unable to join the First Contingent, he went to England at his own expense, and obtained a commission in the Royal Leinsters. So far as we know he is the first of our Old Boys to fall in action in the present war. We offer our sincere sympathy to his relatives and friends. We feel we should also offer them our congratulations upon his heroic death. As far as we ourselves are concerned, we are deeply sensible of the great honor he has done the school.

*"Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not waking."*



The following is our exchange list up to date, and we wish to thank those who have helped to make it up:

Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *Acta Ridleiana*, Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria College, University of Toronto; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's College, Brockville, Ont.; *Argosy*, Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.; *The Advocate*, New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *The Bishop Bethune College Magazine*, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa; *The Chronicle*, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; *The Collegian*, St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.; *The Carlisle Arrow*, Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.; *The Collegiate*, Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.; *Daedalian Quarterly*, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *El Susuno*, Monterey County High School, Monterey, California; *The Hill Top*, Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J.; *Lux Columbian*, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *The Langarian*, Langara College, Vancouver, B.C.; *The Oracle*, Plainfield High School, Plainfield, N.J.; *O.L.C. Echoes*, Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.; *Purple and Gray Magazine*, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Quill*, Alruin Preparatory School, New York, N.Y.; *Queen's Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *Red and White*, Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Illinois; *The Ramble*, New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.; *The Recorder*, Springfield High Schools, Springfield, Mass.; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, St. Hilda's College, Toronto; *The Scotch Collegian*, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *The Schoolman*, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *T.C.S. Record*, Trinity

College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Tech Monthly*, Technical High School, Scranton, Pa.; *Vox Lycei*, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa; *The Wind Mill*, Manlius Schools, Manlius, N.Y.

The Oracle.—Between your covers one finds interesting reading in all departments. In the athletic section, however, we miss photographs of your school teams.

The Collegiate.—For a magazine compiled in one week you reflect credit on your staff. Undoubtedly it took hard work to collect so many good jokes in such a short time, but in your next issue we should like to see some good stories also.

The Quill.—"En Route" is a real humorous story of a kind not often seen in school publications. The rest of the book is excellent also.

The Langarian.—Although this is the first issue of your paper there are practically no unfavourable criticisms to make. In our opinion, however, the fiction might be improved.

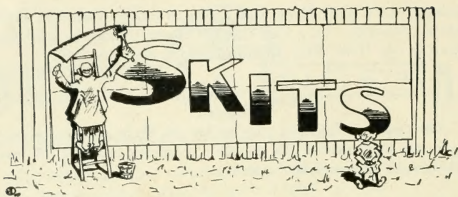
O.L.C. Echoes.—A publication that deals with a large range of subjects and hence is interesting to an outsider. An exchange department is conspicuous by its absence.

The Advocate.—Another of our exchanges in which photographs of its school teams do not appear.

Purple and Gray.—A well written literary magazine, complete in every detail, and containing many interesting articles. The "Alumni Business Directory" is a notable feature.

Lux Columbiana.—The different form you have taken is an improvement over your last edition. Your book is well composed and always interesting.

C. P. LECKIE.



Macpherson—"Where do all the bugs go in winter?"

Yukon Taylor—"Search me!"

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along and I'll Fiji."—*Ex.*

Mr. D.—"What is an icicle?"

Campbell—"Please, sir, a piece of stiff water."

One who was sinking for a third time yelled out, "Drop me a line!"

"Certainly, what is your address?" asked a man who had appeared.—*Ex.*

Boy—"Gimme some talcum powder."

Clerk—"Mennen's?"

Boy—"No, women's."—*Ex.*

Winter—"What's the best college at Oxford?"

Mr. T.—"Magdalen."

Winter—"Why, sir?"

Mr. T.—"Oh! That's where the Prince of Wales and I went."

Minister (at Westminster)—"My mission is saving girls."

Dunc.—"Save a couple for me, brother."

Rankin (in Applegath's)—"I'd like to buy a hat that would suit my head."

Clerk—"How would a nice soft, green one do?"

Bennett—"Terrible accident on the street car last night. Hear about it?"

Winter—"No!"

Bennett—"A woman had her eye on a seat, and a man sat on it."

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

You can get rid of insects by keeping a toad.

STUDENT AMBITIONS.

Cameron I.—To be a fat man in a side show.

Yuill II.—To be president of the Bell-Hops' Union.

Bailey—To grow that moustache.

King—To manage a cabaret.

Wallace—To get married and settle down.

Rankin—To be president of the U. S. A.

Duncan—To try out the master's billiard table.

Davis I.—To make the Branksome girls hear him sing in church.

Cantley—To take up the collection in ten seconds flat.

Whitaker I. (speaking of McRae)—"He's so good, he wouldn't play cricket because he heard it was a wicket game."

"What makes the Mediterranean so blue?"

"Wouldn't you be blue, too, if you had to wash the shores of Italy?"—*Ex.*

N.B.—We hope this joke won't cause international complications.—Ed.

Nurse—"The doctor is here now."

Pat—"I can't see him; tell him I'm sick."

There was an old man
And he had a wooden leg,
He hadn't any money
And he didn't want to beg.
He had a piece of pipe
And a twelve-inch board,
Says he to himself,
"I'll make a little Ford."
A gallon of gas
And a quart of oil,
A piece of wire
To make a coil.
Four big spools
And an old tin can,
He hammered them together—
And the darn thing ran.

"My wife's gone to the West Indies for the summer."

"Jamaica?"

"Oh, no! It was her own idea."—*Ex.*

"See the fellow over there with the bated breath?"

"Yes."

"Well, I bet he's telling a fish story."—*Ex.*

Soot to Macdougall—"Look out or I'll inhale you."

Lowndes—"Sir, there wasn't an Upper Flat boy out shovelling off the senior rink this afternoon."

Mr. Tudball—"Yes, but don't you understand; they're all prefects."

Home—"What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

May—"Dunno."

Home—"Hailing taxicabs."

Boyabus lollibus ona seatorum,
Restibus backibus bia wallorum,
Spreadibus feetibus widli allorum,
Slumbra et sleepibus noisili snorum.—*Queen's Journal.*

Bill Taylor (at lunch counter)—"Waiter, do you remember me? I came in here last Saturday night and ordered a steak."

Waiter—"Yes, sir, will you have the same to-night?"

Bill—"Yes, if no one else is using it."

He—"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone."

She—"Oh, dear, John! Can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for that pillow top?"—*Ex.*

Said the needle to the stocking,
"I'll stick you through and through."
Said the stocking to the needle,
"I'll be darned if you do!"—*Ex.*

Macdougall II.—"We call our dog Fruitsalts."

Auld—"Why?"

Mac—"Enos."

Kent—"There was a terrible explosion at the Exhibition grounds this afternoon."

Lawson—"How was that?"

Kent—"Why, a soldier dropped a peanut and the shell burst!"

Lawson—"That's nothing to the explosion down town."

Kent—"What was that?"

Lawson—"Why, the wind blew up King Street."

Rick (proudly)—“I have a sister who looks just like me.”

Don—“Don't worry about that, old man, maybe she will out-grow it.”

Mr. Magee—“Your answer is as clear as mud!”

Campbell—“Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?”

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue,

And were painting his head a bright blueue,

So the Chinaman said,

As they dobbed at his head:

“When I sueue yuene, yuene'll rueue what yueue dueue.”

“My rose,” said he, as he pressed her velvet cheek to his.

“My cactus,” said she, as she encountered his two-weeks' old stubble.”—*Ex.*

Dimock (to Davis)—“Hello, Colonel!”

Davis—“Why, I am only a lieutenant.”

Dimock—“You misunderstand me, I mean the inside of a nut.”

CAN YOU IMAGINE?—

Room 18 not having an argument.

Roger not looking for a match.

Cantley staying in *oné* Saturday night.

The prefects out shovelling off the rink.

Davis I. not phoning at least twice a day.

McRae and Horn not together.

The Hockey Team without Watson.

Mr. Laidlaw down for 7.30 breakfast.

The Boys turned loose in the billiard room.

The Branksome Line coming up for “Lit.”

Hunter putting in church collection.

Mr. Laidlaw (coming up to a gathering of boys in the hall)—
"What's this, the Seed-sower's Mission Band?"

(Soot and McGregor reading alternately from a literature book in Form V.) Soot—"Do you know me, my lord?"

McGregor—"Excellent well; you are a fishmonger."

"Two is company, three is a crowd—he, she and the lamp."
That is why the lamp went out.—*Ex.*

Rick—"Say fellows, I don't know what is wrong with my voice; I sing so sweetly and it comes out so rotten."

Rankin (at table)—"Say, Lily, please bring me another knife; this one is too rough, it hurts my mouth."

Mr. Findley—"What stage is your composition in, Douglas?"

Doug—"The semi-final, sir."

Mr. Findley—"Well, get the detention book and I'll mark the score down."

Clement—"They tell me you can't get into a saloon in Montreal on Sunday now."

Rolph—"Why, how's that?"

Clement—"They're all too crowded."

Punch on one occasion, when on the way to a certain place of worship, is said to have picked up a rotten apple. Were he to go to Germany, and look for the Crown Prince and Kaiser, he might pick up a rotten *pair*.

Barber—"Would you like a hair cut?"

McRae—"I would like to have them all cut."

Bole—"Our dog is so fond of seizing people that we call him Caesar."

Bell—"That's nothing. Our dog has such a hold on you that we call him Agrippa."

Hunter (to barber)—"I desire my capillary excreescences materially abbreviated."

Barber (perplexed)—"Do you mean you want a shave, sir?"

Hunter (unmoved by flattery)—"No, my man, merely, I requested you in polite language to curtail the hirsute appendages, which have become somewhat elongated, and, in consequence, not a little embarrassing, on the exterior of my cranium, that is to say, the ossified structure which protects my cerebral hemispheres."

Lawson—"The rain is still keeping up."

Kent—"What do you mean? It's not raining."

Lawson—"That's just it, it's still keeping up."

Pat—"I am so musical that people even write to me and ask me to send them *notes*."

Archie—"Since you lost your bet, I think I can claim my forfeit."

Girl—"I really don't know what you mean, and, anyway, perhaps someone might see us."

Teacher—"What is a fort?"

Boy—"A place for soldiers to live in."

Teacher—"Correct; and what is a fortress?"

Boy—"A place for soldiers' wives to live in."—*Ex.*

McCutcheon—"There's one advantage in having wooden legs."

Roger—"What's that?"

McCutcheon—"You can hold up your socks with thumbtacks."



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BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Mr. Findley—"What are the three most used words in the English language?"

Bell—"I don't know."

Tango phrase [dedicated to R.D.D.]—"Tis better to have dipped and slipped, than never to have dipped at all.

Cossitt—"I think I'll have my beauty nap now."

Comstock—"You'd better take a long, long sleep."

Mr. T—"Are you reading, Rankin?"

Rankin—"No, sir, I'm rank in Reading."

Mr. Magee—"Parlez-vous Francais?"

Campbell—"Yes, sir, 'B. V. D.'"

Dunc—"I know of a place down town where you can get a good chicken dinner for fifteen cents."

Art—"Gosh! Where is it?"

Dunc—"At a flour and feed store on Church Street."

ROMAN SLANG.

Nihil faciens—"Nothing doing."

Crede mihi—"Take it from me."

Te recipe—"Chase yourself."

Id Svenio dice—"Tell it to Sweeney."

Omnis taurus—"All bull."

Nemo domi—"Nobody home."

Sis felix—"Have a heart."—*Ex.*

She—"Yes, I'm crazy about music. I like Humoreske and all them sentimental pieces."

He—"Did you ever hear Mischa Elman?"

She—"No, but I've heard Ischkabibble."—*Ex.*

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WINNIPEG

Pat, the hodcarrier, to the carpenter, who is vigorously sucking his thumb, cursing at the same time—"Don't you know how to drive a nail yet without smashin' yer finger?"

Carpenter—"No! you blamed fool, and neither do you."

Pat—"Sure, I do. Hold the hammer in both hands."—*Ex.*

NOTICE.

The winner of the master's billiard tournament will play off with Willie Hoppe for the world's championship some time in May. Proceedings are now at a standstill; someone got away with the chalk.

Nobody home but Beer and he's got a drunk on.

Mr. Newlywed—"Did you sew the button on my coat, darling?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"No, love, I couldn't find the button, and so I just sewed up the button-hole."

LATIN FOR ENE-MENE-MINE-MO.

Ene mene mine mo,
Carpe nigrum digito
Cum exclamat, soluto
Ene mene mine mo.—*Ex.*

As "Art" was going out one night,

Mr. Laidlaw asked him, "Whither?"

And Art, not wishing to deceive,

With one shout answered, "With-her."

Phillips—"What would you say if I threw you a kiss?"

Girl—"I would say that you were the laziest boy in S.A.C."

JOE TAYLOR.

Spring Suits and Overcoats for Young Men and Boys

If you are an old St. Andrew's College boy, it is not necessary for us to tell you of the excellent values which you will find in our **BOYS' OUT-FITTING SECTION**; if you are in your first or second term we hope you will soon become one of our regular customers.

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Young Men's Suits, in navy serges and mixed tweeds and chevots, made on the newest models, in two and three button sack, high cut vest, some with collars, and others plain; trousers cut on correct lines, and finished with belt loops and cuff bottoms. Sizes 32 to 37. Price
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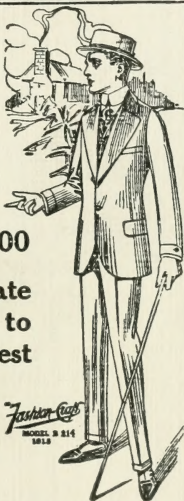
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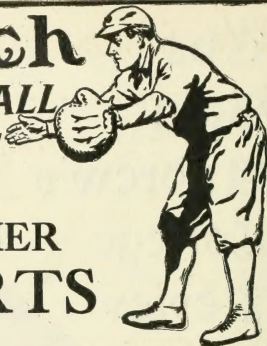
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The
Saint
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College
Review

Midsummer
1915

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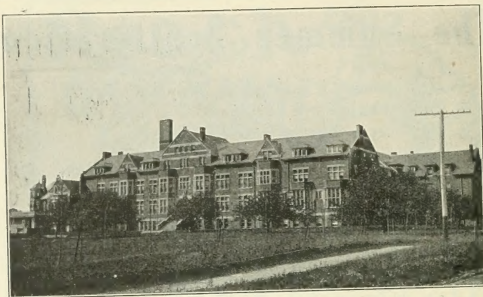
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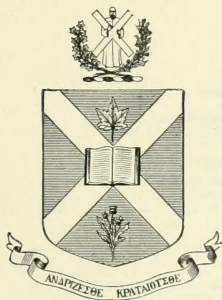
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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1915

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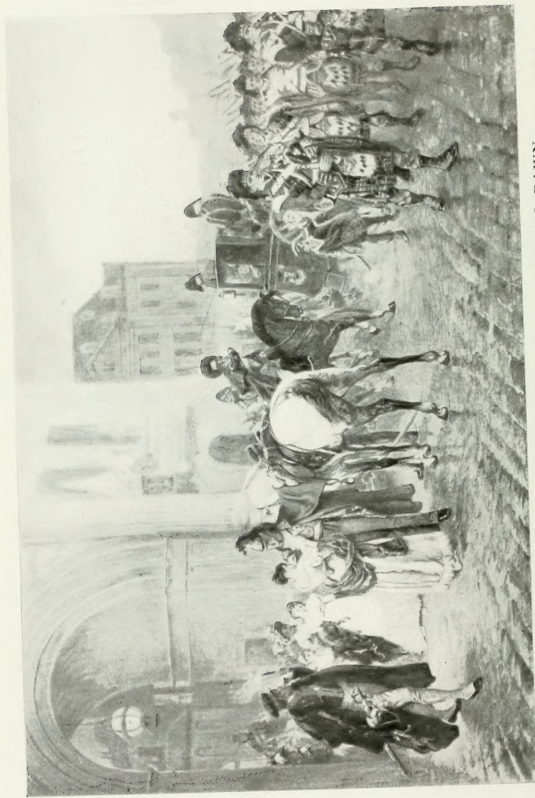
Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

MIDSUMMER, 1915

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SUMMONED TO WATERLOO—BRUSSELS, 16th JUNE, 1815—DAWN
(From the Painting by Robert Hillingford)

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1915

Editorial

EXACTLY one hundred years ago the Battle of Waterloo was fought. The day on which we break up for the long summer vacations is the centenary of one of the most decisive victories ever gained by British arms.

The hundredth anniversary of Waterloo finds the world in even greater turmoil and confusion than in the days when Napoleon carried fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of Europe. We seem to be as far off as ever from the day when *the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruninghook—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.*

A hundred years ago we were fighting side by side with Germany, against France. To-day we are fighting, with France as our ally, against Germany. *Tempora mutantur, et nos!*

But though the times have changed, and we have changed with the times, the position of Britain to-day is remarkably similar to what it was in the days preceding the Battle of Waterloo. Henry Grattan, speaking in the House of Commons on May 25th, 1815, on the question as to whether England should remain inactive or unsheath once again her sword on the side of her European allies, said; "I agree with them (the Opposition) in deprecating the evil of war; but I deprecate still more the double evil of a peace without securities, and a war without allies." Then continuing, he said that Napoleon had declared that "England had checked his designs; her trident had stirred up his empire from its foundation; he complained of her tyranny at sea, but it was *her power at sea which arrested his tyranny on land.*"

The words we have italicized will, we hope, be as true in the case of the War Lord of to-day as they were in that of Napoleon

a hundred years ago. We believe that *our power at sea shall arrest his tyranny on land.*

Lady Hendrie, who graciously presented the prizes at our sports this term, reminded us of Wellington's famous dictum—that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." And, despite Rudyard Kipling's contemptuous references to "the flannel fool at the wicket, and the muddled oaf at the goal," we



Literature.

still believe that Wellington was right, and that it is the public school life of the nation (and we use the term *public school* in the sense in which it is used in England) that has contributed more than anything else to the manhood of the nation. We at St. Andrew's are trying to do "our little bit" in the turning out of citizens who shall *be strong, and quit themselves like men.* That we have not utterly failed is proved by the numbers of our Old Boys at the front, by others who are in training, and by the large proportion of our present boys who day by day loyally, manfully,

and cheerfully (with a wholesome modicum of grumbling, no doubt) make great sacrifices in learning, in the Cadet Corps, the first rudiments of war.

A few of our Old Boys—of glorious memory—have made the greatest sacrifice possible in this world, and have nobly laid down their lives in defence of their King and Country. They will not be forgotten. They have endowed this school with that which no money can ever purchase—a *high prestige and lofty traditions*. They have left us an example to follow; and, in the words of Colonel Ryerson, we may well exclaim, "We thank God that He gave us such sons!"

And so, on the hundredth anniversary of a glorious page in British history, we greet all such as have taken, or are about to take up, arms in the Empire's cause. In the words of Napoleon's Proclamation before the Battle of Waterloo, we say (*mutatis mutandis*), "Soldiers, we have forced marches to make, battles to wage, and perils to encounter, but if we are constant, victory will be ours. The rights of man and the happiness of our country will be reconquered. *For all Britons who have hearts, the time has come to conquer or to perish.*"



The Regimental Band.

News Articles

HONOUR ROLL

The following list of Masters and Old Boys serving with the Colours is as complete as our information enables us to make it. The Headmaster will be glad to receive further news of any who are not, but should be, included in this list, and will also be glad to have any errors pointed out.

- * Killed.
- † Wounded.
- ‡ Missing.
- § Prisoner.
- || Died before reaching the front.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE MASTERS AND OLD BOYS SERVING THE EMPIRE.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
<i>Masters.</i>					
Bell, Dr. A. M...	Army Medical Service	2nd	Merrickville.	1904-08
Clayton, W. D...	Lieut.	Northumb. Fusiliers..		England	1912-15
*Glover, J. D. .	Capt.	Adjutant, 4th Cana- dian Battalion, 1st Infantry Brigade ...	1st	Sudbury	1908-11
Jennings, L. A.	90th Winnipeg Rifles.	1st	England	1912-13
Ker, A. W.	Serg.	9th Field Battery ...	1st	Hitchin, Eng	1913-14
Knighton, G. G..	Capt.	9th Oxford Bucks, Light Infantry, Cam- bridge Barracks ...	1st	Ealing, Eng.	1910-13
Macdonnell, J. M.	Lieut.	9th Field Battery	1st	Kingston, Ont	1909-14
Sinclair, Alex...	Lieut.	48th Highlanders ...	1st	Toronto	1912-14
Taylor, A. E. . .	Capt.	Ont. Mounted Rifles ..	2nd	Toronto	1905-14
<i>Old Boys.</i>					
Alexander, Fred.				1st Campbellton .	1910-12
*Allan D. Gordon	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Toronto	1906-10
Allan, John R... ..		Ottawa Artillery	2nd	Ottawa	1907-09
Allen, E. R.		16th Battery, C.F.A...	2nd	Toronto	1903-05
Anderson, W. S. . .		Newfoundland Contgt.	1st	St. John's ..	1909-10
*Andrews, F. C. Lieut.		Royal Leinsters	1st	Toronto	1905-06
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	Artillery	2nd	Toronto	1904-12
Ballantyne, C. C.	Lieut.	Army Medical Service	2nd	Toronto	1901-05
*Bath, C. L.	Lieut.	Eaton Battery	3rd	Toronto	1902-04
*Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1st	Oakville	1905-07
*Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal ...	1906-10
Bell, Trevor S. Lieut.		79th Cameron High- landers		Winnipeg ...	1911-13
Bennett, Frank		Nfld. Regiment, Re- cord Office, Lon., Eng.	1st	St. John's ..	1911-12

Black, S. C.	Serg. 21st Battery, C.F.A.	2nd Montreal	1910-12
Blackstock, G.	Lieut. British Army	1st Toronto	1899-06
Bond, H. St. G.	Lieut. Royal Can. Engineers, Permanent Force	1st Toronto	1904-09
Booth, D. W.	Commission with En- gineers	2nd Toronto	1902-03
Boyd, J. Errol	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1902-09
*Broughall, Deric	3rd Battalion, 1st Bri- gade	1st Toronto	1904-05
†Burton, R. B. S. Capt.	90th Rifles, "B" Co.	1st Toronto	1902-07
Buscombe, R.	3rd Battalion	1st Vancouver	1911
†Burk, Gerrie	8th Battalion	1st Port Arthur	1906-07
Campbell, Alec.	Corp. 2nd Division Ammu- nition Column, 4th Bri- gade, C.F.A.	2nd Toronto	1905-12
Campbell, Geo.	Lieut. 40th Battalion, C.E.F.	3rd Halifax	1906-17
Cantley, C. L.	Lieut. 5th Royal Highlanders	1st New Glasgow	1900-02
Cassels, Gordon	Lieut. Kingston Battery	C.E.F.	2nd Toronto
Chesnut, E. F.	Corp. 19th Battalion	2nd Toronto	1902-08
Clare, A. Murray		Neepawa	1911-12
Clark, Christie	Lieut. 20th Battalion	2nd Toronto	1902-10
Cockburn, G. A. R. Gr	26th Battery, 7th Div.	3rd Toronto	1907-10
Corsán, Thos. W.	"C" Co., 30th Batta- lion, C.E.F.	3rd Victoria	1904-06
Cotton, J. D.	Q.O.R. Machine Gun	1st Toronto	1901-05
Crane, Geo. A.	48th Highlanders, Ass't. Paymaster	1st Toronto	1900
Crombie, V. R. A.	No. 1 Co., 19th Batt.	2nd Toronto	1913-14
Davison, J. A.	35th Battalion	3rd Toronto	1902-10
Davison, E. S.	Sergt. Artillery	1st Bridgewater	1906-08
Dick, J. W.	Artillery	1st Winnipeg	1911
Dineen, Gordon.	Lieut. 9th Batt., Royal Ber- shire Regiment	1st Toronto	1907
Diver, V. S.	Transportation Col.	1st Toronto	1909-13
Donley, H. G.	7th Batt., 26th Brigade C.F.A.	3rd Toronto	1908-13
Doolittle, G.	Eaton Battery	2nd Toronto	1906-10
Douglas, Gordon	"A" Co., 19th Batt., C.E.F.	2nd Toronto	1906-09
Duncanson, A. E. Adj	35th or 36th Battalion	3rd Toronto	1902-07
Duncan, J. M.	Lieut. Eng. R.N. H.M.S. "Jupiter"	Toronto	1903-06
Dunning, C. S.	Army Medical Corps (Queen's) No. 5 Sta- tionary Hospital	Toronto	1907-12
Dyment, Irvine.	5th Field Ambulance	2nd Toronto	1906-12
Ferguson, J. A.	Queen's Engineers	2nd Massey	1910-13
Ferguson, J. L.	Lieut. Can. Army Ser. Corps	2nd Toronto	1899-02
Fergusson, N. C. Lieut.	Army Service Corps	2nd Toronto	1903-10
Findley, T. I.	26th Battery, 7th Bri- gade, C.F.A.	3rd Toronto	1906-14
Fisken, Sidney	Lieut. Royal Field Artillery	2nd Toronto	1901-03
Fleming, Donald	Winnipeg, A. S. Corps, No. 4 Co.	1st Winnipeg	1910-12

Fletcher, A. A.	Capt. Army Medical Corps, No. 4 General Hospital, Univ. of Toronto	Toronto	1902-07
Fraser, D. Jack. Lieut.	8th Can. Mounted Rifles, Machine Gun Section	2nd Ottawa	1903-11
Fraser, Don T.	N.C.O. Casualty Clearing Hos.	2nd Toronto	1900-05
Gillies, A. R.	3rd Battery, C.F.A. . .	1st Toronto	1900-02
Goforth, Paul,	Capt. 17th N. S. Battalion, Chaplain, U.	1st China	1902
Gooderham, M. S. Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st Toronto	1901-10
Grant, D. A.	Ont. Mounted Rifles . .	Perth	1910-12
Hass, M. S.	Lieut. Toronto Island Guard.	Toronto	1903-09
Hanna, W. N.	26th Battery, 7th Bri- gade	Sarnia	1908-10
Harris, H. K.	Lieut. Imperial Army, 3rd Essex Regiment	Toronto	1899
Hastings, J. O.	Lieut. 5th Royal Highlanders	1st Montreal	1906-07
Hastings, V.	Lieut. Winnipeg Regiment .	1st Winnipeg	1906-07
Hastings, W. A.	Fort Garry Horse	2nd Winnipeg	1907-09
†Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Lieut 2nd Field Co., Div Engineers	1st Toronto	1900-04
Hertsberg, O. P. . . .	Engr. No. 9205, 1st Brigade.	1st Toronto	1906-09
Hunt, G. C.	Capt. Fusiliers	1st London, Ont	1901-03
Hutchings, D. J. . . .	46th Battalion	Calgary	1909-12
Hyde, L. B.	26th Battery, 7th Div.	3rd Toronto	1912-15
Johnston, Hugh A.	McGill Base Hospital Corps	3rd Montreal	1908-12
Jones-Bateman, J. B.	1st Div. Signal Corps.	1st Toronto	1909-13
Junkin, R. L.	Royal Engineers	2nd Toronto	1902-07
Junor, K. W.	Lieut. 4th Can. Mounted Rifles	3rd Toronto	1908-12
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut. Cycle Corps	2nd Toronto	1903-07
Kay, Jack	Lieut. 48th Highlanders . . .	1st Toronto	1901-09
Kilgour, Ashley. Lieut.	"C" Squadron, Ont. Mounted Rifles	1st Toronto	1900-07
Kilmar, C. E.	Lieut. 19th Battalion, 4th In- fantry Brigade	2nd Toronto	1905-09
Lafferty, Heber. Lieut.	Royal Can. Horse Artillery	1st Calgary	1906-07
Lockhart, J. W.	19th Batt. "A" Co.	2nd Toronto	1909-13
Lockhart, N. B. . . .	19th Batt. "A" Co.	2nd Toronto	1906-09
McAvity, P. D.	St. John Horse	2nd St. John	1906-08
McClinton, W. S. . . .	35th Battalion	Elmvale	1909-12
McEachern, J. N. . . .	Cameron Highlanders.	Winnipeg	1911-13
McGillivray, Don. . . .	Garrison Duty, 72nd Highlanders	Vancouver	1909-11
McIntosh, D. G.	26th Battery, 7th Div.	3rd Toronto	1902-07
McIvor, Wilfred. . . .	Motor Brigade	1st Winnipeg	1910-14
McKenzie, K. G. Lieut.	Army Medical Corps. . . .	2nd Monkton	1905-09
McLennan, A. R. . . .	36th Peel Regiment		
	4th Batt. 1st Brigade.	1st Toronto	1907-14
McLachlin, J. H. Lieut.	Army Service Corps. . . .	Ottawa	1904-06
McMurtry, C. A.	Royal Field Artillery.	Toronto	1912-14
McPherson, G. B. . . .	35th Battalion	3rd Toronto	1902-10

McPherson, N. B.	Cycle Corps	2nd Toronto	1902-10
McTaggart, G. D.	Royal Engineers	Clinton	1912-14
McTaggart, W. B.	12th Batt., 3rd Brigade	Clinton	1908-10
Macdonald, F. W.	Capt. 48th Highlanders, 15th Batt., 3rd Brigade ..	1st Toronto	1901-08
MacKeen, D. W.	Royal Ca. Artillery ..	2nd Halifax	1907-12
MacKeen, Harry, Lieut.	Heavy Battery, C.E.F.	Halifax	1906-10
Malone, M. E. . Lieut.	48th Highlanders	Toronto	1907-13
Meldrum, H. W.	Borden's Armoured Motor Battery	2nd Peterboro ..	1907-08
Mitchell, R. C.	28th Battalion	2nd Weyburn ..	1909-11
Montgomery, A. R.	Westmount Rifles, 23rd Battalion	2nd New Rich'd.	1909-10
Montgomery, L.	McGill General Hospital Corps	2nd New Rich'd.	1909-12
Morphey, J. A. . Lieut.	37th Battalion	3rd Oshawa	1906-08
Mortimer, V. S.	2nd Can. Mounted Rifles	2nd Toronto	1902-05
Morton, R. O. G. Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery ..	2nd Toronto	1907-12
Munn, R. S. E. Corp.	2nd Nfld. Regiment ..	2nd St. John's ..	1909-13
Murray, Gordon.	Body Guards	3rd Toronto	1902-05
Murray, Roy E.	28th Batt. "D" Co. ..	2nd Weyburn ..	1910
Nation, George.	At front	2nd Vancouver ..	1910-13
Nelson, Warren.	24th Battalion	2nd Montreal ..	1906-13
Nicol H. L.	Strathcona Horse	1st Vancouver ..	1909-11
Norris, C. E. . Serg.	Staff Division Ammunition Park, Motor Transport, A.S.C.	1st Toronto	1905-08
O'Brien, Lewis.	5th F.C.C.E.	3rd L'Orignal ..	1907-11
Ord, W. E.	Pte 421, McGill Gen'l Hospital, No. 3, C.E.F.	McAdam Jct.	1908
Parsons, Myles.	No. 1 Co., 19th Batt. .	2nd Toronto	1903-07
Quigley, F. G.	Queen's Engineers	2nd Winnipeg ..	1908-09
Rolph, H. J. ... Serg.	"C" Squadron, Ont. Mounted Rifles	1st Toronto	1906-14
Ross, Dudley.	McGill Hospital Corps	2nd Elora	1908-13
Ross, M. E.	Army Service Corps. .	1st Toronto	1907-10
Saunders, R. P. . Lieut	35th Battalion	3rd Toronto	1900-04
Sinclair, D. C.	76th Regiment	2nd New Glasgow	1902-03
†Skidmore, J. P.	77th Reg., 1st Batt., 1st Infantry Brigade, Co. H.	1st Cobourg	1908-10
Spohn, H. G.	McGill General Hospital Corps	2nd Penetang ..	1909-12
Stavert, R. E. . Lieut.	23rd Battalion	2nd Montreal ..	1906-07
Stewart, Alan E. Lieut.	Can. Engineers Signal Corps	3rd Toronto	1903-08
Stone, W. E. R. Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery .	2nd Farran's Pt.	1911-13
Taylor, J. S.	Borden Motor Car Battery	2nd Whitehorse.	1908-10
Thomson, R. A.	19th Alberta Dragoons, Paymaster Divisional Cavalry	1st Paris	1905-09
Verner, W. S.	"A" Co., 35th Batt. .	3rd Toronto	1909-10

Wallace, C.	5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade, "E" Co.	1st Vancouver ..	1911-12
Wilkes, F. H.	Royal Can. Dragoons ..	1st Brantford ..	1908-09
Williams, W. D.	Ont. Mounted Rifles ..	2nd Mexico ..	1906-11
Williams, J. M.	Mechanical Division, A.S.C.	2nd Winnipeg ...	1913-14
Wilson, Algernon	30th Battalion	2nd Somenos, B.C.	1911-13
Winter, E. R.	2nd Nfld. Regiment ..	2nd St. John's ..	1912-14
Wishart, Dr. D.	E. S.	Lieut. Royal Army Medical Corps	Toronto 1901-06
Wright, D. C.	Transportation' Col. Armoured Motor ...	2nd New Westminster	1909-13
Wrong, H. V.	Commission—Kitcheners' Army	Toronto	1902-07
Yuille, J. Watson Lieut.	42nd Highlanders ..	3rd Montreal ...	1906-09

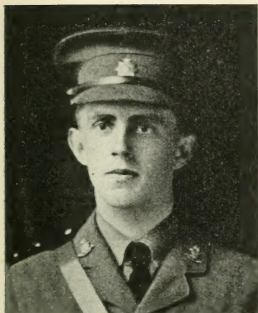
SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

Abendana, Eric M.	Trying for Lieutenantcy	1905-09
Brown, R. A. .. Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1908-14
Cotton, C. D.		1902-04
Cousins, Gerald A.	Can. Mounted Rifles, Medicine Hat (in Hospital with broken leg)	1904
Crothers, W. G.	Can. Mounted Rifles, Ottawa	1912-13 1911-13
DeBeck, V.		
Gooderham, Grant	Training with Flying Corps	1906-10
Henry, Clifford	Taking Military Course at Armouries	1910-13
Higinbotham, H. T.	Training in London, Ont.	1907-09
Lee, Stanley	Aviation Corps, Lawrence Park	1900-06 1910-12 1910-12
Malcolm, E. Bos.		
Malcolm, T. Ross		
Mickleborough, Kenneth	Training in Owen Sound	1905-14
Parsons, Mike		
Snow, G. A.	48th Highlanders	1907-12
West, R. R.	99th Man. Rangers ..	1906-12

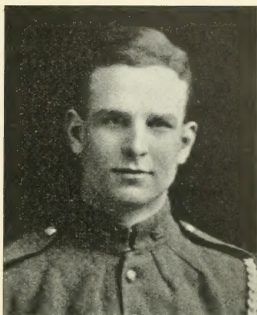
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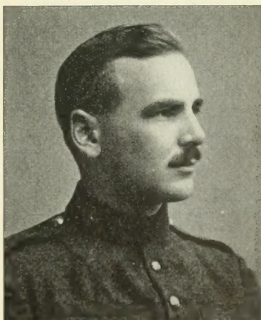
Private J. P. Skidmore,
1st Infantry Brigade. S.A.C., 1908-10.
Wounded—Ypres.



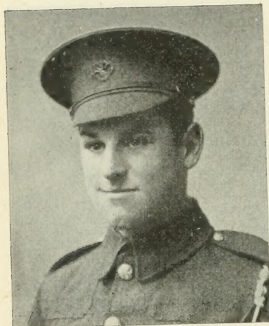
Bombardier L. B. Hyde,
26th Battery. S.A.C., 1912-15.



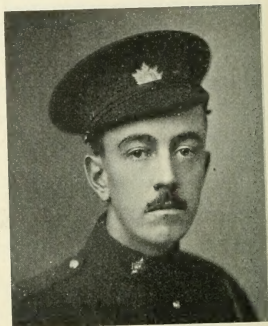
Capt. R. B. S. Burton,
90th Rifles. S.A.C., 1902-07.
Wounded—Ypres.



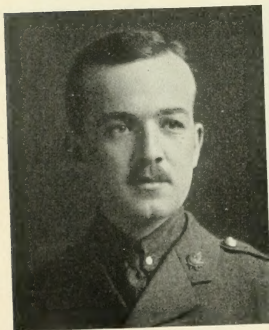
Staff Sgt. C. E. Norris,
Motor Transport, A.S.C. S.A.C., 1905-08.



Private E. R. Winter,
2nd Newfoundland Contingent. S.A.C.,
1912-14.



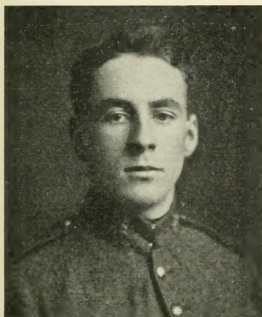
Lance-Corporal J. D. Cotton,
Q.O.R. Machine Gun Section. S.A.C., 1901-05.
Wounded.



Lieut. C. E. Kilmer,
19th Battalion. S.A.C., 1905-09.



Lieut. R. P. Saunders,
35th Battalion. S.A.C., 1900-04.



Sergeant H. J. Rolph,
Ontario Mounted Rifles. S.A.C., 1906-14.



Capt. F. W. Macdonald,
15th Battalion. S.A.C., 1901-08. Prisoner
in Germany.



Pte. J. W. Lockhart,
19th Battalion. S.A.C., 1909-13.



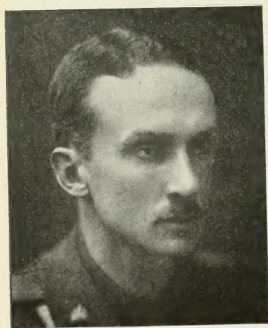
Pte. N. B. Lockhart,
19th Battalion. S.A.C., 1906-09. Died May
22nd, 1915. Spinal Meningitis, con-
tracted at Exhibition Camp.



Pte. L. C. Montgomery,
McGill General Hospital Corps. S.A.C.,
1909-12.



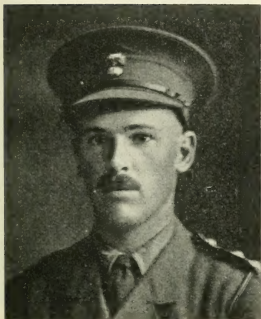
Lieut. C. L. Cantley,
5th Royal Highlanders. S.A.C., 1900-02.



Lieut. J. M. Macdonnell,
9th Field Battery. S.A.C., 1909-14.



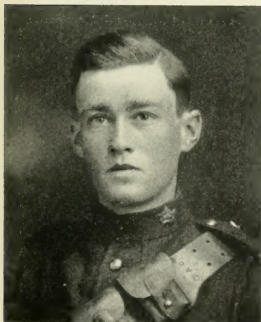
Lieut. M. S. Gooderham,
10th Royal Grenadiers. S.A.C., 1901-10.



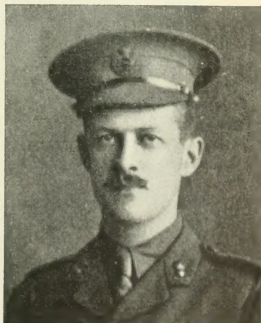
Lieut. A. L. Bell,
10th Royal Grenadiers. S.A.C., 1906-10.
Killed in action—Ypres.



Pte. O. P. Hertzberg,
Engineer, 1st Brigade. S.A.C., 1906-09.



Corporal Alec. Campbell,
2nd Div. Ammunition Column, 4th Brigade.
S.A.C., 1905-12.



Lieut. H. F. H. Hertzberg,
2nd Field Co., Divisional Engineers. S.A.C.,
1900-04. Wounded—Ypres.



Major A. E. Taylor.
Ontario Mounted Rifles. S.A.C., 1905-14.



Lieut. Gordon Cassels,
Kingston Battery, C.E.F. S.A.C., 1903-12.



Officers of the Senior Cadet Corps.

VICE VERSA

At the last meeting of the Literary Society, on Friday, March 26th, the Lower School presented *Vice Versa*, a play in two acts. The play is a dramatised version of the popular story of the same name by F. Anstey. Its subtitle is "A Lesson for Fathers." The following was the cast:

Dick Bultitude's Body (<i>inhabited first by</i> <i>Dick Bultitude's spirit; afterwards by</i> <i>Mr. Bultitude's</i>).....	J. Lawson
Mr. Bultitude's Body (<i>inhabited first by Mr.</i> <i>Bultitude's spirit; afterwards by</i> <i>Dick's</i>)	J. A. Hill
Dr. Grimstone (<i>of Crichton House, Rodwell</i> <i>Regis</i>)	R. Munn
Mr. Shellack (<i>Merchant, of Canton</i>)... ..	W. McP. Boyd
Clegg (<i>A Cabman</i>).... ..	L. Kent
Tipping.....	J. Choppin
Chawner.....	H. Marsh
(<i>Schoolboys</i>)	

Biddlecombe.... ..	Secord
Coggs.....	Black II.
Kiffin.....	Calvert
(<i>Other Schoolboys</i>)	

Dulcie (<i>Dr. Grimstone's Daughter</i>)	Black I.
Eliza (<i>Mr. Bultitude's Housemaid</i>)	L. W. Menold

Scene I—Mr. Bultitude's Dining-room.

Scene II—The Schoolroom at Crichton House.

The entertainment took place in the School Hall, and commenced at 8.15. A convenient stage had been erected upon the platform, with a dressing-room on one side, and store-room for the properties on the other. The story briefly told is as follows:—Mr. Bultitude, as fathers have a habit of doing, wishes he were a boy again, and back at school. Dick, as boys have a habit of doing, wishes he were a man like his father. Through a spell, wrought by the agency of a Garuda stone, their spirits change

bodies. Dick now finds himself possessed of a man's body, and his father, with the mind and feelings of a man, finds himself inhabiting the body of a boy. The result is that the father is sent to school, in spite of all his protests, and Dick remains at home and at large. In both places very humorous situations arise, as may well be imagined. Eventually the Garuda stone is requisitioned, and both father and son are only too glad to get their own respective bodies back again.

Undoubtedly *the* actor of the evening was Lawson. Hill was very good, especially as Mr. Bultitude. As Dick he was somewhat too serious. Munn made a good schoolmaster, and Choppin as Tipping was all that could be desired. In the female parts Black made a charming girl as Dulcie, the Headmaster's daughter, and Menold put a good deal of character into the part of Eliza, Mr. Bultitude's housemaid. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to mention all the actors, but not one of the boys taking part in the play failed to do his part to the satisfaction of the audience.

The result was a very great success, and spoke volumes to the patience and perseverance of Mr. Furnival and Mr. Clayton, in whose hands was the task of training all these youthful exponents of the Thespian art. The various make-ups were excellent, and did great credit to the skill of Mrs. Furnival, who was ably assisted by Miss Ruth Hutton.

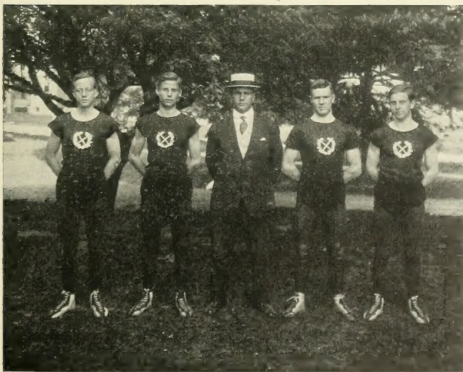
It is interesting to note that the play itself has some history attached to it. It was first performed at the Gaiety Theatre, London, on April 9th, 1883, with no less celebrated an actor in the principal rôle than Charles Hawtrey.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

The Annual Assault-at-Arms took place in the College Gymnasium on the evening of Tuesday, March 30th, 1915. In spite of the cold weather a good number of visitors were in attendance. The gym. was decorated with pennants, college photographs, trophies, etc., and uniformed cadets acted as ushers. The floor was in charge of Mr. Chapman and his "labor gang." The clowns were exceptionally well got up, and added the necessary touch to a very successful evening. The comic rôles were taken by Willoughby and Paterson I.



Junior Leaders.



The Gym. Team.

The opening number was a complicated flag drill carried out by the boys of the 1st and 2nd Forms. Then followed an exhibition on the horse by the Junior Leaders. The Senior gym. team received an ovation for their performance on the high bar. This was the big number of the night. The work of Ings deserves special mention. His "back" and "change" giant swings brought rounds of applause. Whitaker I. also gave an unusually clever exhibition, showing splendid form in his movements.

The Third Form then went through some gymnastic steps under Mr. Chapman's direction. They were followed by the 1st and 2nd gym. teams on the "parallel bars." Here Ings again excelled, carrying out many nervy feats faultlessly.

The Form IV boys gave an exhibition of floor exercises, and then came the Junior Leaders on the low horizontal bar, where they did themselves credit.

The 1st and 2nd gym. teams then gave an exhibition of tumbling on the mats, where Ings, Whitaker, and Brown were to the front. It was a very creditable performance. This ended Part I.

Porter, the College champion, fenced an exhibition bout with Rose, while Willoughby and Ings gave an exhibition of wrestling. Easson and Lawson demonstrated some points of boxing, bringing the programme to a close.

"God Save the King" was sung heartily, and the audience broke up.

The Gym. team consisted of:

Whitaker I. (Cap.); Ings, Davis II, Comstock, Willoughby, Brown I. 2nd Gym. team:—Frith, Cameron I, Bell, Darroch.

(Signed) GRANT II.

THE TOURNAMENT

The Annual Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament took place on April 22nd and 23rd. The number of entries was very large, particularly in the lighter classes, and some lively encounters took place. No less than three bouts were only decided by an extra round. On Thursday, April 22nd, the following bouts took place:—

BOXING.

75 lb. Class.—Findley II was forced to go an extra round to earn a decision over Blomfield I. Both fought hard.

85 lb. Class.—Gallagher had too much reach and science for Young, and easily earned the decision. Bye—McDougall II.

95 lb. Class.—Owing to illness, Lockhart defaulted his bout to McCarter. Bye—Choppin.

105 lb. Class.—Lowndes won easily from Secord. Bye—Lawson.

Rose vs. Hewitt for 2nd place. Hewitt won.

JUNIOR FENCING.

1st Round.—Harris won from Darroch. Graham won from Lowndes.

Final.—Graham won from Harris. Graham's Junior Championship.

Lowndes won from Harris (for second place.)

There was a larger list for Friday afternoon. The big event was the College Championship between Ings and Willoughby, which went to Willoughby. The events were all well contested, and some clever exhibitions given of both boxing and wrestling. The bouts were as follows:—

BOXING

85 lb. Class.—Gallagher and McDougall were very evenly matched, but Gallagher won on his superior condition.

95 lb. Class.—Choppin vs. McCarter. Choppin won.

105 lb. Class.—Final—Lowndes won from Lawson on his superior knowledge of the game.

115 lb. Class.—Rolph vs. Easson. It required an extra round to show any advantage. Rolph lasted longer. Rolph won.

125 lb. Class.—Firstbrook beat Darroch, who, however, was awarded the medal for this class, as Firstbrook took the honors in the 135 lb. class.

135 lb. Class.—Firstbrook won from Leekie.

145 lb. Class (Semi-Final).—Phillips vs. Grahame. Grahame was game right through, and took heavy punishment, but Phillips was too much for him. Phillips won.

145 lb. Final.—Phillips vs. Wallace. Wallace, though less scientific, was faster and gained the decision by his gameness. Wallace won in this class.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

BOXING.

Ings vs. Willoughby.—These two were very evenly matched. Ings slightly taller, Willoughby more heavily built. Ings moved

faster and hit hard. Willoughby stood firm, and his blows were more effective. Willoughby had the advantage in the first round.

Ings took a brace, and the second round was very even. Ings took heavy punishment but was game all the way, and kept right back at his opponent.

The third round was all Willoughby's. Ings was still fighting hard, but the weight behind Willoughby's blows told. Both were groggy at the finish. Willoughby won an unusually good bout. Willoughby's championship.

WRESTLING.

75 lb. Class.—Findley defaulted to Home.

85 lb. Class.—Gallagher won handily from Black I.

105 lb. Class.—Secord won from Lowndes.

125 lb. Class.—Frith gained two falls on Darroch. Frith won.

135 lb. Class.—Douglas was much too good for Rose, whom he threw twice. Douglas won.

145 lb. Class.—Phillips had all the science, Wallace had all the speed. It was a tame bout as Wallace was in no hurry to get to the mat and wrestle. Phillips earned the decision.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Willoughby vs. Galbraith.—Galbraith was heavier and science was equally divided. Galbraith gained a fall in $4\frac{3}{4}$ min. Willoughby came back hard, but could not get a fall before the call of time. Galbraith won. Galbraith's championship.

Mr. Chapman handled all bouts satisfactorily.

135 lb. Class.—Firstbrook's science gained the decision over Douglas's heavier hitting, though the bout was closely contested. Bye—Leckie.

Heavyweight.—Ings, though lighter, was too clever for Roger, whom he easily disposed of, thus winning the heavy-weight honors. Ings was fast and hit like a sledge hammer.

WRESTLING.

Heavyweight Class.—Galbraith and Willoughby ran very even. Willoughby gained the decision.

85 lb. Class.—Lowndes and Secord gave a clever exhibition, each gaining a fall in the first two rounds. Lowndes was awarded the decision on his aggressiveness in the 3rd round.

FENCING (Senior.)

Porter vs. Rose.—Porter won easily.

Hewitt vs. Davis.—Hewitt won.

Porter vs. Hewitt.—*Final.*—Porter won. Porter's champion-
ship. (Signed) GRANT II.

THE EASTER EXAMINATIONS

HONOR LIST.

N.B.—In this list appear the names of those boys who secured an average of 75 p.c. or over, and of those who, though they did not reach that standard, were not lower than third in their form.

Upper VI. Per Cent.

1	Grant.....	77.3
(Galbraith I obtained 83.6 per cent., but was not ranked.		

Lower VI.

(Toronto Group)

1	Eakins	70.58
2	Macdonald I.....	65.3
3	Balfour.....	64.9

(McGill Group).

1	Leckie	78.2
2	Hunter.....	71.0
3	Skinner I	70.0

(R. N. C).

1	Galbraith I	86.2
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Form V.

1	Wright II.....	84.5
2	Bennett	81.4
3	Brouse	71.2

Form IV.

1	McLaughlin	82.6
2	MacLeod.....	82.1
3	Kerr.....	81.2
4	Harrison.....	80.1
5	Macdonald II	75.6

Form III.

1	Black I.....	81.5
2	McDougall II.....	77.5
3	Fielding.....	75.9

Form II.

1	Denovan	79
2	Ganong	64.4
3	Macdonald III.....	59.4

Form I.

1	Calvert II	91
2	Brown.	82.7
3	Black II.....	78.1

Prep. Form.

1	Blomfield I....	79.2
2	Montgomery	69
3	Cowie.....	67.4

THE INSPECTION OF THE CADET CORPS

The Annual Government Inspection of the Cadet Corps took place on Friday, May 28th. The inspection took place in the College grounds at 3.30 p.m., before Major Barker. Sir John and Lady Hendrie were also present. Two new features of this year's inspection were the drum and bugle band, and the Junior Corps. With regard to the band, we cannot sufficiently compliment Captain Slatter upon the excellent results he has been able to obtain in so short a time. All the members of the band are to be congratulated upon their progress, and upon the steady work they have put in during their spare hours. They were not at their best, by any means, on the day of the inspection. This can easily be accounted for on the score of nervousness. Those of us who have heard them when less depended on them know that the form they showed on the official occasion did not do them justice. Time and practice, however, can reduce this feeling of nervousness to a minimum.

With regard to the Junior Cadet Corps, great praise is due to all who enrolled themselves in it. On the afternoon of the 28th, they made a great addition, not only in numbers, but in

esprit, to the occasion. They have still much to learn, as is the case with all new recruits, but it is a great thing for them to have commenced learning so early.

The Senior Corps has such traditions behind it that it is hardly necessary to say much about it in this place. We believe, however, that the school has never possessed a finer lot of cadets than it possesses now. Those of us who saw them take part in the great parade last March were thrilled with pride as they filed past in perfect time, and with perfect carriage. We could repeat some very complimentary remarks which we heard made by the crowd, but we refrain from doing so for fear that a few of them might imagine that they had reached that stage where there is nothing more to learn. That stage is never reached in this world, except in the imagination.

But, to return to the State occasion of the 28th, we may say that the Seniors appeared to our eyes to do remarkably well. Of course, we are a *mere civilian*, and do not pretend to know all the fine points of soldiering; so that our opinion may be taken for what it is worth, which, perhaps, is not much. What really matters is what Major Barker will say of us, and this we do not yet know.

Sir John Hendrie, himself a soldier, was sufficiently satisfied with our work to request the headmaster to grant the school a half-holiday; which request was not unpopular among the staff, though the boys, of course, are so interested in their work, that they would rather have continued in the class room! The holiday, however, was as much enjoyed as it was deserved.

We must in conclusion, congratulate Cantley very heartily upon his fine soldierly bearing and qualities, and upon the work he has taken up in cadet corps and done so well.

Miscellaneous Articles

CANADA'S RELATIONS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

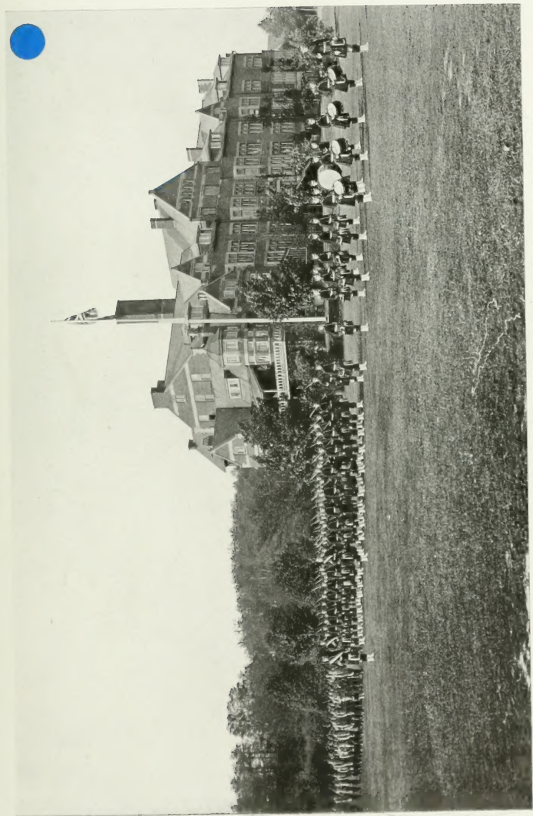
In considering what Canada's relations with foreign countries are, we must consider first, what is meant by foreign countries. Up to the present time I have always associated, strangely enough, foreign countries with foreigners, and these were usually swarthy individuals with curling moustaches who ate ripe olives, and spent most of their time taking siestas. However, our relations with these countries would consist of trade with the aforementioned ripe olives, or the importing of bogus counts with long pedigrees and short purses. So, for convenience, we will consider foreign countries as those which are not swayed by Canada's admirable and unimpeachable government.

Now about relations. Though ambiguous, nevertheless it must be evident even to our dull comprehension that our relations do not mean our cousins, aunts, mothers-in-law and other pests which were imposed upon us by an unfeeling Providence; but simply our relations as regards to trade, immigration, and social conditions.

Unfortunate it is, that we must be so sordid and mercenary as to put trade in the first and most important place among our relations; but, alas! to our sorrow we must admit that the almighty dollar, which we despise when we have it, is not so reprehensible when we are starving, except, of course, when we are in the Sahara of Eternity. As we are at present not so unfortunate as to be situated in the Sahara or — other places, we must be so mercenary as to seek the filthy lucre in a moderately dishonest manner in order to prevent us from starving. Consequently, trade, though perhaps not as romantic as treasure-seeking, occupies most of our dull and highly respectable lives.

If we were to think along the same lines as our Napoleonic friend, we would naturally place Deutschland (often called Germany) as the most important country which we endeavor to cheat; it having been put in that position by our above friend, ably assisted by Divine Providence. To do him justice, we must say that he spoke in a highly commendable way of Divine Providence, and very generously awarded her an iron cross for her services.

It is true that before the war "made in Germany" was a synonym for perfection in toys, pencil cases, and beer. This



SENIOR AND JUNIOR CADET CORPS—ANNUAL INSPECTION, MAY 28th, 1915

motto was stamped in prominent places on many of the above-mentioned articles, the majority of which were usually manufactured in Philadelphia, except the last, which hails from divers places, often called breweries. At present we are engaged in the laudable and highly commendable occupation of butchering the chosen people. After the war we hope to increase our relations with Germany by levying severe war indemnities on the surviving women and children. The British Government thinks this is a sure method of promoting love and friendship between the two nations. In the meantime, we are, thanks to the Germans, putting three cents on our letters, or taking a five cent ride on the street car to save the needless expense of putting a two-cent stamp on a cheque for twenty dollars. We do this with a proper patriotic spirit, and have a glow of pride when we reflect that we have done the government out of three cents; the government naturally having been organized for the express purpose of defrauding us. In fact, as I heard a man say the other day: "It is time this war was stopped; it has cost me ten dollars already!"

And now to return to sordid commercialism. I don't think it necessary to enter into our relations with Siam, but I think there is a large demand there for clothes, the only man at present possessing such useless encumbrances being the Governor.

Our relations with Great Britain are numerous and varied. Our chief one at present seems to be in supplying them with band-aids, to promote which end we exercise extraordinary self-restraint by sitting through amateur patriotic concerts, when we might be improving our minds by playing "twenty-one or bust." There is a market for Canadian wheat in England at present, as the people over there seem to find it impossible to exist without the necessities of life. There is also a demand for potatoes in Ireland, as the majority of last year's crop was consumed by the Ulsterites, who used them as missiles to hurl at the Nationalists.

This year the imports into England greatly decreased. This puzzled the British Lion for some time till he discovered that the war was probably the cause. Canadian merchants will now be able to substitute their own goods for those previously manufactured in Germany, and no doubt, many will become opulents. The Canadians have also helped on the good cause of increasing the sale of spirituous liquors in public houses or "pubs." In fact, "Drunk as a Canadian," was a national saying until it was discovered that ninety-nine per cent. of the Canadians were English.

Canadian boot manufacturers will be able to do good business in Great Britain, "as their transactions with the Canadian Gov-

ernment will prove a great recommendation for them." I quote from the Weekly Report. As iron and steel manufactured articles from Germany have ceased to arrive (probably on account of the war) Canadian manufacturers have now the opportunity to supply Great Britain with the following articles, inquiries for which have already been forwarded to Ottawa:—Wire nails, cut nails, nuts and bolts, screws, barbed wire, wood screws, cup hooks, etc. As the principal wire factory in Toronto, situated in Leaside, behind St. Andrew's College, has ceased operations, the above appears to be authentic.

But as this interesting subject would easily extend over the prescribed two thousand words, we find it necessary to turn to Russia, which, since the sale of vodka has been prohibited, is rather a dry subject. Russia is a vast unexploited empire. It is slowly coming into its own. Education is spreading among the mass of the Russian people. Railroads are playing their part in the opening up of new territory. This whole process of transformation is under governmental direction. The policy of this administration may be summed up in the phrase: "Russia for the Russians." This is strange, as one would naturally suppose that Russia was for the Cubans. The possibilities of Canadian trade arising out of this economic transformation should be apparent. In the opening up of Siberia, a process is taking place which in some respects is comparable with Canadian western progress. From the similarity of conditions, therefore, Canadian producers should be in an advantageous position to gauge the possibilities and the requirements of the Russian market. This may be illustrated by the case of agricultural implements, for which there is a great demand. As the ground in Siberia is frozen about thirteen months out of the twelve, they will probably use them to plough through the German lines.

And now we must turn to equatorial regions. It appears that our adjacent neighbours were not so successful in South America as the Germans. The reasons for this are that the Americans rightly refused to trust their Spanish neighbours. Also, their strange failure to comply with the South American custom of embracing a man with one arm while stabbing him with the other, caused them to be generally mistrusted. The Germans, however, found no difficulty in complying with the last. In fact, they had a peculiar aptitude for it. But now that the German trade has been ruined it is time for the Canadian merchants to step in and make

a bid for their trade. They ought to be successful, as our experience with them leads us to believe that they will not bother about such insignificant things as scruples.

Our relations with other tropical countries are very small, but mention may be made of South Africa. The South Africans have a craving for fresh apples, which do not flourish in their own delightful climate. Indeed, the only things that thrive there are Yellow Jack and typhus germs. Now, some enterprising Canadians shipped to these hungry mortals several shiploads of apples. With Canadian foresight they chose the Spy apple, which, in a cold winter, will often keep two months. After a long sea voyage they arrived in Cape Town in such a state of blooming health that they were sold to and relished by the South Africans as prunes. However, some exporter might make his fortune by shipping over some russet apples, as they could easily be sold for apricots.

And now, last but not least, comes the United States. Canada exports very little into the U.S., and imports a great deal. The great part of these imports are cotton, tobacco (filthy weed), and up-to-date New York clothes. A great deal of the last comes in duty-free, owing to the honesty of the fair sex, who do not consider smuggling a crime. Our social relations with the Americans are great. We nearly all of us have connections in the States, whom we visit occasionally. When our husbands need a rest they always go to New York for it; often they go on business. Immigrants who are not allowed into the States come to Canada. American criminals escape and come to Canada. All the additions to Canada's population, and the increase in trade between the two nations, ought to make Canada at some future date one of the most important countries in North America.

FRED JOHNSON.

THE BATTLE OF KINSALE

(With Apologies to Southey.)

It was at St. Helena—
(The war was fought and won),
The Kaiser had at last obtained
A nice *place in the sun*,
While by him, playing with a toy,
Sat Crown Prince Willie's little boy.

He saw his sister Wilhelmine
Pick something from the ground
Which she beside the garden gate
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what she'd pick'd up
That bore the dear old name of Krupp.

The Kaiser took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by,
And then the Old Man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"It is an *Iron Cross*," said he,
"Awarded for a victory!"

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when she sweeps the house
The housemaid sweeps them out.
In Germany upon the floor
Of every house they lie galore."

"No tell us what 'twas all about."
His little grandson cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what you gave *this* 'Iron Cross' for."

"We sank the *Lusitania*—
A thing we'd longed to do.
The ship was full of women, girls,
And little children too.
It was a famous bit of fun,
Especially as they'd not a gun!"

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the ship went down,
And many a tiny little corpse
Was taken to Queenstown.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Full many an 'Iron Cross' I gave
Aboard that submarine."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," said he,
"It was a famous victory!"

The Kaiser then began to laugh,
And many a joke did crack—
"Why, don't you see, my little girl,
They couldn't hit us back!
'Twas that that made it such a spree,
And gave us such a victory!"

But still the maiden shook her head—
The Kaiser's face grew black,
He lifted up his hand and gave
His grandchild *such* a smack!
"And now, perhaps, you know," said he,
"What *I* mean by a victory!"

E. C. B.

TOPICS

The success achieved by one of our Old Boys at Oxford shows that the right man may sometimes be *Wrong*.

A small boy in the Prep. Form headed his lesson *Writhing*. It looked like it!

Cricket is a very ancient game. It dates back to the days when Knights were *bowled*.

Black says he is not as black as *Soot*. Certainly *Soot* would *Seymour Black*.

The real difficulty in forcing the Dardanelles was discovered last March by the "Star," which said, "*In the narrowest part the Dardanelles are less than four yards wide.*" It is absurd to expect boats like the Queen Elizabeth to get through that! No wonder both Fisher and Churchill have gone from the Admiralty!

The "Star" has taken to reporting the news in poetry, of which the following is a sublime example:

Crew drunk
Ship sunk.

A large number of boxes of cartridges supplied to the boys are marked *Twenty-two Short*. It is not always that manufacturers are honest enough to confess their graft.

The crew of the submarine which sank the *Lusitania* were honored with the Iron Cross and another *deck oration* from the Kaiser.

Both *Bole* and *Fielding* should be in the First Cricket Eleven.

The French troops are said to understand the English better when they speak English than when they try to speak French.

The death of Dr. Macdonald's favorite dog was a loss to us all. We are certain, however, he has gone where the good *Niggers* go.

When the Germans get short of food the Allies can still supply them with plenty of *War fare*.

A new form of religion—Pressbureautarianism.

At Langemarck the Canadians made a *grand stand*—for the benefit of the *Race*.

MODEL ANSWERS

(From a Form II. History Paper.)

Question. Say what you know of Henry VIII.

Answer. Henry VIII. was the greatest widower who ever lived. He had six hundred wives besides women and children. The last was the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, otherwise known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. She said that when she died the word Calais would be found written on her heart, and she never smiled again. The greatest man in this reign was Sir Garrett Wolsley. He was known as the boy bachelor, and was born at the age of eighteen, unmarried. It was he who forced Guy Fawkes to sign Magna Charta after the Battle of Crecy. Napoleon said of him, "That man made me lose my destiny."

(From a Prep. Form Geography Paper.)

Question. What is the Equator?

Answer. The Equator is a menagerie lion running round the world.

(From a Form I. Grammar Paper.)

Question. What is an abstract noun?

Answer. An abstract noun is the name of a quality which does not exist, such as goodness, or virtue.



On the Firing Line.

Fiction

SAVED FROM SIVA

After mess one evening at the military post situated at Poona, India, a group of officers were discussing past experiences. Presently someone said: "I think that the harrowing experience of Captain Jackson, Major Neville, and Captain Baird surpasses anything this evening." Upon hearing this, the other officers at once clamoured to hear the story. So Captain Collins began as follows:

* * * * *

As you know, Neville, Jackson, and Baird are the closest friends, having gone through school and Sandhurst together, and this incident, which I am going to relate, served to make their friendship even closer.

Our regiment was stationed at a small post up country, a horrible place, which no white man could stand very long, as sooner or later he would succumb to jungle fever. In consequence, the garrisons were changed very frequently.

The season happened to be a very dry one, and the natives around us had been getting very restive, muttering among themselves that their god Siva was angry, and wanted a sacrifice. We, of course, thought all this would blow over in a short time, and paid no attention to them.

As the season wore on without any sign of rain, it seemed as though the country was on the brink of a famine. The natives had been very quiet of late, but, in reality, it was just the calm before the storm.

On the morning of the day on which the trouble began, Jackson went hunting with one of his servants, intending to return before night. Just before, Tiffin, Jackson's servant, staggered into the fort, and demanded to see the Colonel. On being ushered into that officer's presence, he grovelled frantically on the floor, exclaiming, "Sahib! Sahib! bad men of Siva, they take my poor master away for sacrifice." At this the Colonel turned pale, and, springing forward, shook the native by the shoulder, and

said: "Brace up, man, for Heaven's sake, and tell me about it!" The servant then arose and began his story. "The Sahib Jackson, he finish his hunting, and lie down to sleep, telling me to go and get some water from a stream near by. On my return, I see my poor master being carried off by five priests from the Temple of Siva. I not try to fight them, but come straight here to tell you." "You have done well, Jaffir," said the Colonel, "and we shall do all in our power to save your master." Upon hearing this, the native salaamed reverently, and retired.

The Colonel went at once to the mess-room, where he found the officers assembled. After acknowledging their salutes, he said, "Gentlemen, I have terrible news for you. Poor Jackson has been captured by the priests of Siva's Temple, situated in the jungle near Crocodile River. Something must be done at once to save him from a horrible death at the hands of these fanatical natives. You all know well that we must exercise extreme care in attempting his rescue. To send a column of troops would be madness. Their coming would be ascertained by sentries posted around the Temple, and, in consequence, Jackson would be murdered before help could reach him. My plan is to send two officers and a native guide. They will ascertain where Jackson is, and effect his rescue, if possible, without the knowledge of his guards. Gentlemen, I now call for volunteers!" To this call every officer responded by offering his services. At length Senior Lieutenant Neville and Junior Lieutenant Baird were selected for the enterprise.

The following morning Neville, Baird, and the servant Jaffir, who was to act as guide, left the post, and soon reached the Crocodile River, up which they intended to sail for about twenty miles. Then, upon landing, they would have about a quarter of a mile of jungle to traverse before reaching their destination. Their journey up the river was practically uneventful; but as they approached its termination, great care had to be exercised lest a native sentry should observe them. However, at last they reached the point of disembarkation, and after hiding their boat, began to plough their way through the dense jungle. At last they came in sight of the Temple, which seemed to have fallen into a state of disrepair. When within about a hundred yards of it, they halted, and sent Jaffir on ahead to reconnoitre. In a few minutes he

returned, and in reply to Neville's eager question, said that there was a hole in the west wall, by which they could gain access to the interior. Hearing this they at once set out cautiously for the west wall. Their point being gained, they found a large breach, but before climbing through, they were warned by their guide to proceed with great caution, as the decayed portions of Hindoo temples are often infested with snakes. At length, when all three had climbed through the aperture, they found themselves in a dark room. At one end was a door opening into a long, dismal passage. Then Baird, Neville, and Jaffir crossed the room, and prepared to explore the corridor. When about twenty feet from the mouth of the tunnel, Baird heard a hiss and the sound of a blow. Looking around he saw a cobra writhing in its death agonies, its head having been shattered by a blow from Neville's rifle. At one glance he took in the situation, and, extending his hand to Neville he said, rather shakily, "Thanks, old chap, you certainly saved my life." To this Neville replied, "Don't mention it, old fellow, but now let us see where this wretched passage leads to." In a very short time they reached a large room, which was evidently the hall of worship, as there was a large figure of Siva, whose five heads looked very grotesque and sinister. Presently Baird broke the silence by saying, "Well, Neville, I suppose our best plan is to remain here until those wretches bring out Jackson." Accordingly they made themselves as comfortable as possible in the mouth of the tunnel. Shortly afterwards the sound of a gong from another part of the Temple rent the stillness. Then the door opened, and a priest entered the sanctuary of Siva. Advancing towards the figure, he prostrated himself before it, and began to pray fervently in a dialect unknown to the members of the rescue party. When he had concluded his prayer he left the room.

For about half-an-hour no sound was heard in the Temple; but at the end of that time the same gong was heard, and a few minutes later a small procession entered the chamber of worship. First came an old priest who was followed by a small retinue of attendants; behind these, Jackson, bound hand and foot, and pale as death, was led by two priests. Following them came a number of minor priests and attendants.

As the procession entered the room, Neville took a small round bomb from a carefully padded box, and, turning to Baird, said, "When I give the signal, cut Jackson free, and bring him here as quickly as possible."

To this Baird nodded assent. Meanwhile the procession had come to a halt. The old priest, advancing, began to harangue the idol in the dialect that his predecessor had used. Now was the time for action. Springing to his feet, Neville took careful aim, and then hurled the bomb at the hideous figure of Siva. There was a flash, followed by a loud explosion, and a large portion of the figure crashed to the floor. With a loud shout of, "Now for it!" Neville sprang forward, closely followed by Baird. Together they severed Jackson's bonds and dragged him towards the passage. It seemed to the anxious quartette that they would never escape from that awful temple. As the circulation in Jackson's legs was only just returning, he could hardly walk.

Finally they reached the breach, and just as they were climbing through it, a loud yell was heard. The natives had evidently recovered from the superstitious terror inspired by the bomb, which they at first thought was another sign of Siva's anger; and now the sounds of pursuit could be heard.

Fortunately for the little party, Jackson was rapidly recovering the use of his limbs. On and on they pushed, but to the fugitives, that quarter of a mile to the river seemed miles! It soon became evident, however, that the pursuers were gaining, and when a hundred yards or so from the river, it was found that the first pursuer was only twenty yards behind. He proved to be the old priest, who, blinded by religious fury, came running forward, foaming at the mouth. Presently he shrieked, "Dogs of Feringhees, think ye that ye can escape mighty Siva? When we catch you, each one of you unbelievers will be torn limb from limb!"

The fugitives made no reply to this wild outburst of fury, but made one last dash, not stopping till they reached the boat, into which they scrambled. One powerful shove sent them well out into the stream.

The priest also increased his pace. Rushing madly forward, he at length reached the beach. So engrossed was he in watching his victims' escape and hurling vile imprecations after them, that he failed to notice two wicked looking crocodiles crawling towards

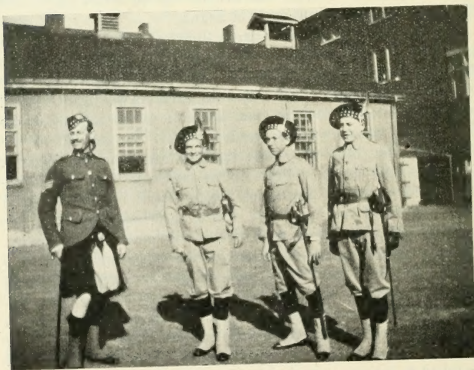
him. Presently there was a snap, and one wild shriek. Siva had claimed one victim that day. By this time the remainder of the pursuers had arrived upon the scene, and the sight of the old priest's death in such a tragic manner, made them think that it had been caused by the anger of their terrible god. In a body they turned and slunk back to their jungle Temple.

That evening there was great rejoicing at the Fort: for, at about six o'clock, Neville, Baird, and Jackson returned from what seemed the very jaws of death. Congratulations were showered on the two brave rescuers and their native guide, although they received no official reward for their bravery. All attribute the rapid rise of Baird and Neville partly to this brave deed.

* * * * *

At the conclusion of Captain Collins' story the listeners heartily applauded what they considered *the best story of the evening*. The group broke up as the Last Post was being sounded.

D. C. MACDONALD.



Officers of the Junior Cadet Corps.

A SATIRE ON THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

INTRODUCTION.

Two years on the Lower Flat gave me the basis of this composition. As I walked from room to room, watching the various amusements of the time, thoughts sprang to my mind how well Syme could be made represent Arbaces, the villainous character of my tale; how well Belfour could represent Glaucus; and, as I found MacDougall and Graham in a heated argument about money, they seemed to suit the roles of Clodius and Diomed. Sweet Miss Bullock could easily represent Ione, while Winter and Harris finished my characters as Sallust and the beautiful Julia. The Lower Flat fitted the city of Pompeii in the early ages of 1915.

* * * *

"Ho, Diomed, well met! Do you sup with Glaucus to-night?" The speaker was a short, funny-looking man, and anybody could recognize the parasite MacDougall. "Alas, no!" said the portly gentleman, who by his corpulent form was seen to be none other than Graham. "By Pollux, a scurvy trick, my dear Clodius. But my daughter goes, and I also as an escort. They say his feeds are the best in Pompeii and he has already charged five hundred sesterces at the Tuck—or the Forum—for this one—but whither bound, dear Clodius?" Oh me, to the Quaestor, and then to the temple of Isis. And you?" "Oh, I'm for yon baths, if they are not taken already," he added. And so the friends parted, both looking forward to the dinner at the house of Glaucus the coming night.

Everything was in readiness for the great festivities. Already the city lights had been extinguished, and all the citizens hustled silently to and fro clad in flowing robes of white; while at the slightest sound everybody would seek cover—fearing the wrath of the gods who were holding council in the master's room. Slowly, but surely, all the guests arrived, and arranged themselves all round the table, which, according to the customs of the time, was laid upon the floor, and was covered by no cloth of any kind. But the spread! Slaves carried around the bottles of wine, which, to show its great quality, was labelled, "Sarsaparilla," a Greek word, meaning, "Fit for the Gods." The table was lit by a drop-

light, which sent its glaring circle on the feast, and none of the rays were allowed to escape under the door—undoubtedly another custom of the time.

Glaucus and Ione sat breathing love into one another's eyes. But none of the other guests saw what tarts, cakes and doughnuts they had smuggled between them. Suddenly one of the slaves stationed at the door ran to his master, and, falling on his knees (being tripped up by Sallust), uttered the word "Nix" three times. At the warning word all the guests became quiet. Slowly footsteps approached, until they passed the door, and then stopped. Everybody could hear a loud sniffing; and as the smell of the pork and beans penetrated the door the uninvited one, attracted by the odour of that delicacy, entered the room cautiously.

The great form of Arbaces, his eye glittering vengeance to all present, stood with his arms folded on his breast, till one of the company slowly raised the light to his face. It seemed that the gathering expected a visit from the god of the Lower World, who was at large that night. The fair Julia exclaimed, "It's only Arbaces," while the rest of the company breathed more freely, and Glaucus, cowering under his gaze, said, "Sit down, you're welcome." Arbaces ignored him, and, going to the window, studied the stars intently; until, at last, turning to the guests, he said, "The stars foretell great trouble." Taking Julia, and throwing her against the door, he sat in her place, and soon was occupied in one thing only—eating. The rest, glad of peace, again resumed their activities, and kept the slaves, headed by Eakins, in a constant hurry. Sallust, who had one of the slaves to himself, was lowering great quantities of eatables and soon the cellar of Glaucus began to be deprived of its stores. The cellars of those times resembled our modern trunks, which were ornamented in various ways. This particular one had, in large letters, the Latin word, "Regina," or "from a queen," which must have been a wedding gift of Ione's.

Suddenly there was a loud crash, and through the half-open door entered a peculiar quadruped resembling much our modern Airedale. At the sight of this ferocious animal, which, to show its ownership, was marked by a large tin can tied to its tail, all present screamed, "It is Juno! The lion is at large!" Everybody jumped on the nearest article of furniture which was at hand, such

as chairs, elaborate lounges, and slop-pails. All succeeded in finding a place of refuge except Glaucus, who, armed only with a pen-knife (with which he was cutting some cake), was forced to face the lion. In the din Ione's voice could be heard crying, "Save my Glaucus!" This was enough for Sallust. One look at the distressed Ione, and he dashed towards the beast; but in his attempt, collided with a huge shelf containing literature of the writers of the time, such as Buffalo Bill, Deadwood Dick's Deadly Danger, The Sign of the Twisted Tooth; with one crash the books fell over on all present. Vesuvius was erupting! It sent forth its missiles, rendering eyes black, noses bleeding, etc. Sallust, Ione, and Glaucus escaped to other abodes (unknown to the writer) but they are thought to have hidden in wardrobes. Sallust, the truthful friend of Glaucus, had been his benefactor.

* * * * *

Twelve long hours elapsed before Pompeii was awakened from its silent slumber; while even at this moment all traces of the old city are plainly visible, and by close inspection, known as *bed inspection*, even small crumbs of the elaborate feasting of the time can be clearly seen before they are cleaned up from the marble floor, to be taken away by the excavators, which are commonly called *the maids*.

R. E. BENNETT.

FINIS.



"Forward, the Light Brigade."

WHEN MAN MEETS BEAR

It was in the first week of April, and Nipawong, the small Indian trading station, was still held in the grip of a severe frost. It was from this small post that a tall, good-looking 'voyageur,' Jacques Derogue by name, set out on his lonely voyage to Naniming Junction, one hundred and fifty miles due west. He took no dogs, or sleigh, but carried his provisions, which consisted of dried pork and hard-tack, on his broad shoulders.

He took with him his heavy Savage "38", as well as a small Colt revolver, for food was very scarce, and animals were, in many cases, mad from the pangs of hunger.

On the second day after his departure, a heavy thaw set in, and snow and ice began to disappear. This made travelling very bad; but Jacques plodded on until he came to Rapid River.

It was now nightfall, and though the stream over which he intended to go looked treacherous, and as though at any minute it might break up, he decided to camp where he was until day-break.

Next morning as he started on, a huge black bear came hulking out of the woods about a mile behind, sniffed the air suspiciously, and disappeared.

Because the ice was now cracking dangerously, and water was beginning to appear, the trapper set out immediately on his risky voyage across the river. As he left the bank, the bear again appeared, and lumbered along after the man at a surprising rate, considering his bulkiness.

Right on to the ice he ran, and seemed about to overtake the unsuspicious traveller, when there was a grinding crash, and the huge cake of ice upon which both were standing, parted itself from the main floe, and went whirling down toward the rapids from which the river had got its name, and from the bottom of which no white man had ever come alive. As the block broke away, the man nearly fell off this strangely-formed craft; but after a hard struggle, succeeded in keeping his balance. The bear also managed to maintain his position, and it made a strange picture, a man and a bear on opposite ends of the floe, each rushing swiftly to his doom. For the first time the man caught sight of the animal, but did not pay much attention to it. There were more im-

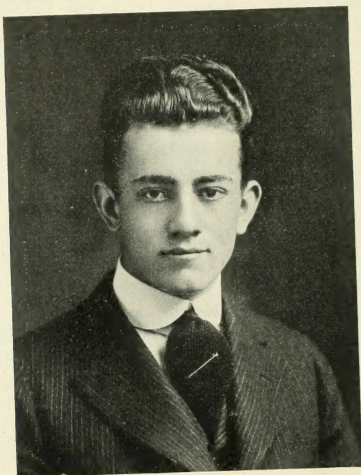
portant things to think of. This man knew the country well. He knew there was only one hope, and only one. There was, at the very brink of the falls, a small island, and if the berg would only float near that, there might be some chance of escape. Around the bend the small isle appeared, and just beyond that could be seen the spray and foam rising in clouds where the water fell on huge boulders. The floe was now heading for the small rocky haven, but the current was slowly but surely swinging it out into the middle of the river. This was the time for action. With a run the man jumped from the berg and struck out for the bank of the islet. At the same time, the bear, seeming to realize his chance, plunged into the boiling mass of waters, and swam wildly for shore. The man reached the bank safely, and sat down to watch the heroic efforts of the great beast.

It looked as though the animal would almost get to safety. But no, the current was taking him along in spite of his struggles, when the man, catching hold of a tough rock tree, grasped the long hair on the bear's neck, and with a mighty effort, dragged him to safety. The bear, on reaching the shore, slunk away to shake himself, while the man set about kindling a fire with flint and steel. He became engrossed in his work, and forgot about his shaggy companion, until hearing a low whine, he looked round and saw the bear upon a jet of rock gazing solemnly at the boiling cauldron from which he had been snatched.

The man watched him for a moment, and then smilingly said, half to himself, and half to the bear, "Well, old fellow, I guess you and I'll have a great yarn to spin when we get home, eh?"

GRANT III.

Athletics



Joe Taylor.

CRICKET

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

Taylor (Joe)—Displayed good judgment in captaining the team. Plays a good bat and is a splendid bowler.

Cantley (Bunny)—Third year on the team. Plays a good steady bat and is a snappy fielder. Showed good form against U.C.C.

Davis I (Rick)—An old colour. One of the best wicket-keepers the school has ever had. Batted well against T. C. S.

Davis II (Lee)—An old colour. Perhaps the steadiest bat on the team. Also an excellent bowler.

Cameron (Bill)—Came up from last year's seconds. A good fielder, but plays too much of a defensive game while batting.

Frith (Fritz)—A new boy. An excellent change bowler. Hits hard but is rather erratic at times, and does not play the ball enough.

Moseley (Paul)—Played on last year's seconds. A steady bat and showed great improvement during the season. A fair change bowler.

Grant II (Fraser)—Also from last year's second team. Showed lots of "pep" in his fielding. One of our few left-hand bat-
ters. Hits out well at times.

Balfour (Reg)—Came up from the Lower Flat team. Bats fairly well, and is a good fielder. A little overcautious in running between the wickets.

Whitaker I (Ewart)—Played on last year's seconds. Generally bats well and is a good run-getter. A fair fielder.

Winter (Duke)—A fair all-round player. Inclined to play back too much, but is good at stealing runs.



First Eleven (Cricket).

S.A.C. vs. ROSEDALE C.C.

On Saturday, May 15th, S.A.C. played Rosedale Cricket Club on Rosedale grounds. Rosedale went to bat first, and were all out for 35 runs, of which Lucas was responsible for 15. The Saints, in their innings, could only reach 34, mainly owing to the bowling of Swan and Wookey. Taylor topped the score with 8. The score:—

ROSEDALE.

Heath l.b. w. Davis II.....	6
Swan b. Taylor II.	0
Hutty b. Taylor II.....	2
Raeburn b. Davis II.....	5
Spinney, run out.	0
Wookey b. Taylor II.....	0
Dean b. Taylor II.....	2
Lucas, not out.....	15
Underwood ct. Taylor b. Davis II.....	1
McKenzie ct. Grant II. b. Davis II.....	0
Foster b. Davis II.....	0
Ardelle b. Taylor II.....	3
Total.....	35

S. A. C.

Davis I b. Swan.....	6
Whitaker I b. Wookey.....	3
Davis II b. Swan.....	2
Cantley l.b.w. b. Wookey.....	4
Taylor II b. Wookey.....	8
Frith ct. Foster b. Wookey.....	1
Cameron ct. Raeburn b. Swan.....	1
Grant II. b. Wookey.....	0
Winter b. Wookey.....	0
Moseley ct. Dean b. Wookey.....	3
Bennett b. Wookey.....	0
Extras.....	3
Total.....	34

S.A.C. vs. LITTLE BIG FOUR OLD BOYS

On Saturday, May 29th, a game was played against the old Little Big Four Cricketers, resulting in a win for the Old Boys by 168 runs to 84. Inglis by faultless batting passed the century mark, and retired with 103 runs. For S. A. C. Grant II batted well and finished not out, with 18 runs, being St. Andrew's top scorer.

The score:—

S. A. C.

Davis I b. Drope.....	0
Davis II l.b.w. b. Drope.....	9
Cantley l.b.w. b. Wright.....	5
Taylor II ct. Mackendrick b. Wright.....	1
Whitaker I b. Drope.....	2
Balfour ct. Inglis b. Drope.....	9
Moseley ct. Drope b. Drope.....	7
Grant II not out.....	18
Frith b. Coatsworth	4
Cameron b. Coatsworth	6
Bennett ct. Wright b. Inglis.....	9
Extras.....	14
Total.....	84

OLD BOYS.

Wright b. Davis II.....	9
Mackendrick b. Davis II.....	0
Inglis not out.....	103
Drope b. Frith.....	27
Heintzman ct. Grant b. Cantley	6
Coatsworth not out.....	9
Rolph b. Moseley.....	6
Cassels b. Moseley.....	0
Marani did not bat.	
Extras.....	8
Total.....	168

JOE TAYLOR.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

St. Andrew's and U. C. C. met on the latter's grounds on Wednesday, June 2nd. It was an all day fixture, commencing at 10.30 a.m. St. Andrew's went to bat first, and were all out for 60, of which Cantley made 18 and Moseley made 9, not out. U. C. C., in their first innings, reached 66. Burrows, with 22 and Grier (17) were their chief scorers. Taylor's bowling was best for the Saints, taking 5 wickets for 28 runs, while Frith took 2 for 8. Grier showed the best form of the U. C. C. bowlers, having 5 wickets to his credit for 16 runs.

S. A. C. took a brace in their second innings. Moseley and Cantley made a splendid stand. Cantley was succeeded by Whitaker, who batted up 21 before being caught. Moseley was caught after scoring 32. St. Andrew's declared after batting up 104 runs for 7 wickets. Upper Canada went to bat at 4.30 and, owing mainly to the careful playing of Esten, held their ground long enough to win on the first innings. The Saints had taken 7 wickets for 62 runs, and prospects for a victory looked bright. They were, however, unable to retire their opponents before six o'clock, when stumps were drawn, leaving U. C. C. winners on the first innings by 6 runs. For S. A. C. Cantley took 2 wickets for 6 runs, Moseley 2 for 7, Taylor II 2 for 8; while Grier, for U. C. C., took 4 wickets for 33 runs.

The score:—

S.A.C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Davis I ct. Esten b. Greer	5
Davis II. l.b.w. b. Grier	7
Whitaker I ct. McWhinney b. Murray.....	6
Grant II b. Henderson.....	0
Taylor II (Capt.) l.b.w. b. Henderson.....	0
Cantley b. Grier.....	18
Balfour b. Murray.....	3
Moseley, not out.....	9
Winter b. Grier.....	3
Cameron I. b. Grier.....	0
Frith b. Murray	4
Extras	5
Total.....	60

U.C.C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Edwards l.b.w. b. Taylor II.....	8
Murray run out.....	0
Henderson I ct. Grant II b. Taylor II.....	4
Gartshore b. Davis II.....	1
Burrows b. Frith.....	22
Henderson II b. Taylor II.....	1
Gunsaulus b. Taylor II.....	2
Grier (Capt.) ct. Grant II b. Frith.....	17
Esten, not out.....	2
McWhinney b. Davis II.....	2
Rae b. Taylor II.....	0
Extras.....	7

66

Bowling:—

S. A. C.—Taylor II. 5 for 28; Davis II 2 for 22; Frith 2 for 8; Moseley 0 for 1.

U. C. C.—Grier 5 for 16; Murray 3 for 29; Henderson 2 for 11.

F. GRANT.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

On Saturday, June 5th, S.A.C. met Trinity College School on the latter's grounds in an all-day match. T.C.S. went to bat first, and were all out for 67 runs, of which Thetford made 19, and Clarke 11, not out. Davis II. took four wickets for 29 runs; Taylor II. two for 26; and Frith three for four runs.

S.A.C. in their innings could reach only 45. Of these Davis I. was responsible for 23. Greey's bowling was too much for the Saints, he taking seven wickets for 18 runs.

T.C.S., in their second innings, batted up 98, of which Moore made 26, and Martin 14. Here Taylor II. took four wickets for 14 runs, Davis II. one for 12, Frith two for 22, Moseley, one for 4.

St. Andrew's fell down on their second innings, running up only 41 runs, of which Taylor II. made 10, and Davis I. 8.

Greey's bowling was again the cause of the Saints' downfall, having six wickets to his credit for 17 runs. This left Trinity winners by a total score of 165 to 89. The scores:—

T. C. S. (FIRST INNINGS).

Ketchum II. b. Taylor II.	1
Thetford ct. Whitaker I. b. Frith.	19
Ketchum I. stumped.	7
Moore b. Davis II.	3
Greey ct. Balfour b. Frith.	9
Hall ct. Whitaker I. b. Frith.	3
Martin ct. Moseley b. Davis II.	0
Chappell b. Davis II.	0
Strathy l.b.w. Davis II.	5
Wigle ct. Whitaker b. Taylor II.	0
Clarke, not out	11
Extras.	9

Total of innings..... 67

S. A. C. (FIRST INNINGS.)

Moseley run out.	1
Davis I. ct. Strathy b. Greey.	23
Davis II. b. Greey.	4
Cantley ct. Moore b. Greey.	2
Whitaker I. ct. Strathy b. Greey.	0
Taylor II. b. Moore.	9
Grant II. b. Greey.	1
Balfour b. Greey.	1
Winter b. Greey.	0
Cameron I. b. Ketchum.	3
Frith not out.	0
Extras.	1

Total of innings..... 45

BOWLING.

Davis II.	4 for 29
Taylor II.	2 for 26
Frith.	3 for 4
T. C. S.—	
Greey.	7 for 18
Ketchum.	1 for 14
Moore.	1 for 11

T. C. S. (SECOND INNINGS).

Ketchum II. l.b.w. Taylor II.	3
Thetford b Frith.	13
Ketchum I. ct. Moseley b. Davis II.	7
Greey b. Frith.	13
Hall run out.	2
Moore b. Taylor II.	26
Strathy l.b.w. Moseley.	6
Martin b. Cantley.	14
Clarke b. Taylor II.	2
Chappell b. Taylor II.	0
Wigle not out.	3
Extras.	9
—	
Total of innings.	98

S.A.C. (SECOND INNINGS).

Davis I. b. Greey.	8
Moseley b. Greey.	4
Davis II. l.b.w. Greey.	3
Cantley ct. Thetford b. Ketchum.	2
Whitaker I. ct. Clarke b. Ketchum.	1
Taylor II. b. Greey.	10
Grant II. b. Greey.	5
Balfour b. Greey.	0
Winter not out.	5
Cameron ct. Greey b. Moore.	1
Frith b. Moore.	0
Extras.	2
—	
Total of innings.	41

BOWLING.

S. A. C.—

Davis II.	1 for 18
Moseley.....	1 for 9
Frith.....	2 for 22
Taylor II.	4 for 14
Cantley	1 for 31

T. C. S.—

Greedy.....	6 for 17
Moore.....	2 for 2
Ketchum.....	2 for 20

J. S. II.

S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.

St. Andrews' final game of the season took place against Bishop Ridley College on Wednesday, June 9th. St. Andrews went to bat first and were retired for 31 runs, Davis I. topping the score with 6.

Ridley, in their first innings, reached 106.

S. A. C., in a second attempt, made 57, thus leaving Ridley winners by an innings and 15 runs. In the second innings Moseley and Grant, with 24 and 13, respectively, were the chief scorers. The scores:—

S. A. C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Davis I. b. Jenoure.....	6
Davis II. b. Lefroy.....	1
Moseley ct. and b. Lefroy.....	0
Cantley b. Lefroy	4
Winter ct. Turnbull b. Jenoure.....	3
Taylor II. b. Lefroy.....	4
Balfour lb.w. Jenoure.....	0
Grant II. ct. Williams b. Jenoure.....	2
Bennett, not out.....	0
Cameron I. ct. Mills b. Jenoure.....	4
Frith b. Lefroy.....	5
Extras.....	2

Total..... 31

B. R. C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Mills ct. Moseley b. Davis II.....	15
Irvine stumped	11
Wood b. Taylor II.....	3
Lefroy ct. and b. Davis II.....	0
Turnbull ct. Grant II. b. Taylor II.....	1
Jenoure b. Taylor II.....	3
Garrett b. Taylor II.....	24
Alexander b. Taylor II.....	22
Porter ct. Winter b. Frith.....	0
McCulloch not out.....	4
Williams ct. Frith b. Davis II.....	14
Extras.....	9
Total.....	106

S. A. C.—

BOWLING.

Davis II.	3 for 32
Taylor II.	5 for 50
Frith.....	1 for 16

B. R. C.—

Lefroy.....	5 for 22
Jenoure.....	5 for 6

S. A. C. (SECOND INNINGS).

Davis I. ct. Williams b. Lefroy.....	0
Davis II. b. Lefroy.....	0
Moseley ct. Turnbull b. Garrett.....	24
Cantley b. Jenoure.....	6
Winter run out.....	1
Taylor II. ct. Irvine b. Jenoure.....	3
Balfour ct. Lefroy b. Jenoure.....	3
Grant II. b. Garrett.....	13
Bennett ct. Garrett b. Jenoure.....	2
Cameron I. not out.....	4
Frith ct. Irvine b. Jenoure.....	1
Extras.....	4
Total.....	58

BOWLING.

B. R. C.—

Lefroy.....	2 for 24
Jenoure.....	6 for 22
Garrett	2 for 8

F. GRANT II.

THE SECOND ELEVEN

Like all other second elevens, this year's team has had its share of being "the goat," so to speak, for the firsts. No sooner has a team been decided upon than there comes a call from the



Second Eleven (Cricket).

first eleven for, say, the best bowler, or, perhaps, some new material turns up, and so the team through all the season is in a state of more or less indecision.

Our first game was played at Grimsby, against Lake Lodge, on Saturday, May 29th. S.A.C. won the toss and went in. At

the end of the first innings S.A.C. were leading by 29 runs; but in the second, Lake Lodge overtook this, so won out. On Saturday, June 5th, we played our annual all-day match with U.C.C., but this proved unsuccessful, partly on account of losing one of our best bowlers. However, the spirit of the team was exceptionally good, and that, after all, is what counts in the long run, as we hope it will in the remainder of our games. The following have been awarded their Second Eleven Cricket colours:—Bennett, Douglas, Galbraith, Fleming, Macdonald, R., Macdonald, G., Rose, Rolph, Syme, Macpherson, Comstock (Capt.).

W. H. COMSTOCK.

THE LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET SEASON

On Tuesday, June 8th, a very interesting game was played on the College grounds between the Lower School and U.C.C. The visitors went in first and made 54 runs. S.A.C. then went in to bat, but only succeeded in notching 40 runs. In the second innings, however, our opponents were got out for the low total of 25. This left S.A.C. 40 to make to win. The close of the match was very exciting, as nine wickets having fallen for 36, it was an even chance whether we should win or lose the game. Choppin, however, saved the situation by making nine runs. A hit for three from his bat was greeted with enthusiastic applause from the spectators, as this was the winning stroke, carrying the score from 37 to 40. The bowling honours were shared between Auld and Kent. In the first innings Auld took five wickets for 23, and Kent two for 22. In the second innings Auld's record was four for 12, and Kent's five for 7. The full scores are appended:—

S.A.C. LOWER SCHOOL vs. U.C.C. LOWER SCHOOL

U. C. C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Pipon c. Menold b. Auld.....	3
Swabey c. and b. Kent.....	1
Chisholm b. Auld.....	5
Jarvis b. Auld.....	4
Beatty b. Auld.....	24
Cross c. Lawson b. Kent.....	7
Morang b. Auld.....	0

Huckvale run out.....	2
Gledhill b. Auld.....	3
Davison run out.....	2
Defries not out.....	0
Extras.....	3
<hr/>	
Total.....	54

S. A. C. (FIRST INNINGS).

Easson b. Beatty.....	4
Hewitt c. Morang b. Defries.....	16
Thorley not out.....	6
Auld b. Defries.....	0
Kent b. Beatty.....	10
Lawson c. Cross b. Defries.....	0
Secord c. Gledhill b. Defries.....	0
Boyd b. Beatty.....	1
Brown l.b.w. b. Beatty.....	0
Choppin c. Swabey b. Defries.....	4
Menold b. Defries.....	0
Extras.....	1
<hr/>	
Total.....	42

U. C. C. (SECOND INNINGS).

Morang b. Auld.....	0
Huckvale b. Auld.....	2
Chisholm b. Auld.....	2
Beatty c. Secord b. Kent.....	0
Jarvis c. Menold b. Kent.....	5
Pipon b. Auld.....	0
Cross c. Boyd b. Kent.....	2
Swabey b. Kent.....	7
Gledhill c. Secord b. Auld.....	0
Davison not out.....	0
Defries run out.....	1
Extras.....	5
<hr/>	
Total.....	24

S. A. C. (SECOND INNINGS).

Thorley c. Pipon b. Defries.....	8
Easson b. Beatty.....	0
Hewitt c. Jarvis b. Gledhill.....	10
Auld c. Davison b. Gledhill.....	11
Kent c. Swabey b. Gledhill.....	0
Lawson b. Beatty.....	1
Secord run out.....	4
Boyd c. Pipon b. Beatty.....	0
Brown run out.....	0
Choppin b. Gledhill.....	9
Menold not out.....	0
Extras.....	2
Total.....	45

The Lower School deserves great credit for this win, especially as they are the only team from St. Andrews that have beaten U.C.C. this year, and their work in the Junior Cadet Corps has considerably interfered with cricket practice.

THE RETURN MATCH WITH U. C. C.

The exigences of the Press prevent us from reporting this match in full, but we may say that it was played on the U. C. C. grounds on Friday, June 11th, and resulted in a win for the home team by the narrow margin of three runs, U. C. C. scoring 36 and S. A. C. 33. The S. A. C. boys gave a superb display of fielding in the early stages of the game.

THE BASEBALL SEASON

During the two weeks which elapsed between the Easter vacation and the opening of the cricket season baseball reigned supreme. Two leagues were formed—the American and the National—each consisting of three teams. The schedule was not played out. A team of 'Varsity men came up for a friendly game with a team picked from these leagues. The victory went

to the S. A. C. by 12 runs to 8. Galbraith's pitching and heavy hitting by Taylor were large factors in the game. The school team lined up as follows:—

Catcher.....	Davis I.
Pitcher.....	Galbraith
1st Base.....	Taylor I.
2nd Base.....	King
3rd Base.....	McPherson
Shortstop.....	Wallace
Right field.....	Taylor II.
Centre field.....	Cossitt
Left field.....	Yuill II.
Umpire.....	Macdonald I.

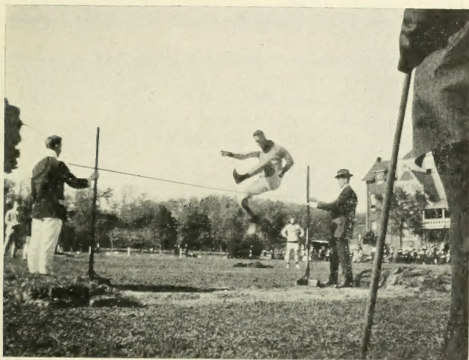
F. GRANT, II.



Junior Hockey Team.

SPORTS DAY

The Annual College Sports Day was held on Wednesday, May 19th. Owing to existing conditions the affair was carried off much more quietly than usual. The customary invitations and informal dance were dropped, and the attendance was smaller than on previous occasions. This fact, however, in no wise dampened the enthusiasm of the contestants, nor did it affect the quality of the sports themselves.



The High Jump.

The weather was ideal for such an event, and there were present many of those "cousins" whose names unaccountably do not appear on the family roll-book.

The school record for the running broad jump was shattered by Yuill, who covered 19 feet 5 inches, an increase of 3 inches on the former mark, set by Hatch.

Cossitt won the College Championship handily, running up a total of 31 points. Yuill I., with 17, carried off the House Championship.

In the junior events Hewitt ranked highest with 25 points to his credit. Lawson ran him very close, with 24, thus taking the

Junior House Championship, while Hewitt was awarded the Junior College Championship.

The events were decided as follows:

Kicking the Football—(Senior)—1, McCutcheon; 2, Cantley and Taylor (tied). Distance—153 ft. 8 in.

Kicking the Football—(Junior).—1, Hewitt; 2, Kent. Distance—137 ft. 2 in.

**One Mile Run*—(Open)—1, Dimock; 2, Cossitt; 3, Skinner. Time—5 min. 10 1-5 sec.

**Half Mile Run*—(Open)—1, Cossitt; 2, Dimock; 3, Skinner. Time—

**Quarter Mile Run*—(Open)—1, Yuill I.; 2, Dimock; 3, Skinner. Time—

Throwing the Cricket Ball—(Senior)—1, Cossitt; 2, Roger; 3, Horn. Distance—290 ft. 8 in.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Kent. Distance—225 ft.

Hurdles—(Under 16)—1, Winter; 2, Harrison.

**Running High Jump*—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Wood; 3, Tugwell. Height—4 ft. 4 1-4 in.

**Standing Broad Jump*—(Senior)—1, Whitaker I.; 2, McRae; 3, Cossitt. Distance—9 ft. 5 in.

**Standing Broad Jump*—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Tugwell; 3, Lawson. Distance—8 ft. 4 in.

**Running Broad Jump*—(Senior)—1, Yuill I.; 2, Roger; 3, Whitaker. Distance—19 ft. 5 in.

**Running Broad Jump*—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Lawson; 3, Boyd. Distance—15 ft. 9 in.

Putting the Shot—1, Soot; 2, McRae. Distance, 39 ft. 2 in.

50 Yds. Dash—(*Preparatory Form*)—1, Blomfield I.; 2, Cowie; 3, Denison. Time, 8 2-5 sec.

**100 Yds. Dash*—(Senior) 1, Cossitt; 2, Yuill I.; 3, Moseley. Time—10 2-5 sec.

100 Yds. Dash—(Under 13)—1, Applegath; 2, Macdonald III.; 3, Blomfield I. Time—13 1-5 sec.

Three Legged Race—(Open)—1, Skinner and Wright; 2, Smith and Moseley; 3, Johnston and Brouse.

**220 Yds. Dash*—(Senior)—1, Cossitt; 2, Yuill I.; 3, Dimock. Time—25 1-5 sec.

100 Yds. Dash—(Under 16)—1, Hewitt; 2, Boyd; 3, Winter. Time—12 sec. flat.

Lower School Handicap—1, Boyd; 2, Cox; 3, Denison.

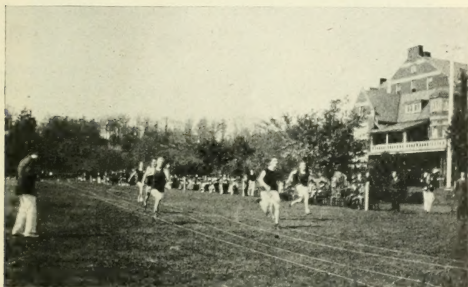
**100 Yds. Dash*—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Lawson; 3, Boyd.
Time, 12 1-5 sec.

**Hurdle Race*—(Senior)—1, Cossitt; 2, McCutcheon; 3, Dimock.

**220 Yds. Dash*—(Junior)—1, Lawson; 2, Boyd; 3, Tugwell.
Time—30 1-5 sec.

Sack Race—(Open)—1, Gallagher; 2, Thorley; 3, McCarter.

**Running High Jump*—(Senior)—1, Cossitt; 2, McCutcheon; 3, Davis I. Height—5 ft.



The Hundred Yards.

Obstacle Race—(Open)—1, Gallagher.

**Hurdle Race*—(Junior)—1, Hewitt; 2, Wood.

Old Boys' Race—1, Hamilton; 2, Brown.

220 Yds. Dash—(Under 17)—1, Skinner; 2, Rolph. Time—
26 3-5 sec.

N.B.—Only events marked with an asterisk count for championships.

Consolation Race—(Junior)—1, Kent; 2, Choppin.

Lady Hendrie kindly consented to present the prizes. The awards were made on Dr. Macdonald's terrace amid rounds of applause. After a rousing cheer for Lady Hendrie and a lusty "Hoot!" the guests dispersed, putting an end to a quiet, but most successful field day.

F. GRANT.

School Notes

THE CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps finished their year's work on the twenty-ninth of May.

All season they worked incessantly to become efficient in their drill, etc., and on Inspection Day it was quite evident their efforts were not in vain.

The Junior Corps helped much to swell our military ranks. They did remarkably well, and should be heartily congratulated. Next year it should be even better.

The band, an entirely new organization, added much to the appearance and general work of the corps, especially the marching. This will form the nucleus of a splendid band next year.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the fellows and all those connected with the Corps who have so ably and unselfishly helped to get it into such good condition. It is due to their efforts that St. Andrew's can with pleasure look back on such a successful year in this respect.

CANTLEY (Captain).

RIFLE SHOOTING

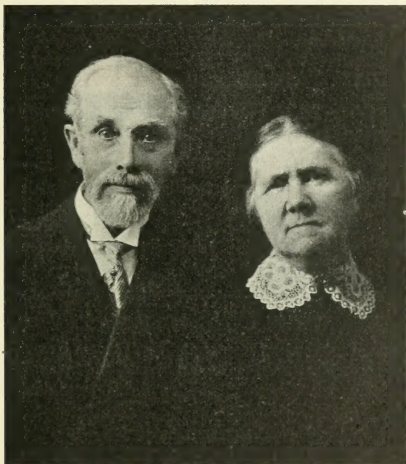
On Saturday, May 8th, the following awards were made, as the result of a competition held at the new school grounds at York Mills, commencing at 10.30 a.m.:—

Senior—1, Cup presented by the St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, to Crowe; 2, valuable set of books presented by Sir John Gibson, to Galbraith I.; 3, The Thorley Medal, to Galbraith II.

Junior—1, Rifle presented by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, to Tugwell; 2, The Gooderham Medal, to Secord.

The range was twenty yards, and the target half-inch bull.

The Review extends hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Crowley on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, which took place on Saturday, May 15th. Mr. Crowley is not known to many of us by his official title, but is familiar to us all by the name of "John"; and as "John" we shall always think of him. His connection with the College dates



Mr. and Mrs. Crowley.

to its commencement, fifteen years ago. His industry and conscientiousness have made his services valuable to his employers, and his kindness of heart has endeared him to us all. The headmaster and boys of the College availed themselves of the opportunity furnished by his golden wedding to show their regard for him by presenting him and his faithful partner with a silver tea service. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Crowley many years of happiness and prosperity.

In order to assist the work of the Red Cross Society in connection with the three University Base Hospitals, the boys of the school agreed to raise a fund sufficient to pay for six thousand bandages. The work of making these bandages was done by a number of ladies who very kindly and unselfishly gave up many afternoons to this end. These ladies met in Class Room No. 1, which for several weeks was converted into a bandage factory. The amount subscribed for by the boys is about two hundred and fifty dollars. Two thousand bandages were dispatched to each of the three University Base Hospitals (Toronto, McGill, and Queen's.)

Major Taylor left Toronto with his regiment a few days ago and is expecting to sail for England immediately.

As we go to press another interesting shooting event is about to take place, namely, the Annual Competition of the N.R.A. The team competing in this consists of the following:—Crowe (Capt.), Galbraith I., Galbraith II., Taylor I., Macpherson, Soot, Roger, Rankin, Tugwell, Davis I.

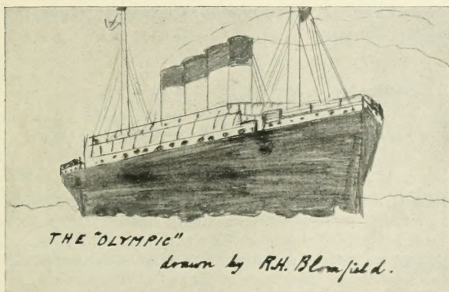
THE LOWER SCHOOL

We were very sorry to temporarily lose Carlton Green. . He met with an accident when riding his bicycle, and broke his arm. We are glad he is getting on all right, and shall be pleased to see him in his place again next term.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Clayton from the staff of the Lower School, but he felt it his duty to serve the Empire by joining the Army in England. He sailed from New York on Saturday, April 10th, on board the *Transylvania*. He reached his destination in safety, and is now attached to the Northumberland Fusiliers.

THE REVIEW extends a hearty welcome to Mr. E. A. H. Caverhill, of Trinity College, Toronto, who has taken Mr. Clayton's place. He is a lieutenant in the Governor-General's Body Guard, and has had many years of military experience.

In March three juvenile criminals from the Lower School found themselves on the wrong side of the Law (with a capital L) in connection with the rights and privileges of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company (all capitals). As their names are already known to us, there can be no harm in saying that they are Messrs. Cox, Merry and Montgomery. Had they got their deserts they would now be serving a long term of imprisonment at some such delightful establishment as the Toronto jail, or the Kingston Penitentiary. Instead of which, they are still at large, and a menace



to the community. We would remind all readers of the REVIEW, especially the younger ones, that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company (profanely known as the C. P. R.—not the one in Yonge street) did not go to the trouble and expense of laying down several thousands of miles of railway tracks in order to provide short cuts for “children coming home from school,” (Longfellow’s “Village Blacksmith”). “Let’s go over the bridge” is a short sentence, but is likely to lead to a longer one!

Old Boys' News

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Marriages

Cooch, H.A., B.A. Sc., April 24th, 1915, married to Miss May C. W. McLaren, of Toronto.

McKinnon, Kenneth, October 28th, 1914, married to Miss Pritchard, of Winnipeg.

Nourse, Arthur E., April 10th, 1915, married to Miss Kate A. Webster, of Toronto.

Births

Adams, Stanley V., April 6th, 1915, a daughter.

Ault, A. Donald, March 3rd, 1915, a daughter.

Bowman, H. H., April 18th, 1915, a daughter.

Park G. Parker, who was at S.A.C. from 1906 to 1908 has been capturing many honours in Squash Rackets, the game he has made his own. Not long ago he won the Annual Handicap of the National Association, held at the Columbia University Club courts, New York. The form he showed on this occasion was wonderful, and great things are predicted for him in the future.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

The 11th Annual Dinner of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association was held on Saturday evening, April 10th, when the Old Boys were the guests of the College.

Seventy-nine members were present, the same number as last year, notwithstanding the fact that over two hundred Old Boys are serving in the Forces.

The toast of "The King" was proposed by Dr. Macdonald. The toast of "The School" was proposed by Mr. Victor Lewis, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the chairman of the Board of Governors, in a very interesting speech, outlined the history of the School. Three cheers were called for Mr. Macdonald by Mr. McPherson, and given with a will.

Colonel Gooderham addressed the members and proposed the health of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

A toast to the Old Boys on active service was proposed by Mr. McPherson and responded to by Major Taylor, of the Mounted Rifles.

Numerous musical numbers were rendered by Messrs. Bennett, Allan, Howe, Douglas and Edmunds.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, and to those who had contributed the musical programme.

At the conclusion of the dinner a business meeting was held, when the following officers were elected for the year: President, W. Lloyd Wood, Jr.; 1st Vice-President, R. Douglas Fraser; 2nd Vice-President, R. G. Gill; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Hanna; Committee, Allan Ramsey, Kenneth Douglas, Lyman Howe, Victor Lewis, Arthur Elliott.

LETTERS FROM AN OLD BOY AT THE FRONT

The following letters from one of our Old Boys serving at the front to his mother are from a Cobourg paper. They will interest all readers of the REVIEW, whether they know the writer or not.

A FIERCE ATTACK ON THE ENTRENCHED FOE.

First Northern General Hospital,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 5, 1915.

Mrs. J. E. Skidmore, Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Mother,—Will try to give you a short synopsis of my rather extended travels during the last couple of weeks.

On Thursday, April 22nd, the 1st Battalion was billeted in some huts about a mile from Vlamertyngh, and at about five in the afternoon a crowd of refugees were seen passing along a near-by

road. A bunch of us went over to see what the trouble was, and were told that the French had been forced to give way and were rapidly retiring. With this we were called back to our huts and warned to be ready at a moment's notice. However, all was quiet until about 1 a.m., when we were quietly called and ordered to "fall in" as soon as possible in full marching order and to have all the ammunition we could carry as well as one day's beef and biscuit ration. All this required about half an hour, and we marched off with hardly a word spoken, although there were many silent hand-clasps. After about an hour's march we halted, and while we rested several French soldiers passed us. They seemed intent on one idea, and that was to put as much space between themselves and the Germans as possible. We were none of us told the "where or why," but the flashes and roar of artillery "dead ahead" told us only too plainly our ultimate destination. After resting a short time we got the order to advance along a road parallel with the railway between Poperinghe and Ypres. About one and a half miles out of Ypres we turned to the left and marched along this way for about twenty minutes, when we were suddenly given a jolt by several high explosive shells bursting within a few yards of us. However, we continued to advance and shortly came to a pontoon bridge across the Yser canal, which we crossed. Just here I happened to spy Major Beattie and hailed him. He came over and gave me a hearty hand-clasp, saying, "Paul, my lad, be a man, and put your trust in God, as this is serious business." He told me that the Brig. Major had forbidden him to go any farther. He then bade me good-bye and good luck and remained to cheer the boys as they crossed the narrow bridge. From here we advanced about three hundred yards and commenced to dig ourselves in, but soon got orders to advance. We had learned by this time that the Fourth Battalion was ahead of us.

By five a.m. the shells and bullets were pretty thick, and there were several casualties. We now proceeded—two platoons at a time—in single file under cover of a hedge and a ditch for about two hundred yards. Just here the platoons extended to the right and advanced in lines of skirmishers to the left front. Here the fireworks started in earnest. The enemy were along the brow of a gentle slope some fifteen hundred yards distant. This position was an excellent one, as they had a clear field of fire and there was

no cover for us but a few ditches only a couple of feet deep. Our boys were as steady as rocks and advanced with a regularity and precision that has won us our "name," surprising everyone, ourselves included. Through some miracle several of us reached a rough trench about one thousand yards up the hill. It was useless to advance further, as there were so few of us left after the hell of fire we had gone through that we could not hope to reach the enemies' lines. By this time it must have been ten a.m. We set to work like demons to make our rough shelter as good a protection as possible and by noon had quite a passable trench, in which we kept up a heavy rifle and machine gun fire until four in the afternoon. The enemy had kept up a heavy fire all day, but now it seemed to redouble in fury, but by this time our artillery had come into action and was pounding away at a terrible rate, and the word came along that supports were coming on our right. Looking around, we could see line after line advancing across the fields we had traversed in the early morning. Many a man in that trench muttered a "Thank God," and we did our best to cover the advance with our rifle fire. Soon the King's Own Scottish Borderers came into our position in the trenches, and as soon as they had gotten their breath our senior officer, Captain Parks, yelled at the top of his voice, "Come on, First Canucks, let's give 'em hell." We answered to a man, and springing over the parapet started to advance. After advancing about one hundred and fifty yards I felt a sudden shock in my right thigh, for all the world like a blow with a hammer. The next thing I remember was the feel of warm blood running down my leg. Then I realized I was done, and, remembering "first aid to the injured," tied my pull-through tight around the top of my leg, and by using the handle of my entrenching tool made a kind of a tourniquet and stopped some of the flow of blood. Would like to tell you how I got back to the dressing station, but as I have only a very vague idea myself of how it happened, will leave that and my trip back across the Channel, up through England to this grand, good hospital, for another letter, but will say the doctors promise that I can begin to get around again in a couple of weeks. Love to all. PAUL.

HOW THE WOUNDED ARE CARED FOR.

Armstrong Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 7, 1915.

Mrs. J. E. Skidmore, Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Mother,—To keep promise made in my last letter will try to-night to finish the account of my experiences in the battle of Langemarck—writing helps to while the time away. Think I had myself back to Major Beattie's improvised dressing station at the turn of the road just over the pontoon bridge at the Ypres canal. Here the wounded were bandaged and made as comfortable as possible before the stretcher bearers carried them over the canal to the motor ambulance that rushed the wounded to the field ambulance stations. Might here give you a description of an improvised field sorting station, for it is nothing more nor less than sorting. Many die before their time comes; some, though living, can only be comforted, etc. I could tell you pages of heroism and unselfish conduct, but no doubt you read of the self-sacrifice of these noble men in many other letters. So you can fit one in here, for they are real. Major Beattie can tell you of hundreds he sees after every battle. Well, my time came before I bled to death, my bandage was put on in place of my side tourniquet, and a stretcher took me over the canal to the motor ambulance that landed me in number two station, where my wound was properly cleansed and dressed by a Dr. Mussen, of St. Thomas, Ont., whom I had met in Quebec last autumn. From here I was taken to Poperinghe to a clearing hospital early Saturday morning when I rested after two terrible nights and a day of real experience, and I could rest. Although a Hun bullet got me, in the end have the pleasure of reading in many papers of how the first and fourth battalions, supported by the St. Kitts guns, held a wide front against great odds for a whole day. My rest was not for long, however, for the wounded were coming so fast those able to travel were pushed on Saturday afternoon to Hazebrouck, where I stayed until Monday. Monday I was put on a St. John's Ambulance train and arrived in Boulogne about 10 p.m., but the hospitals were all full, so the train was sent to Rouen, where we arrived about two p.m. the following afternoon. The hospital at Rouen is an excellent one, built on the outskirts of the city. It has lots of fresh air, and now the spring sunshine.

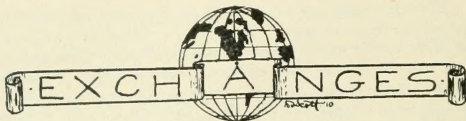
Thursday noon saw a bunch of us who were not seriously injured, on the move again. We arrived in Havre about 11 p.m. and were at once put on board the hospital ship *Estrinau*, crossed the Channel and were transferred to a Red Cross train at Southampton about midnight Friday. This well equipped hospital train brought us in comparative comfort to Newcastle-on-Tyne at nine o'clock Saturday morning, where—to use the language of the story-book—we have lived happy ever since.

The bullet hit me in front and went out the back of my right thigh. On entering it made a very small wound, but, as all good bullets are supposed to do, it turned sideways and ripped out quite a chunk of flesh, leaving a hole at the back nearly two inches in diameter. It is healing up rapidly, however, and I hope to be about again in a week or so.

Could tell you how kind doctors and nurses are about the hospital, and the Newcastle people, but this is Northumberland County, too, so you know the answer. With lots of love. PAUL.



Prefects.



The following is our Exchange List for the year. We hope to continue receiving the many interesting magazines:—

- The Argosy*, Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.
The Albanian, St. Alban's College, Brockville, Ont.
Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
Acta Ridleiana, Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.
Acta Victoriana, Victoria College, University of Toronto, Toronto.
The Advocate, New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N.J.
The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
The B. B. C. Magazine, Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.
The Black and Red, University School, Victoria, B.C.
Boone Review, Boone University, Wuchang, China.
Branksome Slogan, Branksome Hall, Toronto.
Carlisle Arrow, Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.
The Chronicle, Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
The Collegiate, Sarnia Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.
The Collegian, St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ont.
Daedalian Quarterly, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.
The Elevator, Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.
El Susurro, Monterey County High School, Monterey, Cal.
The Hilltop, Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J.
The Langarian, Langara College, Vancouver, B.C.
Lux Columbiana, Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.
O. L. C. Echoes, Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Ont.
The Oracle, Plainfield High School, Plainfield, N.J.
Purple and Gray Magazine, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.
The Quill, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York, N.Y.
Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
The Right Angle, Rochester Shop School, Rochester, N.Y.
The Recorder, Springfield High Schools, Springfield, Mass.
The Ramble, N. Y. Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Red and White, Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill.
St. Hilda's Chronicle, St. Hilda's College, Toronto.
St. Margaret's Chronicle, St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Scotch Collegian, Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia.
The Schoolman, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.
Search Light, West Newton High School, West Newton, Pa.
T. C. S. Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
Tech. Monthly, Technical High School, Scranton, Pa.
Vox Lycei, Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
The Wind Mill, Manlius School, Manlius, N.Y.
Wilmerding Life, Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco, Cal.

Vox Lycei.—Undoubtedly our best exchange. Every page is interesting, especially those in the Literary section.

Branksome Slogan.—Up to your usual high standard in everything except "The Laugh Line."

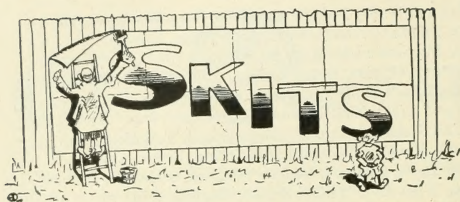
The Collegian.—Include a few more school snaps is our only suggestion. As a humorous magazine yours, with its "Daily Drone" and numerous jokes, cannot be excelled.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Tech. Monthly says: "This exchange from the Dominion is one of the best on our list. Every department is carefully edited, and it is profusely illustrated with photographs. '1950' is good reading, and 'Skits' is one of the best humor sections we have seen."

Blue and White says: "Your 'Skits' are very clever, and the different pictures through the magazine are very good and help to brighten your interesting paper."

C. P. LECKIE.



Doug.—“But why do the Allies use camels?”

Wally.—“They intend to invade Germany and have to have an animal that can go two weeks without water.”

Meyer.—“Have you ever heard of Irish diamonds?”

Chapman.—“No. What are they?”

Meyer.—“Sham-rocks, I guess.”

Rumor—Three battleships sunk.

Unofficial Report—One battleship sunk.

Official Report—Week's washing blown overboard during heavy gale.

Impatient One.—“See here! Where are those oysters I ordered on the half-shell?”

Waiter.—“Don't get impatient, sir; we're a little short on shells; but you're next, sir.”

Cameron.—“The College Street Library is closed.”

Moseley.—“Why?”

Cam.—“They found smallpox in the dictionary.”

Waiter.—“Will you have some pork and beans, sir?”

Leckie.—“No, I don't care for them; I never eat pork and beans.”

Waiter (moving away).—“Then, sir, dinner is over!”

Clement—"What two towns in France remind one of a sailor's trousers?"

Bennett—"Toulon and Toulouse."

Heard on Parade.—Kid (on a corner, looking at S. A. C. cadets)—"They aren't the 48th. There's more than forty-eight there."

Mr. Magee—"You make so much noise that I can't hear myself write on the blackboard."

McGregor—"Which end of the car do I get off at?"

Conductor—"Either end; they both stop."

Teacher—"What shape is the world?"

Boy—"Round."

Teacher—"How do you know?"

Boy—"Well, then, call it square if you don't believe me—I don't want to start an argument."

Mr. S.—"If H_2O is water, what is $H.O.$?"

McRae—"Mush."

Mr. D. (in Chemistry)—"If this experiment should go wrong we might be blown clear to heaven. Come closer, Fleming, so that you may be able to follow me better."

Winter—"What's the difference between McDougall and a banana?"

Balfour—"Dunno."

Winter—"You can skin a banana."

Pat (coming up from dinner)—"What did you think of the meat to-night? Wasn't it a bear?"

Hunter—"I'm not sure. It might have been."

McRae—"What's a tomato?"

Horn—"Dunno."

McRae—"A cranberry's father with the mumps."

"Squirt" Watson has had his feet mistaken six times for suitcase cases.

"Why is it better to be burnt alive than to be beheaded?"
"Because a hot stake is better than a cold chop."

Cossitt—"What do you think the unemployed are doing in Montreal?"

Comstock—"Dunno. What?"

Cossitt—"Nothing."

Drunk (at ticket office)—"Give ush a ticket."

Clerk—"Where do you want to go?"

Drunk—"None of your impudensh. Give ush a ticket."

Clerk—"But what station do you want?"

Drunk (thoughtfully)—"Wha' shtations have ye got?"

Don—"Did you ever play an organ?"

Rick—"No."

Don—"It's a pipe."

Hunter—"Come on, McGregor! Time to get up. Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!"

McGregor—"Did, eh? Tough luck! Better get a doctor."

Mr. Laidlaw—"What is the male of the American Indian called?"

Auld—"Chief."

Mr. Laidlaw—"The female?"

Auld—"Mischief."

Mr. Fleming (explaining geometry problem)—"We have three cases here—"

Soot (smacking his lips)—"Where are they, Sir? Lead me to 'em."

Porter—"What's the most nervous thing you know of, next to a girl?"

Moseley—"Me—next to a girl."

Cantley—"I could dance to heaven with you."

Bored One—"Let's reverse."

Life in the trenches must be hard,
And yet that is not strange;
For how can one do cooking when
The gunner has your range?

Mr. Findley—"Do you like Shakespeare?"

McRae—"I like Pilsener's or Schlitz, but I never heard of Shake's beer."

POPULAR SONGS LOCALIZED.

"All Dressed Up and No Place to Go"—McGregor.

"My Little Grey Home in the West"—The Tuck Shop.

"He's a Devil"—Eakins.

"Over the Hills to Mary"—A Member of Room Twenty-two.

"Dublin Bay"—Oyster Bay in disguise.

"Oh, You Great Big Bashful Doll"—McRae.

"The Deathless Army"—The Lower School Cadets.

"Napoleon's Last Charge"—When someone tripped him in the dining-room with a load of dishes.

"Nights of Gladness"—Homework.

"Isle d'Amour"—Branksome Hall.

A Jew had just returned from a hunting trip, and as he was going down the street he met a friend of his, who said:

"Hello, Myer, did you shoot anything?"

Myer—"Sure; I shot my dog."

Friend—"Was he mad?"

Myer—"Vell, he vasn't so darn pleased."

First Mexican Senorita—"She is of a very good family."

Second Mexican Senorita—"Yes, one of her ancestors was president of Mexico from 12.10 to 12.16 a.m. one day in 1912."
—*Ex.*

"What's the trouble at Smith's house?"

"He accuses his wife of using dum-dum biscuits."—*Ex.*

"'Lo, Sam. 'Fishin'?"

"Naw; drownin' worms."

Father—"Freshmen at the University of P. are forbidden to smoke cigarettes."

Fond Mother—"Oh! Now Oswald won't get a bit of exercise."

Galbraith—"I'm well satisfied with myself."

King—"You're satisfied with very little."

When forth to steal he softly stole,

His bag of chink he chunk,

And many a wicked smile he smole,

And many a wink he wunk.

Bullock (doing Caesar)—"The pastured themselves on the public lands."

"Say, grandpa, when were you born?"

"In 1812."

"That wasn't what the war was about, was it?"

McRae—"Somebody made a mistake when they put silver polish on this fork."

Fraser—"What is a mouse?"

Whitaker I.—"Why, a rat's pup, of course."

Customer—"I want to buy a dog collar."

Absent-minded Clerk—"What size shirt does he wear?"

Drill Sergeant—"A rifle bullet will go through more than a foot of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads!"

Maud—"It looks like rain."

Horn (looking hard at his cup)—"It does, indeed, but it smells rather like coffee."

Brouse—"Do you go to church on Sunday?"

Johnston—"No; I sleep at home."

The pedestrian lay dying by the roadside after being run over by a fleeing auto.

"Any message to your wife?" asked his friend; as he bent sympathetically over him.

"Yes, yes," he gasped; "tell her I died game and—but don't tell her it was a Ford."—*Ex.*

Yvill II.—"Sir, did you ever notice the odor of the air, where cats are?"

Mr. Laidlaw.—"Yes, I have, especially when they are *Black Cats*."

Douglas.—"Me and mein Bruder, ve look so much like von anodder dot somebody can tell not what is der likeness between der difference of us apart.

Mother—"Don't you dare to use such language again! I'm ashamed of you."

Bright Boy—"Why ma, Kipling uses it, and his —"

Mother—"He does? Then don't you ever play with him again."—*Ex.*

On a mule, we find two legs behind,

And two, we find, before;

We tickle behind, before we find

What the two behind be for.

He and she arrived in the fourth innings of the game.

He (to a fan)—"What is the score?"

Fan—"Nothing to nothing."

She—"Goody, we haven't missed a thing."—*Ex.*

A customer entered a small town barber shop—"How soon can I get a hair cut?" he said.

"Hey, Bill!" said the barber, looking up from a highly interesting book, "run over to Simmon's Livery Stable after you get finished yer game of solitaire and tell him to give ye the scissors I lent him them last week to clip Dobbin with. The gent here wants a hair cut."—*Ex.*

Joe—"Hey, Art, your mouth's open."

Art—"I know; I opened it."

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Beauty Hints.—by Dr. Alexander McRae. Well worth reading by anyone inflicted with big feet, etc. Price, 10 yen a copy.

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Wanderings in Santalia—by Col. John Roger; the author imparts some of his hairbreadth escapes in his own home town. Price, 8 roubles.

The Game of Love—by Richard Davis. In this book Mr. Davis relates his sad story, and publishes it as an example for those without experience. Price, 10c. a dozen.

Ten Minutes in the 'Phone Room—by Donald Cantley. Mr. Cantley actually discloses the mysterious conferences which eventually lead to tea-rooms and elsewhere. Price, \$1.50.

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How to Manage the Feet—by Harry Watson. Bound in boot leather. Price, 5 simoleons.

He—"I was out riding in my Ford yesterday."

She—"Yes."

He—"And I stuck one foot out of the side of the machine."

She—"Well?"

He—"And some boob hollered, 'Hey, mister, yeh lost one of yer roller skates'."



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A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyers on the opposite side began.

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Laszky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"Vy, work —"

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench."

"Oh!" groaned the lawyer. "Where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of bricks."

"Now, Laszky, listen. What do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno; a lot of money, I think."

"Now, listen! What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh," said Laszky, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of good goods?"

"The best."

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."—*Ex.*

"How many speeds has your Ford, Mack?"

Mack—"Three—Slow, slower, stop."

"How many times does it fire?"

"Twice—misfire and back-fire."

Judge—"Officer, what's the matter with the prisoner—tell her to stop that crying—she's been at it fifteen minutes."

—More sobs.—

Officer—"Please, sir, I'm a' thinking she wants to be bailed out."

Mr. D.—"What is the latest method of obtaining oxygen?"

Bill—"By dislocating air."

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May—"Sorry. I can't take it back; you've bent it."

Latest War News—The Germans have taken Pilsener and are now surrounding Delicatessen, where the Wurst is expected. The Belgian Hares have had a falling out with the Welsh Rarebits and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes (unofficial). This will make the Irish stew and the English mustard hot, and if the Russian Caviare sees the French pastry, it may start a Swiss movement.—Watch!—*Ex.*

"John," demanded the wife of her intoxicated husband, "how did you get that gash on your forehead?"

"Guess I must 'a bit myself."

"Bit yourself!"—(scornfully). "How could you bite yourself 'way up there?"

"Guess I must 'a stood on a chair."

Master—"Now boys, we've studied all about the landing of the Pilgrims, and I want you to draw a picture of the Plymouth Rock."

Bright One (Holds up hand)—"Shall I draw a hen or a rooster?"—*Ex.*

Mr. Magee—"Campbell, what are three kinds of nuts?"

Campbell (without hesitation)—"Peanuts, doughnuts and forget-me-nuts."

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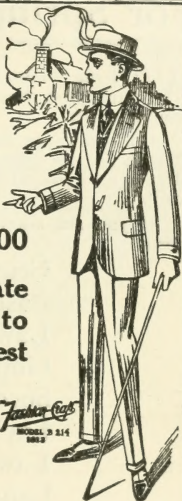
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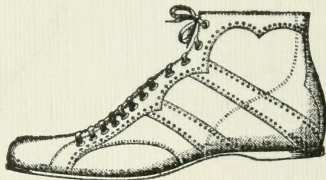
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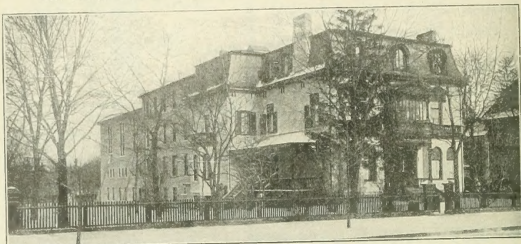
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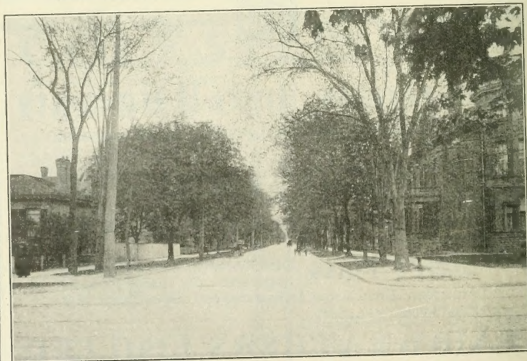
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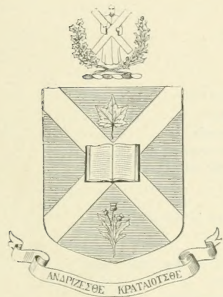
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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1915

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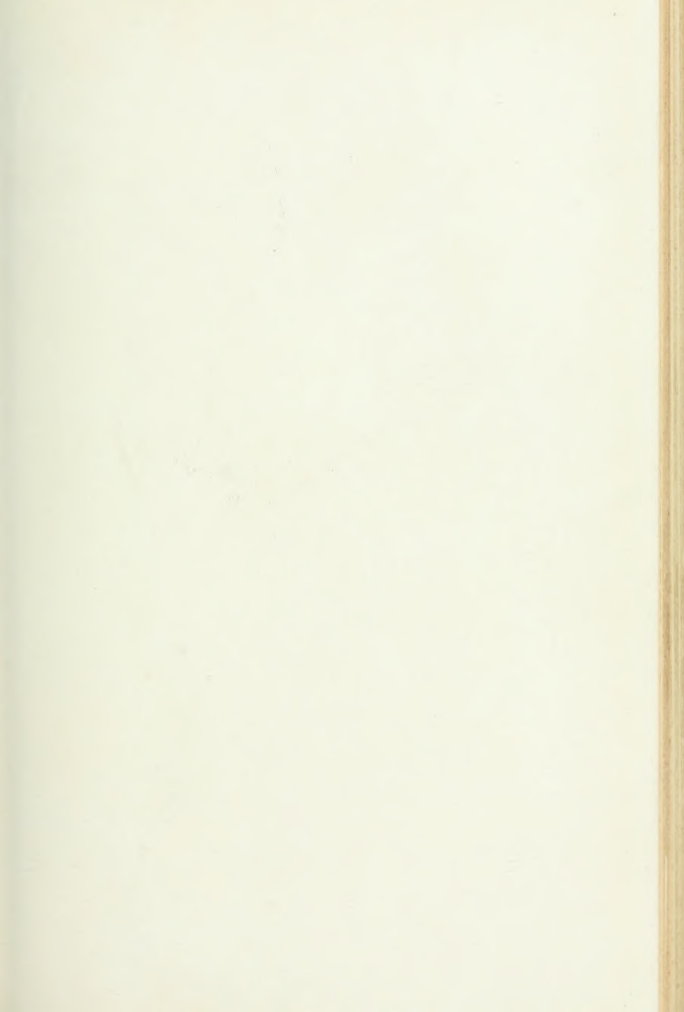
Issued by the Editorial Committee

EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

CHRISTMAS, 1915

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Our Christmas Card

St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1915

Editorial

THE season of Peace and Good-will finds our Empire still in a state of war. Since our last Christmas number was issued, indeed, the great conflict has intensified in bitterness, and widened in its scope almost to world-embracing dimensions. In this struggle the Old Boys of St. Andrew's College have played, and are playing, their part, we think not unworthily. We publish in this issue an addition of over ninety names to the hundred and fifty which appeared on the Roll of Honour in our midsummer number. Allowing for the many names not yet reported to us, there must be fully thirty-three per cent. of St. Andrew's Old Boys now serving in the Empire's Forces.

FEW among us—even of those whose privilege it is to take an active part in the mighty drama—can realize now the greatness of the events that are happening, the far-reaching social and political changes that are being effected before our eyes. It is natural that the struggle itself—the romantic tales of heroism and adventure, on land and water and in the air—should chiefly occupy the minds of boys. This has shown itself in the character of the contributions sent in to us for publication, some of which, for the sake of variety, we have been obliged to reject.

BEFORE the war (how far away that time seems now!) we were wont to picture to ourselves, with a kind of envy, the feelings of a schoolboy who lived in the days of Nelson and Wellington. The events through which we are passing will probably be looked back upon as greater and more decisive in history than even those of Napoleonic times. The Ballantynes and Hentys of the future, too, will have material and to spare for the

entertainment of our descendants. But posterity will be inquisitive about even *us*, at home or at school in Canada. Everyone will be curious to know how we took it all—what life was like in the stirring days of the early Twentieth Century.

PERHAPS some learned historian of the future, on the hunt for social material, may light upon this magazine, and cast a glance of critical interest over its contents; or it may well happen that on a far distant Christmas evening some gray-bearded grandsire of that time—now a boy in the Lower School—when his grandchildren call for stories of the great War-Time, may produce, from among the hoarded relics of his eventful youth these pages, *now* glossy, and redolent of approaching holidays, *then* faded and yellow with age. He may point—who knows?—to this face among our portrait-groups, or that name among our contributors, and proudly tell that he was a schoolfellow of the coming great Warrior or Statesman or Author. Our quaint attempts at humour will provoke a tolerant smile—now perhaps denied them—from the terrible *fin-de-siecle* youth of that day. Time will have added a flavour of further ripeness to our jokes. Let us hope at all events that, whether now or then, our critics will find it possible to

Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our virtues wondrous kind.

AS to our *virtues*, we have little doubt that the Christmas Card which forms our frontispiece will be set down on that side of the account by all past and present members of the School. In publishing it we have had particularly in mind the many Old Boys now on service abroad, each of whom we should like to receive a copy of the magazine. By one person only will it be reckoned as a *fault*, and that person is the subject of the picture herself, whom we have not consulted, and whose indignant protests we hope to bear with greater equanimity, feeling, as we do, so completely assured of the appreciation of our readers.

HONOUR ROLL—Continued

This list, which contains about ninety names additional to those published in our Midsummer Number, is, we feel, far from complete. Fresh names of Old Boys with the Colours are constantly coming to hand. The list is as accurate and as full as present information permits. The Headmaster will be grateful to have any errors pointed out, and for news of additions that should be made. We propose to publish at Midsummer an illustrated Supplement to the REVIEW, containing a revised list of St. Andrew's Old Boys and Masters known to be serving in the Imperial Forces.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con. tin'g. Home.	St. Andrew's College.
<i>Masters.</i>				
Blanchard, A. . .	Lieut.	76th Rifles (Halifax) . .	Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Macdonnell, H. .	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.	Kingston . . .	1913-15
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	London, Eng.	1908-15
<i>Old Boys.</i>				
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	16th Batt. Royal Fusiliers	2nd Vancouver .	1910-11
Beasley, P. E. . . .	Flying Sub. Lt.	Aviation	Victoria . . .	1911-12
Beecroft, H. T. . . .	3rd	University Co.	Edmonton, Alta	1912-13
Bell, W. G.	Lieut.	92nd Batt. Assist. Adjt.	Toronto . . .	1900-09
Blake, G. E.	2nd Lt.	Oxfords and Bucks L.I.	Toronto . . .	1901-02
Bowden, H.		Army Service Corps, No. 510202	Toronto . . .	1908-09
Brown, R. A. . . .	Lieut.	15th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1908-14
Carlyle, D. B. . . .	Lieut.	95th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1908-12
Chase, Geo. A. . . .	Sergt.	C. Squad, 2nd Brigade.	3rd Fort Wil- liams . . .	1904-06
Chesnut, A. W. . . .		4th University Co.	Toronto . . .	1902-07
Christie, W. L. . . .	Lieut.	35th Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-07
Clarke, A. R. S. . . .		Dorsetshire Regiment. .	1st Toronto . .	1901-02
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.	Toronto . . .	1909-14
Cochrane, O. D. . .	Lieut.	A.D.C. 48th Highlanders	Ottawa . . .	1905-08
Corbould, C. E. B.	New West- minster . .	1905-08
Cotton, C. D. . . .	Lieut.	Machine Gun Section, 83rd Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-04
Cotton, H. H. . . .		2nd Brigade, C.M.R. . . .	Cowansville.	1910-12
Cousins, G. A. . . .		3rd Can. Mounted Rifles	Medicine Hat	1904
Crothers, W. G. . .	Lieut.	In charge of Transport.	Ottawa . . .	1912-13
Devlin, H. S. . . .	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Stayner . . .	1911-12
Dickson, Ivan W. . .		M.B.	Toronto . . .	1899-1905
Dimock, G. F. . . .	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto . . .	1910-15
Diver, F. G.		45th Regiment	Toronto . . .	1904-06
Doherty, H. J. . . .	Pte.	45th Battalion	Edmonton . .	1904-05
Donald, H. H. . . .	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	Toronto . . .	1902-07

Douglas, G. K.	Aquatic Battery	Toronto	1906-09
Fleming, Paul R.	Lieut.	Grenadiers	Toronto	1906-07
Forgie, J.	Lieut. 92nd Highlanders	Pembroke	..	1904-07
Frith, Ed. V.	3rd Divisional Cyclists.	Hamilton,		
				Bermuda.		1907-10
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion	Toronto	1906-10
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1907-10
Galbraith, D. W.				Carleton Pl.		1914-15
B. Flying Sub-Lieut.		Aviation	Japan	1911-12
Gauld, W. H.	Pte. Cycle Corps	1st Toronto	1907
Gibson, W. O.	7th Bde., 25th Battery.			
Gooderham,				Toronto	1906-10
Grant, Flying Sub-Lt.		Aviation	2nd Vancouver.		1908-10
Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.				
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade,		Toronto	1911-13
		Royal Horse Artillery		Toronto	1908-09
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	Grenadiers, 123rd Batt.		Toronto	1903-07
Hanna, W. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	1st Vancouver.		1910-11
*Herald, R. E.	16th Battalion			
Higinbotham,				Toronto	1907-09
H. T.	Lieut. 34th Battalion	Vancouver	..	1911-12
Hume, R. Fred.	At the Dardanelles.			
Jones-Bateman,						
B. W.	Corp. 33rd Batt., Mach. Gun		Toronto	1909-13
		Section	Toronto	1903-10
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1903-09
Kemp, C.	Lieut. Army Service Corps.			
Kilgour, A.			Toronto	1900-11
...Sub. Flight	Lieut.	Aviation	2nd Toronto	1900-07
Kilgour, Ashley.	Lieut.	Howitzer Battery	Toronto	1905-07
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion	Toronto	1910-13
Lash, G. H. G.	4th University Co.			
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	Paymaster 30th Ottawa		Gore Bay	..	1903-06
		Rifles	Toronto	1907-14
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	Grenadiers	Toronto	1909-15
Leishman, R. C.	Mississauga Horse	Toronto	1905-09
Leishman, W. H.	Gunner	34th Battery			
Lennard, H. G.	Pte.	No. 58316, Machine Gun				
		Section, 20th Batt.,				
		4th Brigade	Dundas	1908-10
Lightbourn, A. H.	Pte.	Volunteer Corps, Home		Paget, Ber-		
		Defence	muda		1908-09
				Toronto	1903-08
				Toronto	1904-14
Lightbourn, G. O.	Lieut.	109th Regiment			
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1902-06
Loudon, L. B. M.	Lieut.	Detention Camp, on		Calgary	1906-07
		duty	Toronto	1906-12
Lowes, A. T.	Lieut. 56th Battalion	Toronto	1904-08
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps			
Lytle, W. H.	Capt. Grenadiers			
McIntosh, P. D.	On duty at Detention		Toronto	1903-13
		Camp, Cochrane	Petrolia	...	1912-13
McQueen, H. M.	70th Batt., Signal Sec.				
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	Machine Gun Officer,		Montreal	...	1907-08
		2nd Can. Pioneer Bat.		London, Ont.		1914-15
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.			Toronto	1903-07
MacLaren, K. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion	Glenallen	...	1911-15
Macpherson, C.	Corp.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.				

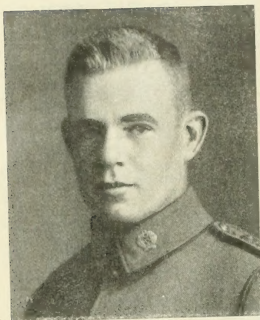
*Killed at Ypres, April, 1914.

Mickleborough,

K....	Capt. "A" Co., 84th Battalion	Toronto	1905-14
Moffat, A. B....	Lieut. R. A. M. C.....	Toronto ..	1899-1906
Morton, D. R....	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1909-11
Mulligan, W. R.	Lord Strathcona Horse 1st	Regina	1911
Munn, W. L. G.	Newfoundland Reg't...	St. John's..	1910-14
Munro, Elmer....	34th Battalion	Toronto	1904-09
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	Dunnville ..	1906-11
Nasmith, D. H....	Lieut. 83rd Battalion	Toronto	1900-02
Nelson, Gregory.	Lieut. 83rd Battalion	Toronto	1908-11
Page, F. P.....	Lieut. 81st Battalion	Toronto	1902
Rand, E. A.....	Lieut. 47th Battalion	New West-	
		minster ..	1912-13
Rice, S. G.....	Sergt. 31st Battalion	Toronto	1911-12
Riches, S. C. R..	Lieut. 8th Can. Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1906-09
Ross, G. F.....			
...Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation	Toronto	1901-13
Rutter, G. W....	Lieut. 4th Mounted Rifles	Toronto	1905-10
Skead, E. S.....	Lieut. Imperial Army	Ottawa	1909-10
Snow, G. A.....	Lieut. 92nd Battalion	Toronto	1907-12
Sykes, H. H.....		Toronto	1909-10
Tidy, P. C.....	Lieut. 35th Battalion	Toronto	1907
Travis, C. W....	Lieut. Hamilton Machine Gun		
	Battalion	Sydney, N.S.	1911-14
Trow, Geo.	Gunner Canadian Artillery, 4th		
	Brigade	Toronto	1905-08
Vallance, A.....	Lieut. Hamilton Machine Gun		
	Battalion	Hamilton ..	1909-11
Wallace, G. H....	Army Medical Corps...	New York...	1901-04
Warrington, J. S.	Lieut. 81st Battalion	Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. S.	Lieut. Hamilton Sportsmen's		
	Battery	Brantford ..	1907-10
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut. Grenadiers	Toronto	1903-10

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

Abendana, E. M., trying for Lieutenancy.....	1905-1909
Angstrom, L. C., aviation	1903-1908
Alexander, G. P., School of Aviation	1904-1913
Broderick, F. N.	1906-1912
Burns, E. A.	1903-1908
Crawford, Hume	1906-1911
DeBeck, V.	1911-1913
Foster, Fred., aviation	1908-1909
Gordon, Stanley	1910-1914
Haywood, A. P., Royal Naval Air Service	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U., Royal Naval Air Service	1904-1907
Henry, Clifford, taking course at Armouries. ..	1910-1913
Lee, Stanley, aviation	1900-1906
Malcolm, E. B.	1910-1912
Malcolm, T. R.	1910-1912
Matheson, Drummond, aviation	1905-1910
Parsons, Mike	
Ramsay, A. R.	1902-1908
Rogers, Clarence, aviation	1902-1909
Smith, E. M., aviation	1904-1910
Stephen, F. J., aviation	1909-1912
Smith, Langley, F. W., aviation	1910-1912
Wallace, Edgar	1909-1912
West, R. R., 99th Manitoba Rangers	1906-1912
Wallace, Eric	1911-1914



Lieut. S. C. R. Riches,
8th Canadian Mounted Rifles. S.A.C., 1906-09.



Capt. R. Buscombe,
3rd Battalion. Killed in action June 19th,
1915. S.A.C., 1911.



Gunner W. H. Leishman,
34th Battery. S.A.C., 1905-09.



Lieut. T. I. Findley,
26th Battery, 7th Brigade. S.A.C., 1906-14.



Sub. Flight-Lieut. Arthur Kilgour,
Aviation. S.A.C., 1900-11.



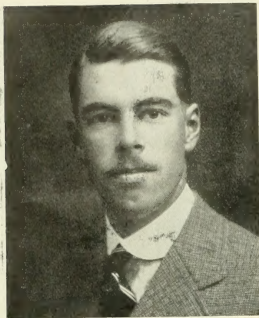
Lieut. D. G. McIntosh,
34th Battalion. S.A.C., 1902-07.



Lieut. G. Campbell,
34th Battalion. S.A.C., 1904-09.



Lieut. G. Campbell,
40th Battalion. S.A.C., 1906-11.



Lieut. F. C. Hamilton,
B. Reserve Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery.
S.A.C., 1911-13.



Lieut. R. A. Brown,
15th Battalion. S.A.C., 1908-14.



Lieut. M. E. Malone,
15th Battalion. S.A.C., 1907-13.



Pte. Gerrie Burk,
8th Battalion. Prisoner of War in Germany.
S.A.C., 1906-07.

PRIZE DAY

St. Andrew's Day was the date appropriately chosen for prize giving this year. There was a large attendance. On the platform were, among others, His Honour Sir John Hendrie, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Archdeacon Cody, President Falconer, Professors Wrong and Baker, who all made happy speeches. The Headmaster's address was naturally devoted largely to an account of what has been done and is being done by past and present members of the School, by military service or financial effort, towards war purposes, the audience standing when the list of those who have given their lives for their country was read. Lady Hendrie, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Donald and Miss O'Brien also kindly presented some of the prizes.

PRIZE LIST, 1914-1915.

A. FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

Preparatory Form.

Group A—1st, Blomfield I, V. E.; 2nd, Montgomery.

Group B—1st, Rogers.

Group C—1st, Smart.

Form I.

First, Calvert II, L.P.; 2nd, Brown.

Form II.

First, Denovan; 2nd, Macdonald III, W. C.; 3rd, Ganong.

Form III.

First, Black I, S. R.; 2nd, Fielding; 3rd, McDougall II, J. E.; 4th, Morton.

Form IV.

First, MacLeod; 2nd, Kerr; 3rd, Harrison; 4th, McLaughlin.

Form V.

First, Wright II, J. H.; 2nd, Bennett; 3rd, Rolph.

Lower VI.

Toronto Group—1st, Balfour, Eakins, equal; 3rd, Macdonald I, R. M.

McGill Group—1st, Leckie; 2nd, Skinner I, W. K.; 3rd, Whitaker II, G. E.

R. M. C. Group—1st, Galbraith I, R. A. H.

Upper VI.

First, Grant II, W. F. G.

B. SPECIAL PRIZES.

Chairman's Gold Medal—Eakins. (Highest standing at Toronto Junior Matriculation.)

Lieutenant-Governor's Medals—*Silver*, Lowndes; *Bronze*, Balfour. (For School work.)

Governor-General's Medal—Grant II, W. G. F. (Highest Honour Standing at Matriculation.)

Cooper Medal (Proficiency in Science)—Macdonald I, R. M.

Frederick Wyld Prize in Latin—Leckie.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting—Galbraith II, D. B. M.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Gibson's Prize for Shooting—Galbraith I, R. A. H.

Mr. Albert Gooderham Jr.'s Medal to Junior Cadet Corps for Shooting—Secord.

Leonard Prizes, St. Catharines' Chapter I.O.D.E.—1st, MacLeod; 2nd, Skinner I.

St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire: Cup (Proficiency in Shooting)—Crowe.

The 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire: Rifle (Proficiency in Shooting)—Tugwell.

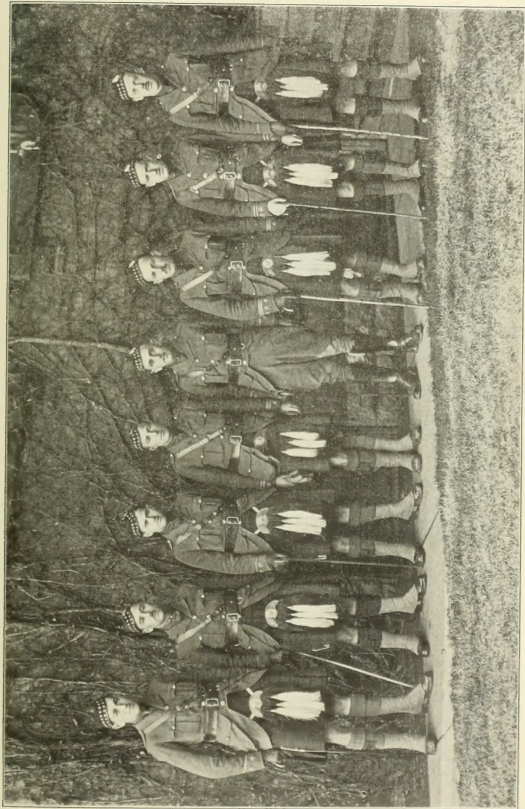
C. ROYAL LIFE SAVING AWARDS.

Honorary Instructor's Certificate—Rankin.

Bronze Medals—Smith, Comstock, McLaurin, Firstbrook, Eakins, Dack.

Proficiency Certificates—McLaughlin, Firstbrook, Eakins, May, McLaurin, Smith, Comstock.

Elementary Certificates—Patterson I, McCarter, Nerlich II.



S.A.C. Old Boys in the 92nd Battalion, C.E.F.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

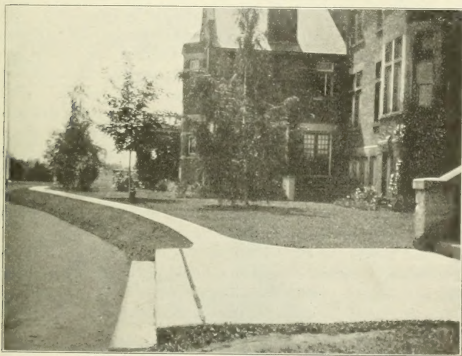
FLIGHT-Lieutenant Jack Hall was sitting in the pilot's seat of his monoplane, smoking his pipe and reading a paper from home. Near him were several similar machines, with their pilots leisurely awaiting an order for flight. The air-station was situated some five miles from the trenches, on a vast plain. In the distance, on the right, could be seen a long dark line, which the experienced eye of the aviator saw to be a column of men on the march. They undoubtedly were the relief division on their way to the trenches. On other parts of the barren plateau nothing was to be discerned but an occasional tree, or bush, or lonely farmhouse.

Presently an orderly came to Hall, and handed him a folded paper. Dismissing the man and unfolding the paper, he read: "Two Zeppelins sighted near Hill 74." This was sufficient to impress upon the officer that he was to act promptly. Calling an orderly, he instructed him to inform three other pilots to be ready for immediate flight. He went directly to his machine. His mechanic was busy at the engine, but when Hall showed him the order he left it, and running into his tent and grabbing his coat, returned and took up his seat behind his pilot. With a whirr of the propeller, they were away. Almost at the same moment three other machines leaped forward and rose, soaring swiftly into the air.

Hall headed straight for Hill 74, and when he came in sight of it he shifted the elevating lever, sending his monoplane to a great height. The other pilots followed his example. They proceeded for some distance without catching a glimpse of the enemy's airships. Hall flashed the order by wireless: "Separate and round up the Zeppelins. Signal when you find them." Seeing his machines depart he descended a few hundred feet. He scanned the horizon with glasses, in a vain attempt to locate the quarry. Below him he could see the Allies' rows of trenches, and their deadly shells breaking over the enemy. Shifting his course northward he soon saw the puffs of white smoke from shells breaking with a loud crash just beneath him. He had been detected by the Germans, and was being fired at, but laughed at their futile efforts to reach him, knowing he was out of range; and

shouted to his mechanic: "Drop a couple of bombs on them, just to let them know we see them."

They had sailed around the sky for some time, when suddenly the buzz of his wireless told him that one of his men had been successful in the search. Heading straight to the location indicated, he soon saw the two Zeppelins flying to and fro with the little aeroplane between them. Hall knew they had succeeded in getting it trapped, and soaring above the huge gas bags he dropped



Threshold of Manhood.

three bombs on one. They ripped two great holes in one end and disabled a large propeller. The crippled monster, its end crumpled up, retaliated by firing a fatal shot at the engine of the trapped aeroplane. With a loud explosion the ruined craft, with its pilot, fell headlong to the ground. Here, before Hall's very eyes, one of his fellow aviators had been dashed to destruction. He lost all sense of precaution. He flew over the injured Zeppelin, hurling bomb after bomb with deadly aim. Two of the missiles, hitting the same spot, proved fatal. With a roar of escaping gas, the big bag, its middle torn in two, fell crippled to the earth, carrying its crew to certain death.

In the meantime the other Zeppelin manœuvred in such a way as to get above the aeroplane, and, scattering a deadly shower of lead, riddled its wings and broke a piece off the propeller blade. However, by good fortune, the wireless had not become damaged. Hall, seizing the key, sent out a distress-signal to hurry the other machines to his rescue. He was now driving frantically, dipping and turning in an endeavor to prevent the Zeppelin from getting an accurate aim. With the broken propeller he was handicapped, but through skilful manipulation of the levers he kept out of reach of his unwieldy antagonist. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his shoulder; his arm became limp, and it was only with extreme difficulty he kept from fainting. His assistant, seeing his predicament, bound up the wound and partly stopped the blood-flow. Then giving the guiding of the machine to the mechanic, Hall aimed the machine-gun at the cabin of the huge Zeppelin, and fired a round of cartridges. The monster was now just above them; certain death seemed imminent, when Hall felt a sudden dropping sensation, and the light craft swooped down six hundred feet. A quick pull at the elevation-lever, and it shot forward again on an ascending curve, and soaring as fast as the broken propeller would permit, it gained a height equal to that of the German.

Amid another hail of bullets the mechanic gradually climbed in spirals to a commanding position, and yelling to the wounded Hall to hand him some bombs, he guided the little machine high above the broad back of the now doomed and almost helpless Zeppelin.

Hall, by this time, owing to the loss of blood, was wholly unconscious. Seeing this, the mechanic reached over his seat and, steering with his feet, picked up two bombs—all that remained—and, diving quickly, swooped with terrific speed just over the airship, thus preventing the two machine guns mounted on its roof from getting an accurate aim. At that moment, just as he let fly his deadly bombs, one of the shells of enemy's quick-firers struck his engine, crippling it. The monoplane dropped about a thousand feet before the frantic efforts of the mechanic could check its fall. Finally the disabled machine, after skilful volplaning, was landed safely behind its lines. The wounded pilot was lifted out and brought to a doctor, while the mechanic took a broken cigar from his pocket, and lighting it, soothed his harassed nerves with a quiet smoke.

About a week later a German military paper was found and brought to the hospital ward in which Hall lay convalescent. Glancing over the headlines, he came across one reading: "Two of our Zeppelins destroyed." In smaller print it continued: "Last week, while two of our largest airships were scouting over the enemy's lines, they were attacked by two monoplanes. Our airmen succeeded in destroying one, but by the daring of the other, both our machines were wrecked —." It continued further, but this was sufficient to show Flight-Lieutenant Jack Hall they had been successful, and calling a nurse he asked her to have the paper sent immediately to his mechanic. Then, looking at his bandaged shoulder, he grinned, and rolling over in his cot, fell into a contented sleep.

T. R. RANKIN (Form VI.).



Things Are Going Nicely!

ANΔPIZEΣΘΕ KPATAIOTΣΘΕ

When luck is going wrong; when the foe is coming strong;
 (You can hear your rivals' long exultant roar!)
 And the Team's away behind, and the referee seems blind,
 And the way those backs are fumbling makes you sore—
 Play the Game, just the same!
 Mind *you're* not the one to blame.
 Yours to guard the School's good Name;
 Play the Game!
 All that's in you—heart and sinew—
 Play the Game!

Where our boys, in lands afar, play the bloody game of War,
 Deep's the wile, and foul's the guile of faithless Huns,
 But shall we, who hold their fate, stoop to ape their deeds of hate?
 Answer, Britons! (to the music of the guns!):
 Play the Game, just the same!
 Let them bear their brand of shame.
 We'll fight fair, in Freedom's name!
 Play the Game!
 For the glory of our Story—
 Play the Game!

Rule of play, or manful strife! Law of battle! Guide in LIFE!
 (*Hold the line, St. Andrew's! On the ball!*)
 Here's a health to honest Sport! May it ever breed the sort
 Who'll keep their nerve, and steadfast meet the call:
 Play the Game, just the same!
 Loss or profit, praise or blame!
 Heeding only Duty's claim—
 Play the Game!
 ANΔPIZEΣΘΕ, KPATAIOYΣΘΕ!
 PLAY THE GAME!

THE LIFE OF A PRISONER OF WAR

IT was on the twentieth of April that the 48th Highlanders went into the trenches to take part in the battle of Langemarck. Some of the companies were in the most dangerous positions on the battle line. They were entirely cut off and surrounded, and had had no food or ammunition for seventy-two hours, and at last were compelled to surrender, partly from exhaustion and the result of asphyxiating gases.

The Canadians received great praise for their gallant stand. This was the fight in which my brother, Lieut. F. W. Macdonald, of the 48th Highlanders, was taken prisoner, together with a number of brother officers.

The Germans altogether took about one thousand five hundred officers and men as prisoners. Practically all the unwounded Canadian officers were sent to Bischofswerde, in Saxony.

The first letter we got from him took about two weeks to reach us; the average one taking about one month.

At Bischofswerde they have a very fine barracks and one acre of ground. There are ten officers to each room. At this *lager* there are 340 officers—200 Russians, 100 French, 40 British and Canadians.

There is a canteen, at which they can buy things at American prices. They have, also, to pay board at the rate of sixty marks per month. No one is allowed to receive any parcel exceeding eleven pounds in weight. They have the use of two tennis courts; and the British and Canadians have had one built at their own expense. They are allowed to write four post cards and two letters per month.

In the last letter we got from my brother he tells of his daily routine as follows:—Rise at six a.m. Have a shower, and breakfast at seven. Eight to nine, study German, then have a lesson in German; rest of the morning study French. At eleven the mail arrives. Eleven-thirty, lunch. One to three, French lesson. Three to four, game of tennis. Four to five, game of football. Six-thirty, dinner. Nine-forty, lights out.

C. MACDONALD

(Form III).

THE DUKE AND THE SLEUTH

(Or a Thoroughbred Affair)

Sherlock Holmes sat in his study. It was a very characteristic apartment. The walls, decorated with autographed portraits of Gyp the Blood, Dr. Crippen and other celebrities, spoke of the intellectual interests of its occupant. The artistic temperament was suggested by the dust which lay in extravagant layers over all the furniture. You immediately inferred that here was a man who was above such trifles. The fact, however, was, that his char-



Some Editors.
(No Slang Intended.)

woman had been fired for drunkenness and he had not bothered to have it cleaned since; remembering, with his usual wisdom, that "it would only get dirty again." Besides, cash was low, as Light Fiction is rather dead just now.

A faint, mysterious odour permeated the room. It brought to your mind pictures of the far-away East—with rickshaws, and bazaars, and coolies running about selling spearmint gum and sauerkraut. An inmate of Saint Andrew's would have thought of the Hill behind the College; and perhaps of a Double Gating. It was Holmes' favourite mixture of Bull Durham.

His piercing gaze was bent, glued and riveted on the *Ladies' Home Journal* with such intensity and concentration that any one

could have told that he was reading it. He was just finishing an absorbing article on "Dainty Lunches from Cast-off Maccaroons," when a knock was heard.

"Key veeve!" said Holmes, immediately on the alert.

"Me," replied his faithful butler, Juggins.

"The Duchess of Gooseberry to see you, sir!"

"Is she tall, dark and handsome?" said Holmes, who read the Society Columns.

"Exactly, my Lord."

"Well, show her in."

In the meantime Holmes swiftly disguised himself as a street-sweeper, as was his custom on preparing to receive nobility.

The Duchess of Gooseberry entered at the right moment.

Holmes, with his polished air, rose and said simply, but with a great undercurrent of meaning—

"Do sit down."

His fair visitor draped herself over the divan in a very becoming attitude, and with a nervous air raised her veil and powdered her nose.

"Now," said Holmes, "state your symptoms, but remember every word you say will be used against you."

"Well," began the Duchess, in a pleasantly modulated voice, pausing to light a cigar, "I will come to the point at once, even though it is quite contrary to Conan Doyle's methods. *The Duke of Sussex has been kidnapped.*"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the blasphemous, but cultured Holmes, true to his reputation as a devil of a fellow; at the same time turning pale with excitement and the pangs of dyspepsia. "When did it happen? Where was he last seen?"

"About two o'clock yesterday a groom saw him in the stable. Returning five minutes later he noticed his absence. We immediately notified Scotland Yard. They sent down two detectives, three trained nurses, and five white mice, with which they endeavoured to trace him. Their efforts failing, I came straight to you."

"You did quite right," said Holmes, modestly, "I am the only man living who can solve this mystery."

"But it is very unfortunate, the Duke was a splendid fellow."

"Yes," answered the Duchess "So game and high-spirited! Such strength of wind! Such slender legs!"

"Ahem! Ah, yes!" replied Holmes. "I remember the Duke was well built. One of the finest ——"

"He ought to be," answered the Duchess. "I bred him myself."

"What!" gasped Holmes, blushing modestly.

Then tactfully changing the subject he asked for a description of the Duke.

"He is large-boned; has an intelligent forehead, with a melancholy expression in his eyes, and is quite grey."

"Quite grey? Ah, yes! We all get that way," tactfully remarked Sherlock. "Now my dear Duchess, rest assured; I pledge my word as a Best-Seller that I will have him back again in a fortnight."

Her Ladyship fairly bubbled with gratitude, and sailed out, leaving an impression of bay-rum behind her.

Holmes sat for some time plunged in thought, without speaking, but presently the Archbishop of Bath and Shampoo came in unannounced.

He was disguised as a country curate, but Holmes immediately recognized him.

"Ha, Archy! How goes it?" he said, cleverly adopting a manner of lightness and airy persiflage.

"Holmes! You are wonderful. How did you penetrate my disguise?"

"Why!" said the detective, "a real curate would have tried to sell me some tickets for a charity bazaar. Now I suppose you want to know about the Duke of Sussex?"

"Yes," said the Archbishop, "I am certainly anxious about him. I had fifty quid on him."

"What!" exclaimed the great detective in surprise. "Then the motive for the crime may have been robbery. . . . I have a clue. . . . This confirms it. . . . Someone has kidnapped *the Duke with a pecuniary object.*"

As Holmes finished this impressive and original remark, the Archbishop sat back in his chair, his emotions evidently getting the better of him. He went through the motions of lifting a

tumbler, but Holmes did not appear to notice it. Silently the Archbishop pressed his hand at parting.

"We have forgotten something," said the sleuth.

"Impossible!" answered the Archbishop, looking longingly at the sideboard.

"Yes," replied Holmes, "my fee is two bob."

After his Lordship had gone Holmes took off his disguise as a street-sweeper, and assumed that of a Prime Minister. He rang for his coat and stick (being a fiction character he never wore a hat). While Juggins was searching for them behind the kitchen stove, Sherlock took up a copy of last month's paper to look for a clue. He was nearly giving it up when his eagle eye was caught by the word *Sussex*.

He read this—

"Duke of Sussex does mile in 2.09. Good form shown by shire colt. Trainer G. H. Walker thinks if all goes well the big grey ought to cinch the plate."

A great light broke over Holmes, covering him with the fragments.

"I see it all now," he cried. "The Duke of Sussex is a horse."

And Doc. Watson being absent butterfly-hunting, Holmes went over to the phonograph and turned on a record in the doctor's voice, which repeated—"Marvellous, Holmes! Marvellous!"

FRED. JOHNSON (Form IV).



The Good Old Summer Time.
(Scene at Mr. Chapman's Camp.)

TICKET SELLING

Among the many interesting and exciting experiences that come one's way in war-time, one of the most likely is that of ticket-selling.

A chance to take a part in this fascinating pastime is not hard to obtain, as it is in many other cases. Everywhere are people begging you to help such and such a Cause by selling a few tickets for it.

It is not easy to choose just which cause to adopt; for those for which tickets can be sold with the greatest ease are often so disguised by name as to make them appear forbidding, and of course the contrary holds good also. The best way to make your selection is to put yourself in the place of the purchaser, and to say to yourself, "Now, which one would *I* buy?" Having made your choice, you may prepare for your troubles.

Many people are experts at dodging ticket-sellers, and all have their various methods. For instance, a schoolboy is continually being asked to "Call again next Thursday at about ten o'clock, if you can"—when the speaker is fully aware of the fact that a schoolboy is at school at that particular time. Some people will pertly tell you that they "Never take anything in at the door," or perhaps you will be asked to change a five-dollar bill.

In order to make a success of ticket-selling, one should be well prepared for such contingencies. To begin with, one should be well laden with change, not forgetting five-cent pieces, which prove to be most valuable.

Should your tickets be for a patriotic purpose, then care should be taken to select a day, such as the anniversary of some great event in the country's history, or perhaps just after a victory.

Now suppose, having laid up stores of change, etc., in past weeks, you are ready to begin. Nervously you creep up the front steps of a house and ring the front-door bell. You wait a minute. . . . Someone is coming, but you feel inclined to bolt. The door opens a little, and a woman pokes her head out. You begin your recital, but the door is quickly shut, and as you turn to go the head is thrust out again to see you safely off the premises. If this is the case, one should not be discouraged, for ticket-selling is like a game, and one cannot expect to win at the first attempt.

However, should your first effort be successful, over-confidence should be carefully guarded against.

You now try the next house, and in response to your ring the door is thrown open wide. You begin: "Wouldn't you like to buy a few tickets for the 48th Highlanders' Band Concert, next Saturday, at the Armories?"—by this time the door has been gradually about three-quarters closed—"in aid of the prisoners in Germany," you continue. The door stops moving for a second, but then goes on at such a rapid rate that you fear you will lose your case. However, you have just reached the end: "They're only ten cents each." At this the door opens wide again, and you are pleased to hear: "Why, is that all they are? Of course I'll have a couple."

Having reached this stage of proficiency in the art, there is but one more thing to be learned, and that is, how to deal with servants. Very often you will recite your "piece" with great gusto to a housemaid, only to hear her say: "Ye down't want any tickets for a concert, do ye mum?"—which, of course, brings a negative reply. Now it is very important to ask the servant to take the tickets in to the mistress of the house, so that she may see for herself; and nine times out of ten a case, which otherwise would have been lost, is won.

Other points of procedure are best learned by experience. However, as a last word of warning, one should never start out with the idea of selling any definite number of tickets, for very likely one would not be able to fulfil one's promise.

J. E. McDOUGALL
(Form IV).

REVELATION

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

He had not made the Team. The ultimate moment—

Last practice for the big game, his senior year—
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.

It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the Team. He was graduating:

The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters—

A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying,
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the Team. The family waiting

His wire, up State; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the House there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he'd thrown them down.

He had not made the Team, after years of striving;

After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap—
The sweat, and blood, and strain, and iron endurance,
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep—

He had not made the Team. He watched from the side lines,

Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in drole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,

Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back, and back, and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied, and rose, and took control:

*He had not made the Team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body, brain and spirit,
He and his kind—the Second Team—till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the Team was driven against this hour!*

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: He had *made* the Team!

(From the *Century Magazine*, November, 1915.)



The Bookworms.
(Scene in New Library Room.)

THE KU KLUX KLAN TO THE RESCUE

IT was back in the Reconstruction days, after the Civil War. Peace having been signed, two young Northerners named Wilson and King, former lieutenants in the G. A. R., who were greatly attracted by the South, in company with a Southerner, Hardwick by name, whom they had met when convalescent in a military hospital, bought a small tobacco plantation in southern Virginia.

Hardly had they become settled, when the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination reached them. Later on came stories of terrible negro riots, where the blacks, seemingly intoxicated by their sudden freedom, and fiery speeches from their own trick doctors, had run amuck, doing tremendous damage, in some localities even taking the lives of innocent whites. The horrors of these times were greatly enhanced by the carpet-baggers, who went down South with the deliberate intention of swindling the people and otherwise making capital out of them.

The news of these disturbances was, of course, anything but pleasing to the young planters, and they determined to keep away from the negro settlements as much as possible. But at last, owing to the scarcity of provisions, they were compelled to make a trip to a neighboring village for the purpose of securing such necessities.

Early in the morning the party of three, armed with service revolvers, set out. Their ride was practically uneventful, but on every side pathetic instances of the ravages of war could be seen. Soon the village was reached. As they rode down the main street an indescribable feeling of uneasiness came over them. It was plain that all was not right in the village. The streets were deserted but for a few groups of sullen-looking blacks. The party of three headed directly towards the apology for a general store, behind which there was a small bar. Hardwick and King dismounted, leaving Wilson in charge of the horses. They entered the store. It was crowded with half-intoxicated negroes, who eyed them with sullen hostility.

Having purchased the required articles, they prepared to make their exit. As Hardwick was leaving the shop, a hulking negro, who was entering, deliberately knocked him heavily against the door, causing him to drop his load, and at the same time

exclaiming, "Git out ob de way—yo white trash!" With blazing eyes the Southerner turned upon him, and with a well-directed blow sent him staggering into the shop. Howling with rage, the black seized the nearest missile, which proved to be a heavy bottle, and hurled it at Hardwick, who ducked in the nick of time. By now pandemonium raged in the store. The whites realized that to waste another second would be death, and raced for their horses.

Hardly had they mounted, when a mob of blacks burst from the store. One of the dreaded negro riots had commenced. The sight of the fleeing whites was the signal for a shower of missiles, curses and blood-curdling yells. Some few, who possessed firearms, blazed away, but with no effect. The stone-throwers, however, were more successful, as King's head received a nasty gash, and Wilson's leg was badly bruised by missiles. Soon they reached the outskirts of the village, where they were practically safe, as none of the mob were mounted. By pressing forward with all possible speed they reached home about mid-day.

After a hasty lunch all three assembled in the living-room to form plans for the immediate future. King was the first to speak. "Now that the niggers are on the war-path," he said, "we might as well prepare for the worst. It is undoubtedly only a question of time before we are attacked." The others gravely assented, and soon the young men were busily putting their house in a state of defence. At last all was completed, and the three drew lots to ascertain what their hours of sentry-go for the afternoon would be.

The afternoon passed without any sign of the enemy, and as evening approached, it was agreed that as soon as the blacks hove in sight, Hardwick should ride off to a valley which lay a comparatively short distance away, to seek the aid of the Ku Klux Klan, which would be holding a gathering there.

At about 8.30 a medley of shouts and yells could be heard from the village. The enemy were evidently advancing, and by the noise that they were making, the defenders surmised that the greater number were half drunk.

The time having arrived, Hardwick set out on his mission. He had hardly gone farther than a quarter of a mile, when upon rounding a turn in the road, he came upon a party of negroes, who had been sent out as a flanking party to intercept any such

expedition. His appearance provoked a shout of exultation from the negroes. There was but one thing to do, if he wished to succeed—to charge right through the crowd. Accordingly, whipping out his revolver he drove full tilt at the enemy, firing as he went. The negroes were too completely surprised to offer much resistance, and he was through them before they realized it, leaving one dead and three wounded in his trail. The enraged blacks at last recovered their senses, but not until it was too late. Those armed with fire-arms blazed away with customary negro accuracy, only one shot striking the fugitive. That unlucky bullet passed through Hardwick's arm, causing him to reel in his saddle, but quickly recovering himself he pressed on with determination.

The remainder of the journey was without incident, as no more marauding bands were encountered. As Hardwick approached the valley he saw two figures in the mysterious white uniform of the Ku Klux Klan. The sentries saw plainly that all was not right, as Hardwick was swaying dangerously in his saddle, being on the verge of collapse from loss of blood; and hurried to his assistance, calling for further aid as they came. Soon others joined them, and leaving the later arrivals on guard, the two sentries escorted Hardwick to the Commander's tent, where, after having his wound dressed, he delivered an appeal for the relief of his comrades. After hearing the story, the Commander, a Civil War veteran, at once summoned two Klansmen, and ordered them to gather the Klan together by the fiery cross. The command was quickly carried out, and soon the thud of

THEN and ———



View east from S.A.C., October 1909.

horses' hoofs signaled the arrival of the Klansmen. In a very short time a sufficient number had arrived, and these set off at once to relieve the beleaguered garrison, having first received directions as to the location of the place from Hardwick, who at that time was too weak to travel.

Let us now return to the two Northerners who were preparing their home for defence.

After Hardwick's departure, there was nothing to do but wait for the attack. The plan of resistance was for Wilson, King and two reliable servants each to guard an upstairs window, while the lower ones were to be heavily barred.

Their watch had lasted perhaps twenty minutes when the main body of blacks was seen crossing a nearby field. At a distance of about three hundred yards from the house they halted, demanding an instant surrender of the house. This of course brought a scornful reply from the defenders, which was followed by yells of rage and rifle-shots from the blacks. The defenders in turn replied by a volley that wounded two of the attackers.

For an hour the battle raged fairly evenly, though each one of the garrison had been slightly wounded. Suddenly a terrible discovery was made—the ammunition was nearly exhausted! Quickly calling the defenders together, Wilson gave orders to heat all the available water in the house, and prepare to defend the door, upon which the negroes were beating with axes. Presently a large piece of wood gave way, and at once a crowd of evil faces filled the aperture. Now was the time for the boiling

— NOW.



Same View, October, 1915.

water. Quickly filling buckets, Wilson and King dashed the contents in the faces of the blacks, who fell back screaming with pain. Ten valuable minutes were thus gained. But at the end of that time the defenders were forced back to the stairs. The door had collapsed, and the blacks, filling the hall, made an assault upon the stairs, which was temporarily stopped by a couple of shots from King, who was guarding that point. Wilson, meanwhile, had gone into his room to fetch his sword, intending to make a last stand at the stair-head. Happening to glance out of the window, he beheld a number of the Ku Klux Klan advancing at full speed. With a shout of, "The Klan, King! We're saved!" he dashed out of the room to King's side. The effect of this upon the enemy, who were preparing another assault upon the stairs, was electrical. Drawing back and listening intently they could plainly hear the hoof-beats of the rescue party's horses.

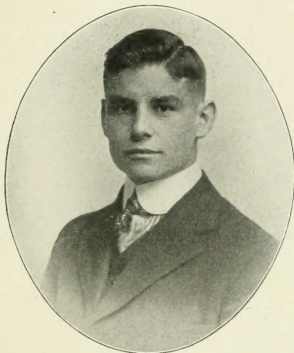
This threw the blacks into a state of panic, and a free fight took place among them, as they tried vainly to crush through the door. Once outside, they had to face the Klan's rifles, which killed and wounded many. The remainder raced frantically for their village.

Detailing most of his men to pursue the enemy, the commander rode up to the house with the rest. He was received by the gallant defenders, who, after sincerely thanking him for his timely rescue, asked how their brave chum had fared, and, of course, were greatly relieved to hear that he was only slightly wounded, and would soon be with them.

The members of the Klan encamped for a few days on the plantation, to nip any other attempted risings in the bud.

D. C. MACDONALD (Form V.).

Athletics



Captain Ed. Whitaker.

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

Whitaker ("Ed.")—Flying Wing—Although he was not an old Color, he deserved his position as Captain and used excellent judgment in directing his plays. One of the best tacklers we had, and hard to draw out of his place.

Willoughby ("Hilly")—Centre Half—Third year on the team. Was moved back from Centre Scrim after first game, where he proved himself a steady catch and a fine kicker.

Wallace ("Wallie")—Right Half—Came up from Second Team. Surest catch we had, although handicapped by inexperience in Ridley game.

Taylor II. ("Joe")—Left Half—Old Color. Owing to illness at the early part of the season, he was unable to appear at his best. A good catch, and kicked well in Trinity game.

Dack ("Jack")—Quarter—A new boy, and the lightest on the team. Very fast in his position and a good tackle.

Firstbrook ("Roy")—Centre Scrim.—Graduate of last year's Seconds. Played his position well, but inclined to be a little slow in following up.

Cameron II. ("Slim")—Right Scrim.—Also a new boy. The heaviest man on the team. Good at smothering opponents' plays.

Yuill II. ("Hop")—Left Scrim.—A new boy as far as football is concerned. Steady player and hard worker.

Soot ("Eimer")—Left Inside—Third year on team, and lived up to his reputation of being the best buckler in the league. Could make a position on any senior team, and was responsible for eight touchdowns in three games.

Taylor I. ("Yukon")—Right Inside—Came up from last year's Seconds. Useful in breaking up opponents' line.

Watson ("Squirt")—Left Middle—Not content with starring in last year's hockey team, he also made good at football as line-plunger and tackler.

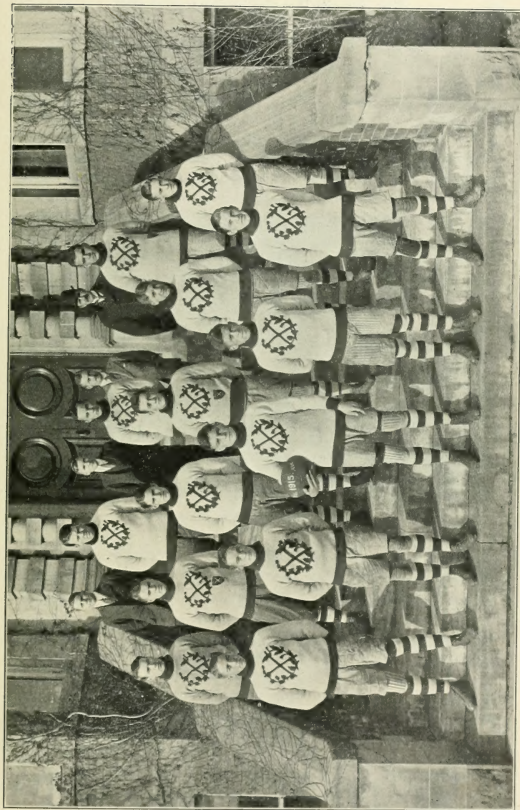
Rankin ("Piko")—Right Middle—Another of last year's Seconds. Good buckler, fair tackler, and showed best form against T. C. S., besides converting well in all the games.

Comstock ("Bill")—Left Outside—From last year's position at Centre Scrim. on the Second Team, he developed into an efficient and speedy Outside. His hard tackling was a feature of his playing.

Rolph ("Ernie")—Right Outside—Jumped up from last year's Third Team. Very light, but a hard worker and very useful man.

The heartiest thanks of the team are due to Tod Grant for his very efficient and able management of the team. He is certainly a hard worker, and it was not his fault that the team did not win another championship.

To Herbie Allen, the team's coach for a considerable number of years, we owe the greatest possible debt of gratitude. He was handicapped in his efforts this year by a certain shortage of men, but sacrificed to us a considerable number of hours every week, which helped us in our games infinitely.



St. Andrew's College First Rugby Team, 1915.

THE RUGBY SEASON, 1915

ALL-STARS, 18; ST. ANDREW'S, 15

On Friday, October 15, the first team met a team from the University in an exhibition game. The visitors were composed of ex-Little Big Four players, and many stars were on their line-up, while St. Andrew's College lined up minus three of their best men—Captain Soot, Roger and Willoughby. The game was called at four o'clock, and at half time the All-Stars led by twelve to three. However, after a few changes and much advice in the changing-room, the school improved in the second half, and were just beaten 18 to 15 in a close finish. For the All-Stars, Hume Crawford was probably the best, and for St. Andrew's, Whitaker and Dack were conspicuous.

R. H. G.

THE RIDLEY GAME

On Saturday, Oct. 23rd, the Little Big Four season opened in Toronto with St. Andrew's receiving the visiting team of Ridley College. The day was perfect from a football standpoint and a fair crowd was in attendance when the game commenced at 10.30. Line-up:—

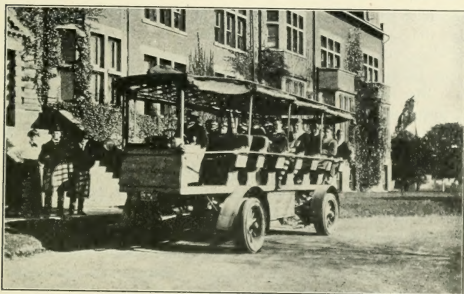
St. Andrew's.	Position.	Ridley College.
Whitaker (Capt.).....	Rover	Leonard
Campbell.....	Halves {	Alexander
Taylor II.....		Watson
Wallace.....		Irwin
Dack.....	Quarter	Cooper
Yuill II.....	Scrimmage. {	Porter
Willoughby.....		Wilson
Cameron II.....		Weaver
Soot.....	Inside Wing	Ryder
Taylor I.....	Inside Wing	Barr
Watson.....	Middle Wing	Peters
Rankin.....	Middle Wing	Boyd
Comstock.....	Outside Wing	Mills
Rolph.....	Outside Wing	Daniel

Officials: Dr. Frank Knight and Dick Sheehy.

Ridley won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. Several misplays and interference on the line soon put St. Andrew's on the defensive. Porter for Ridley made 20 yards on an end-run, and Campbell was forced to rouge on a long punt from Alexander.

Ridley, 1; St. Andrew's, 0.

This point seemed to waken up our team and successive plays by Rankin, Soot and Dack brought the ball to Ridley's 25-yard line, but here interference again cost a chance for a score. A



The Beginning of the Great Drive.

quick punt and nice run by Irwin put Ridley on the offensive again, and Alexander kicked over to Wallace, who dropped the ball and Ridley wings fell on it for a try, which was not converted.

Ridley, 6; St. Andrew's, 0.

Much loose play featured the next few minutes and from thirty yards out Alexander kicked a field goal.

Ridley, 9; St. Andrews, 0.

Our men seemed unable to get started, and loose handling of the ball cost them many points.

Quarter time: Ridley, 9; St. Andrew's, 0.

On changing over, Ridley were in possession five yards out, and failing in two bucks, kicked a touch-in-goal.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 0.

With the wind behind them St. Andrew's soon forced the play, and Campbell kicked to the dead line for our first point.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 1.

Ridley kicked off from quarter-way, and Campbell returned for another point.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 2.

After starting well, St. Andrew's failed to buck over and had to be content with a touch-in-goal.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 3.

Another long punt to the dead line by Campbell made it 10 to 4, and thus it remained until half time.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 4.

The intermission seemed to work wonders for St. Andrew's, and on the best plays of the day we worked the ball from our own twenty-five-yard line the whole length of the field for a touch-down, Watson finally plunging over from ten yards out. Rankin failed to convert.

Ridley, 10; St. Andrew's, 9.

Our team again commenced to buck, but lost possession on Ridley's twenty-yard line for interference. A long kick by Alexander was dropped by Campbell, and Ridley were in possession on our quarter-way line. From here Alexander attempted another drop-kick, but it went astray, rolling to the dead line, making it:

Ridley, 11; St. Andrew's 9.

St. Andrew's were caught napping on the kick-off and Ridley secured for offside. Wallace rouged on Alexander's punt.

Ridley, 12; St. Andrew's, 9.

Irwin secured the kick-off, and on the first down Alexander kicked over the heads of the St. Andrew's backs. Referee Sheehy claimed that the ball struck a St. Andrew's line man, and gave Ridley credit for a safety touch.

Quarter time: Ridley, 14; St. Andrew's, 9.

Kicking against the wind, Ridley continued to press, and Alexander kicked over for a touch-in goal.

Ridley, 15; St. Andrew's, 9.

St. Andrew's improved here and bucked for yards time and again, only to lose possession for a kick into the scrimmage twenty yards out. However, not to be denied, Soot plunged over

for a try with only three minutes to go, and Rankin easily converted.

St. Andrew's, 15; Ridley, 15.

We continued to press, and were in possession on Ridley's quarter-way line when time was called, the final score being:

St. Andrew's 15; Ridley, 15.

R. H. GRANT.

NOTES

The game was rather long drawn-out, taking almost three hours to complete.

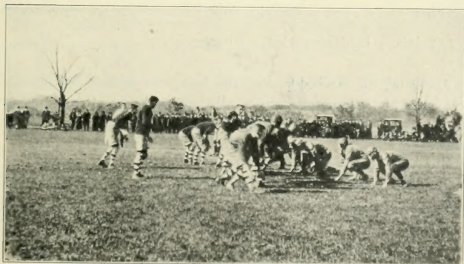
Sheehy and Knight are both star players, but have not had enough experience in handling games to undertake Little Big Four fixtures.

The catching of the St. Andrew's College halves was lamentably weak, and to this more than anything else is due our failure to win.

Upper Canada College opened the season in Port Hope, and did not appear to be very dangerous, T. C. S. winning handily by 45 to 0.

To pick the stars is difficult, but Soot and Whitaker for St. Andrew's, and Alexander for Ridley were probably the pick of their respective teams.

ROBERT GRANT.



The Tie Game—Ridley, 15; S.A.C., 15.

THE UPPER CANADA GAME

On Saturday, Oct. 30th, the second game of the Little Big Four brought St. Andrew's and Upper Canada, the old-time rivals, together on the latter's grounds.

As usual, this game attracted a good crowd, and the day was all that could be desired. We were without the services of Roger, Cantley and Grant, but went up to Upper Canada College fully determined to do our best to win.

Line up:—		Position.	Upper Canada.
St. Andrew's			
Whitaker.....		Rover	Gunsaulus
Wallace.....	}	Halves { Broden
Willoughby.....		 Francis
Taylor II.....		 Rae
Dack.....		Quarter	Stanyon
Firstbrook.....	}	Scrimmage { Foy
Cameron II.....		 Vasher
Yuill II.....		 Taylor
Soot.....		Inside Wing	Nielson
Taylor I.....		Inside Wing	Kelk
Rankin.....		Middle Wing	Hay
Wallace.....		Middle Wing	Beatty
Rolph.....		Outside Wing	Fotheringham
Comstock.....		Outside Wing	Learn

Officials: Gardner and MacPherson.

As usual St. Andrew's lost the toss, and kicked off against the wind. It was soon evident to all that the Saints were superior line-buckers, and after five minutes' play Dack kicked over for a rouge.

St. Andrew's, 1; Upper Canada, 0.

On the kick-off from quarter-way, Dack muffed, and Upper Canada were in possession at centre. Dack again dropped a long punt and Francis recovered, running thirty yards for a touch-down, which was easily converted.

Upper Canada, 6; St. Andrew's, 1.

Our men showed some real football here, and when the bell rang for quarter time they were in possession on Upper Canada's twenty-yard line.

Quarter-time score: Upper Canada, 6; St. Andrew's, 1.

On successive bucks, Soot plunged over for a try, which Rankin easily converted.

St. Andrew's, 7; Upper Canada, 6.

Upper Canada could not hold St. Andrew's wing line at all, and the latter made yards almost at will. Willoughby was out-kicking his opponents' halves on every occasion, and our wings were following up well. Successive plays brought the play to Upper Canada's ten-yard line, and again Soot was called upon to make the required distance. This he easily succeeded in doing, and Rankin kicked the goal.

St. Andrew's, 13; Upper Canada, 6.

Watson showed good form and made thirty yards on a buck, thus putting St. Andrew's within striking distance again. With two minutes to go, Willoughby kicked over to Francis, who was forced to rouse by Comstock.

St. Andrew's, 14; Upper Canada, 6.

The whistle blew with Upper Canada in possession sixty yards out.

St. Andrew's, 14; Upper Canada, 6.

The third quarter was very evenly contested, and proved to be the best of the game. Playing against the wind, St. Andrew's held their own, and prevented Upper Canada from scoring. Taylor attempted a drop-kick from thirty-yards out. It went astray and resulted in a touch-in-goal.

St. Andrew's, 15; Upper Canada, 6.

Injuries delayed the game on nearly every down, and Upper Canada substituted a number of men. However, St. Andrew's held them off for the rest of the period.

Three-quarter time: St. Andrew's, 15; Upper Canada, 6.

The fourth quarter was almost a procession. Condition began to tell, and our team had things all their own way. Wallace started the fireworks by running fifty yards and passing to Soot, who easily crossed the line. Rankin failed to convert.

St. Andrew's, 20; Upper Canada, 6.

A long punt from Willoughby resulted in a safety touch.

St. Andrew's, 22; Upper Canada, 6.

A loose ball was recovered by Soot, and he ran almost unmo-
lested half the length of the field for a try, which Rankin con-
verted from a difficult angle.

St. Andrew's, 28; Upper Canada, 6.

From centre the resistless march began again, and the result
was another try by Soot, which was not converted.

St. Andrew's, 33; Upper Canada, 6.

"Bill" Taylor made another long run for a touchdown, but
Referee Gardner claimed he had gone into touch and disallowed
it. Game over.

St. Andrew's, 33; Upper Canada, 6.

ROBERT GRANT.

NOTES

The game was clean, and although rather drawn out through
accidents, was played in much shorter time than that of the
previous week.

Soot probably played the best game for the winners, his buck-
ing being especially good and accounting for five touchdowns.

The disastrous muffing on the half-line of former games was
conspicuous by its absence, hence the result.

Referee Gardner was a new official as far as we were con-
cerned, but handled the game in masterly fashion and gave entire
satisfaction.

Trinity College School and Ridley College played at the Uni-
versity Stadium in the morning, Ridley winning by 20 to 13,
after being behind 9 to 7 at half time.

ROBERT GRANT.

THE TRINITY SCHOOL GAME

Saturday, Nov. 6th, saw the final games of the Little Big Four season, with Upper Canada at Ridley and Trinity College School at St. Andrew's. Wins for both home teams would create a tie for first place, and so the games attracted more than common interest. By general consent, the game was played in the afternoon, and a much larger crowd than usual was on hand at 2.30, when Referee Gardner blew his whistle.

Line-up:

St. Andrew's.	Position.	Trinity College.
Whitaker.....	Rover	Clarke
Taylor II.....	} Halves {	Wigle
Wallace.....		Taylor
Willoughby.....		Morris
Dack.....	Quarter	Roche
Firstbrook.....	} Scrimmage {	Wallace
Yuill II.....		Strathy
Cameron II.....		Gale
Soot	Inside Wing	Nielson
Taylor I	Inside Wing	Kelk
Rankin	Middle Wing	Hay
Wallace	Middle Wing	Beatty
Rolph	Outside Wing	Fotheringham
Comstock	Outside Wing	Learn

Officials: Gardner and MacPherson.

St. Andrew's won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind, which was very slight. After two minutes' play Wallace made forty yards on a beautiful end-run, and Trinity were defending on their five-yard line. On the first attempt, Soot went over for a try, which Rankin failed to convert.

S.A.C., 5; T.C.S., 0.

Willoughby ran the kick-off back to centre, and St. Andrew's commenced to buck. Yards were made three times in succession, and then Wallace got away again for sixty yards, being downed only two yards out. Watson easily finished the distance and Rankin converted.

S.A.C., 11; T.C.S., 0.

Trinity improved here, and it was five minutes before Willoughby kicked a dead line for the last point of the period.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 0.

The second quarter of this game probably furnished the best football of the season. Try as they would, our men could not get within scoring distance of Port Hope's line, and the visitors did succeed in forcing St. Andrew's back to their quarter-way



A Casualty.

mark, but they lost for interference, and the Crimson-and-White soon bucked out of danger. Taylor played wonderful football for T.C.S. in this period, out-kicking the St. Andrew's halves, and doing mammoth work on the line as well. The period ended without a score.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 0.

The visitors showed new life in the second half, and on a muffed punt by Willoughby were in possession on our five-yard line. St. Andrew's showed a stone-wall defence, and gained possession as Trinity failed to make the required distance in three attempts. On the first down, Willoughby attempted to kick, but

his wings did not hold, and Trinity blocked. After a general mix-up, it was found that Port Hope were in possession behind St. Andrew's line. Taylor converted easily.

S.A.C., 12; T.C.S., 6.

Trinity were having a good share of the play, which was very fast. S.A.C., bucked to Trinity's 25-yard line, and from here Taylor kicked over to the dead line.

S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 6.

Play centred around quarter-way, and the Red-and-Black were being hard pressed. Willoughby booted over to Wigle, and Rolph downed him for St. Andrew's last point.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 6.

During the fourth quarter, Trinity pressed almost continuously, and had us on the defensive. Taylor kicked over to Wallace, who quickly rouged.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 7.

Play went to mid-field on the kick-off, but successive line-plays by Port Hope put them on the offensive again, and Taylor again kicked over to Wallace, who ran the ball out five yards. A long punt put it out of danger, and St. Andrew's were in possession at centre when time was called.

S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 7.

ROBERT GRANT.

NOTES

The game was exceptionally clean, no penalties being imposed, and the best of feeling prevailed throughout.

The playing of Wallace on the back line, and of Soot, Watson and Whitaker on the line, was all that could be desired.

For Trinity, Taylor at centre-half was the prominent man. He probably played the most useful game on the field.

Playing in the afternoon was somewhat of an experiment, and seemed to work out very well.

Comstock and Rolph as outsides improved every time out, and their tackling was gilt-edged in the T.C.S. game.

Upper Canada were merely a light lunch for Ridley, losing by the overwhelming score of 80 to 4.

It was the first time in two years that we won the toss, and the superstitious ones were a little uneasy.

Somewhat to the disappointment of many, it was decided by the headmasters of the two schools not to play off the tie between Ridley and St. Andrew's. In the opinion of Dr. Macdonald and of Dr. Miller, there is no reason why these games should not sometimes end in a tie.

The art of drop-kicking seems to be lost around here. Not one was scored during the entire season.

The high standard of football played by the Little Big Four in previous years has been maintained this season, and its reputation of being the premier prep. school league of Ontario is secure for another year at least.

Final Standing of League.

	Points.				
	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	For.	Ag'nst.
St. Andrew's College.....	2	0	1	62	28
Ridley College	2	0	1	115	32
Trinity College School.....	1	2	0	65	34
Upper Canada College.....	0	3	0	10	158



The Happy Warrior.

THE SECOND TEAM

Thursday, October 21st, St. Andrew's **SECOND TEAM** defeated **UNIVERSITY SCHOOL** in a practice game. Within a few minutes of play, after excellent bucking, Yuill II went over for a touch, which was converted by Moseley. The ensuing kick-off was muffed, and U.T.S. recovered, and used a centre scrim buck, which fooled our team, and our opponents secured their only touch. It was not converted. St. Andrew's kicked off, and got the ball on the enemy's 25-yard line, where they failed to make yards. Moseley promptly kicked to dead line. Half-time score was: S.A.C., 7; U.T.S., 5.

In the second half our men showed more life, bucked the length of the field, and Yuill II went over for St. Andrew's second touch, Moseley failing to convert.

In the last quarter, S.A.C. had the advantage of the wind. Moseley kicked on side, Frith recovering and gaining forty yards. Moseley then kicked a rouge and Firstbrook was hurt tackling behind U.T.S. line. Easson took his place. Yuill II recovered a loose ball and went over for St. Andrew's third touch, Moseley converting ten seconds before time.

Final score:—S.A.C., 19; U.T.S., 5.

The following was our line-up:—Flying wing, May; halves, Moseley, Frith, Turnbull; quarter, Bole (capt.); scrim., Morrison, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron, Yuill I; middles, Yuill II, Cosgrove; outsides, Firstbrook, Rose; spares, Easson, Tod I.

On Thursday, October 28th, the **SECOND TEAM** lined up against **TECHNICAL SCHOOL**. The two teams averaged about the same weight. "Tech." had never suffered a defeat in their league, so the S.A.C. squad looked for a hard game.

The first few minutes of play saw St. Andrew's being played off their feet, and the enemy went over for a try, after excellent line-plunging. "Tech." failed to convert. S.A.C. kicked off, and recovered the ball when our opponents failed to make yards. Campbell kicked for a rouge. Our men then used their weight, and thanks to good bucking by Cosgrove and Yuill I, the latter secured St. Andrew's first touch, which was converted by Moseley.

This reverse seemed to put new life into the enemy. They got away for forty yards, their centre-half going through our middle. On their second down they secured their second touch, which was not converted. St. Andrew's worked in spasms, and soon bucked for their second touch, which Moseley converted. The half ended after Campbell had kicked to the dead line.

Score:—S.A.C., 14; Tech. School, 10.



Second Rugby Team.

The second half found St. Andrew's coming stronger, and Campbell kicked a rouge. "Tech." scrimmed, and failed to make yards, their kick being broken up. S.A.C. recovered, and after two successful bucks Cameron I went over for a touch. Moseley converted.

The game ended after Campbell had kicked two more points. "Tech." failed to score during this half.

Final score:—S.A.C., 23; Tech. School, 10.

Our team was thus composed:—Flying wing, Turnbull; halves, Moseley, Frith, Campbell; scrim., Tod I, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron I, Cosgrove; middles, Yuill I, Davies; outsides, Rose, May; spares, Easson, Morrison.

On Wednesday, November 10th, ST. ANDREW'S Second Team defeated UPPER CANADA COLLEGE Seconds, on our own grounds by the score of 17 to 3.

St. Andrew's won the toss, and Moseley kicked off against a light wind. U.C.C. ran the ball to the half-way line, and on their last down kicked a pretty drop, which gave them their only score. St. Andrew's then bucked for yards, and Campbell kicked to the dead line.

Second quarter. Moseley kicked for a rouge. A few minutes later Bole went over for a touch on an end run. Moseley converted. Campbell was hurt, but recovered and kicked for a rouge.

Half-time score:—S.A.C., 10; U.C.C., 3.

On resumption of play, U.C.C. kicked off. Frith secured the ball and ran it to U.C.C.'s 40-yard line, and Campbell kicked to dead line. S.A.C. then rouged, after U.C.C. failed to make yards.

We had the advantage of the down-hill and wind, and kicked at every down, Campbell sending the ball to the dead line repeatedly.

Then Frith got away for another run, gaining forty yards, Campbell booting to the dead line.

U.C.C. scrimmaged and lost the ball on a forward pass. St. Andrew's got the ball on U.C.C.'s 40-yard line, and kicked on the second down for a rouge.

Campbell played well during the whole game, his kicking was a feature.

Grant was referee, and Hay umpire.

St. Andrew's lined up as follows:—Flying wing, Rose; halves, Moseley, Campbell, Frith; quarter, Bole (capt.); scrim., Morrison, Wright II, Knechtel; insides, Cameron I, Yuill I; middles, Davies, Cosgrove; outsides, May, Tod I.

IAN MACGREGOR.

THE THIRD TEAM

Although we lost all three games played we can say that we have had a rather successful season.

Owing to the fact that there was no regular Fourth Team in the school this year the Thirds were greatly handicapped.

The initial game of the season was played on the afternoon of October 20th, when we met the junior team of the Aura Lee



Third Rugby Team.

Club on the college grounds. Aura Lee managed to pile up a fairly large score, as they were much heavier than ourselves. However, our team was plucky and worked hard throughout the whole game. The outstanding feature was the running of Munroe of Aura Lee. The game was lost by the score of 19 to 6.

The second match was the return game with the same club. Our opponents got off to a good start, by getting two touch-downs to their credit before half-time. St. Andrew's tightened up, how-

ever, in the last half, and, although we did not score, yet the Aura Lee boys were only able to make one point, and the game ended 11 to 0 in their favor. Munroe again starred for the winners.

The third and final game was with the Third Team of Upper Canada College. Our opponents again proved to be our superiors, and we went down to defeat by the score of 24 to 11.

In all the games the bucking of Harrison and Simpson and the drop-kicking of Rogers were notable features.

The following received their colors:—Grant II, Rendell, Macdonald I (manager), Harris, McNulty, Tugwell, MacLeod, Harrison, McLaurin, Rogers, Simpson I, Bullock, Auld, Tod II, Jenkins and Calvert I (capt.).

R. M. CALVERT.

LAKE LODGE vs. S.A.C.

On Saturday morning, October 9th, a mixed team, consisting of Second, Third and Fourth Team players, met Lake Lodge First Team on the college grounds.

Lake Lodge won the toss and decided to kick with the wind, which was blowing down the field. After a few minutes' play, Hill of Lake Lodge kicked a pretty goal from the field. The period ended at 3 to 0 against us.

In the second quarter we managed to get three dead lines, also a touch. The latter was secured by Easson, who made a beautiful play by dribbling the ball behind their line and falling on it, making the score:—S.A.C., 8; L.L., 3.

The third quarter opened up by Lake Lodge making a hard rush on our line. During this quarter Hill hurt his knee, and was forced to retire, thus weakening our opponents, as he was their star. However, the end of the period found them again in the lead (L.L., 10; S.A.C., 8).

During the last quarter St. Andrew's, having the wind, kicked at every down for single points. A muff by a Lake Lodge half behind his own line, and Davies falling on it, gave us five more points. The game ended:—S.A.C., 16; L.L., 10.

The line-up was as follows:—Turnbull, Moseley (capt.), Frith, Smith I, Easson, May, Morrison, Ross, Macdonald, Wright, Harrison, Calvert, Davies, Firstbrook.

On November 17th a return game was played against Lake Lodge at Grimsby, St. Andrew's suffering a defeat to the tune of 21 to 14. However, on the round, the teams broke even, with thirty points to the credit of each.

P. V. MOSELEY.

THE LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL SEASON

The Lower School Rugby season has been one of strenuous endeavour and considerable success. When playing under anything like fair conditions the team has never been beaten, and the style of their play has been such as to make their games a real pleasure to watch. Much of this success is due to the energy and enthusiasm of their captain, but the thanks of all who share in the success are due to those members of the Upper School who have helped with advice and assistance.

On October 13 we played a strong team of Rosedale boys. The visitors were heavy, but the Lower School, showing promise of good things to come, won easily.

October 21. We were very ambitious in tackling U.T.S. 3rd. Our team was hopelessly outweighed and badly beaten, but not disgraced.

On October 18 the Lower School received a visit from the T.C.S. Juniors. In this game the St. Andrew's boys showed excellent form, and romped home to the tune of 60 points to 1. The visitors were completely outclassed. They played a clean, hard game throughout, but the work of our back division was too much for them. St. Andrew's were the heavier team, but had little need to use their weight, and nearly all their points were scored by half-back passing. In this match the teams were selected within an age limit, which seems to be the most satisfactory method of deciding who is and who is not eligible for the Lower School team. It is to be hoped that the T.C.S. game may become an annual fixture.

Two excellent games were played against St. Clement's College. In the first, which was played at St. Clement's, on Oct. 25, the St. Andrew's boys were unable, on the small ground, to contend against the superior weight of their opponents, and were beaten (32—17), but in the return match, which was played on the first team field on Nov. 1, the Lower School showed the best

form of the season, and opening up the game in splendid style they gained a spectacular victory by 33 points to 12. The game was well worth watching as an exhibition of good tackling, well-timed passing and determined running.

The U.C.C. match was played on Nov. 3, on the big school field. The result—a victory by 45 points to 3—was a reward well deserved by Lawson and his team for the hard work which



Lower School Rugby Team.

they had done in the preceding weeks. Although their play was not so brilliant as that which they showed against St. Clement's the week before, the game was a pleasure to watch. Upper Canada put up a plucky fight against heavy odds, but seemed quite non-plussed by the methods employed by St. Andrew's to open up the game, and they were unable to get anywhere near Lawson and Boyd when they once got going. These two players were the stars, but the whole team played well.

On November 19 a scratch team from the Lower School played the U.C.C. Preparatory School, at Upper Canada. It was not

our fault that our first team was unable to play, and great credit is due to the boys for turning out at all. The only hope of a scratch team lies in superior weight, and that we most certainly did not possess. The game was played with a greasy ball on a sodden ground—conditions which absolutely precluded the style of play to which our boys had become accustomed. This by no means exhausts the available list of our excuses, but, after all, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. Let us rather congratulate the Lower School team on their good football and good sportsmanship, and hope for still better things next year.

The Lower School Second Team played two matches, and won them both in a style which is all their own. Their victims were Rosedale and the Model School.

Colours.—1st Team: Lawson (capt.), Stonehouse (manager), Kent, McCarter, MacKay, Richardson, Secord, Boyd, McMullen, McMurtry II, Macdonald II, Thorley, Applegath I, Choppin, Findley I (spare).

2nd Team: Nerlich I, Nerlich II, Patterson I, Patterson II, Lumbers, Skeaff, Marsh, Black I, Pollock, Millar, Applegath II, Calvert II, Rogers, Findlay II (capt.).

A. ST. J. F.



Wall-Flowers.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

On Tuesday, November 19, this annual event was held. owing to a heavy storm of snow and sleet the course was in poor condition, and did not afford a sure footing to the runners. The number of entries was very disappointing, being about the lowest on record. The spirits of those who entered, however, were in no way affected by the unfavourable nature of the weather. Mr. Chapman started the race promptly at 3.30.

Willoughby took an early lead, and set the pace for the first mile; this position was wrested from him by Frith. He in turn gave place to Tod I, who had been running a strong second all the way. Tod and Willoughby forged ahead of the field in the last half mile, and ran a pretty race to the finish. Tod's final sprint gained him a lead of fifty yards over Willoughby, who finished second. The winner's time was 22 minutes and 15 seconds, which was very good, considering the heavy going and his own unfamiliarity with the course.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—

1. Tod I, gold medal.
2. Willoughby, silver medal.
3. Dack, bronze medal.
- 1st Team cake, Rolph.
- 2nd Team cake, Frith.
- Boarder's cake, Knechtel.
- Prefect's cake, No entry.
- Lower Flat cake, Harris.
- Upper VI Form cake, Rose.
- Lower VI Form cake, Jenkins.
- Fifth Form cake, Lightbourne.
- Fourth Form cake, No entry.
- Third Form cake, No entry.

JOE TAYLOR.

THE JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

This event was decided on November 23, and attracted an excellent entry, no fewer than twenty-two facing the starter.

The winner, a dark horse, completed the course in the splendid time of 16.30. He took the lead shortly after entering the ravine, and, maintaining it to the end, won without being pressed.

The following is a list of the first ten boys home:—

1. Richardson, the silver medal.
2. Lawson, Mrs. Macdonald's First Team cake.
3. Macdonald II (last year's winner), the bronze medal.



Start of Junior Cross Country.

4. Boyd, Boarders' cake, given by Mrs. Furnival.
5. Skeaff, First Form cake, given by Mrs. Montgomery.
6. Home, Day Boys' cake, given by Mr. Blomfield.
7. Findley I.
8. Kent.
9. McMurtry II.
10. Findlay II, Second Form cake, given by Mr. Furnival.

The thanks of the juniors are due, and are hereby tendered, to those who provided and distributed the cakes. The stewards, of whom there seemed to be an unlimited supply, were very prominent, especially at the distribution of cake.

A. Sr. J. F.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospects for a good Team at the College this year are exceedingly bright. We are again entered in the Junior series of the O.H.A. Of last year's team we have four old colors in line, namely: Fleming, Cantley, Wallace and Watson, and with this as a nucleus we should be able to make our presence felt. We cannot say much concerning the new material until we see them on the ice, but are hoping for the best. The fellows are showing the same enthusiasm which helped us to do so well last year, and with which we hope to do still better this time.

HARRY WATSON
(Act. Capt.).

School News

THE CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps is occupying a greater place in the activities of the school this year than ever before. Of course this is to be expected in a time of war. Both the Senior and Junior Corps are recruited to full strength. Cantley, who took out his commission in October, is Lieutenant in charge of the Senior Corps, while Lieut. Tudball is helping to make this a "banner" year for the Juniors.

Bandmaster Slatter is again in charge of the Bugle Band, which promises to show even better results than last year. Four new bugles have been added this year. Colonel Cantley, of Nova Scotia, has kindly presented the Corps with a set of six pipes, and the boys are now being trained by Pipe-major Frazer, of the 48th Highlanders.

Everything seems to point to a very good year, the spirit in the whole organization being exceptionally fine. More advance work should be covered than formerly, as drills commenced six weeks earlier than on previous years.

E. SOOT (Capt.).

UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

A great acquisition, and a source of comfort to masters and boys alike, is the new Library and Recreation Room. Old Boys will be interested to hear that the old IV_A class-room (No. 1) has been adapted to this purpose. A fine fireplace is installed and the adornment of the walls, as well as many other touches due to Mrs. Macdonald's good taste, give the place a home-like appearance. It is proving a godsend on wet afternoons and on Sundays and half-holidays when there is "nothing doing" outside.

We all congratulate Mr. Chapman heartily on the high honour which has been bestowed upon him in his election as Hon. Associate of the Royal Life Saving Society. No less than forty-seven of Mr. Chapman's pupils have obtained the bronze medal for proficiency in the noble art of life-saving. Our Prize List shows the success which has attended his efforts this year, both at Kagawong Camp and during the School year. Our football teams also know how much of their efficiency they owe to Mr. Chapman's untiring efforts on their behalf.

A very interesting lecture, illustrated by lantern slides taken by the lecturer himself, was given at the School on the evening of November 19th by Mr. L. B. Jackes, an Old St. Andrew's Boy, on the "Industrial Wonders of Niagara." Mr. Jackes led us in a very able and graphic way through the history of the Falls themselves, and went on to show how they came to be harnessed to man's use, finally taking us inside the great power-houses and explaining (we all tried to *look* as if we understood) how the energy of the cataract is transformed into the light and power we utilize every day in Toronto. Mr. Jackes' kindness in coming, and his skill as a lecturer, were very much appreciated by us and we hope to hear from him some time again.

The boys have undertaken this year to contribute twenty dollars weekly out of their pocket-money for patriotic purposes. A knitting machine has been purchased, and although the exact working thereof has not yet been mastered, we hope soon to have it in operation and taking the place of last year's bandage rolling as an effort to do our "bit" to help our fighting men.

Dr. Macdonald has been, we are sorry to say, in very poor health for the last few weeks, and has been obliged to absent himself from School to an extent very unusual indeed with him. We trust that the Christmas vacation will restore him completely and that he will allow himself to reap full benefit from a complete rest. The usual football dinner, meantime, has been postponed.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. N. McD. Allen, who has taken the place of Mr. Clayton. As we go to press Mr. Allen is, unfortunately, on the sick list. We wish him a speedy recovery



Future Champions.

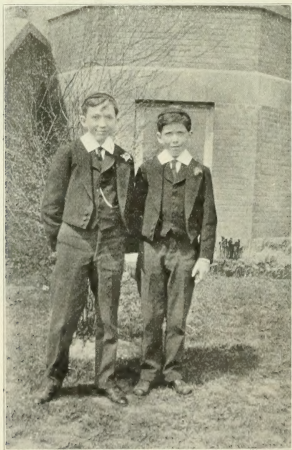
and return to his duties to his own satisfaction and the relief of his colleagues and pupils in the Lower School.

At Hallowe'en, Mrs. Furnival and Mrs. Montgomery entertained the Lower School Boarders at supper. Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald honoured the proceedings by their presence. The ingenuity

displayed in the devising of new games was equalled only by the enthusiasm with which everybody set to work to enjoy himself. The whole affair was a great success.

Music is going strong in the Lower School. There are performers on most of the better known musical instruments (including the bagpipes and the gramophone), but hitherto Mr. Blomfield has not succeeded in unearthing much vocal talent. Be quiet, Kent and Choppin!

In spite of many counter-attractions the Lower School has had a successful "soccer" season. The tournament, for which four teams were carefully chosen, produced some exciting matches. The keenness with which the teams turned out was very gratifying to those who organized them. Winning Team—Kent, Choppin, Skeaff, Blomfield I, Black I, Blomfield II, Findley I, Marsh.



A Pair of Black Kids.

Old Boys' News

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS AND MASTERS ON SERVICE

[We shall be grateful if friends will send us material of this kind for publication in our next number. Care is taken to withhold any references of a private nature.—EDITORS.]

THE VOYAGE OVER—A SUBMARINE CAUGHT

From Major Allan E. Taylor (now in France).

Shorncliffe, Aug.

. . . . It was a very interesting sight the last night when we were in the danger zone. Not a light showed anywhere on the ship, and every man slept on deck with his lifebelt beside him. . . . I stayed on the bridge till dawn, waiting for the escort, which was to meet us but never appeared, so that we had the unique experience of being the only troopship that has come through the danger zone without escort. We knew that something had gone wrong, because the Admiralty had wirelessed exactly where we were to meet the destroyers, and kept asking if we had met them. They also warned us that a submarine was waiting for us, going backwards and forwards across our path, so we put on all speed and zigzagged on our way. It appears the submarine missed us and got after a ship which the Allan Line sent along to follow us some miles behind. . . . We are encamped on a hill overlooking the sea, on the busiest part of the English Channel. We saw a German submarine rounded up and captured the other day in full view. About twenty destroyers appeared from nowhere suddenly and gradually drove it into the shore.

AN AIRMAN'S EXPERIENCE

From Flight Lieutenant J. Erroll Boyd, R.N.A.S., interned in Holland.

. . . . I twisted my wrist and it is a little difficult to write, but I may tell you that I left Dunkirk on Sunday at 5 a.m. to drop bombs on Zeebrugge. I naturally was obliged to go well out to sea and up the coast that way to escape German observation and anti-aircraft batteries. I did this with a missing engine, and when nearing Zeebrugge I went right into hell and came into the line of their shells. They hit my machine five times; if I had had a passenger he would have been killed. My engine was hit twice, taking off a portion of the cylinder. When my engine was hit I was 15,000 feet in the air which, thank God, enabled me to glide into Holland under the most awful fire from the German batteries, landing in a beet field near Nieuwyllet. However, I dropped my bombs, and here I am, safe and sound. . . . It looks as if I must stay locked up here at the Fort till the end of the war.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SHELL-FIRE

From Lieut. C. E. Kilmer.

Trenches, Belgium, Sept. 26th, 1915.

We left England two weeks ago, and the first week after leaving England I'll never forget. The Battalion transport and machine gun section came to France a different way from the rest of the battalion. For three days we didn't seem to do anything but load and unload wagons and horses off boats and trains. Finally, after being shunted around most of France in cattle trucks we picked up the rest of the Battalion and came right up within fifteen miles of the firing line. Then we marched and marched until our feet nearly dropped off and were suddenly pitchforked into the trenches without any rest. We've been in here now for ten days, which is a pretty long time for the first time in the trenches. The regiments we relieved were all English regulars, and were apparently needed at some other part of the line.

* * * * *

The first day we were in the trenches . . . The Germans gave us quite a shelling with heavy shells, and the sensation is very painful. They sail these big coal boxes over three at a time and each one makes a hole over ten feet deep and about the same across. All you can do is to hug the trench as closely as possible and hope nothing lands near you. The worst of it is you can't even get a shot back at them.

A JOKE ON THE GERMANS

(From the same.)

Sept. 30th, 1915.

You've read about the big advance of the British and French by this time, I suppose. The morning it started we had some fun with the Germans. We were supplied with a lot of sand bags filled with straw and sulphur. At the time of the commencement of the artillery bombardment we lit them and heaved them out of our trenches. There was a nice breeze from behind us and it drifted the smoke nicely toward the German lines. The Germans thought they were being gassed and the excitement in their trenches was running pretty high. Their whole front line jumped up and blazed away at us. We all kept down and yelled at them instead of firing. It was rather comical seeing the effect of one of their own tricks on them, but they gave us a bad hour in the afternoon with shells.

By the time you get this the football season will be in full swing. I hope you hang it on U.C.C.; in fact, I think I'll go out and place a bit with some U.C.C. Old Boy. There are three or four of them in the machine gun section and we have some grand arguments.

AMBULANCE WORK

From Irvine Dymont.

"In the Field," Nov. 8th, 1915.

While out here I have often thought of the gridiron, the cricket creases and the hockey season, and when those thoughts come through me I give all credit to the sports and physical exercises that I had at S. A. C. for the physique which I maintain now, and one certainly needs the best of health "out here" to go through the hard and strenuous gruelling that we are put through, such as forced marches in any kind of weather, rain, shine or hail. This country is very muddy and wet. I

am speaking of Belgium and France. No matter where one walks they have to plough through mud up to their ankles and I can candidly tell you it's no fun with muddy boots from reveille till "lights out." Well, sir, in my next letter I'll try in my best words to describe to you for the COLLEGE REVIEW the life of the Red Cross at the Front. At present there has been very little doing, and consequently I haven't had much experience of collecting wounded; but, nevertheless, if my article will be acceptable I'll forward it to you. Don't for one minute think that we ambulance men never see the firing line, because we do and, in fact, all we have for protection is a stretcher, a 2½-inch knife and a box of safety matches.

BAPTISM OF FIRE

From Lieut. Maurice ("Mike") Malone.

In France, Nov. 13th, 1915.

It was a long journey and took us most of the day to complete it, although it was really not very far. About six o'clock we arrived at rail-head, that is the farthest place where the trains go. There we were met by an old familiar London bus. We climbed in and were taken to the Divisional headquarters. After reporting there we were again shipped to Brigade Headquarters. On our way we could see the German flare lights going up on three sides of us and an occasional boom in the distance. Here we have been ever since. We expect the regiment out to-night and then we will go into billets for four days and then back to the trenches for another four.

Yesterday Pete Campbell called around and took us up to the trenches. It is quite a long way up and we ploughed through all kinds of mud and wet. I had on a pair of big knee boots and the mud was right up to my calf. Just as we were going into the trenches our guns started in to roar. When our guns started first it scared the life out of you, but then you get to be able to distinguish the sound, and the boom of your own guns is really very pleasant. Then the Germans started in reply and we could hear their old coal boxes whining through the air like a lost soul. The Colonel told us that we were not needed for the present and so we started back. On our way back the old coal boxes were still whistling, so we had to keep our ears laid back for them. You can tell by the sound of them whether they are coming your way or not. If they don't change their tone you don't need to worry, but if they do change, well, if there isn't a convenient ditch handy to flop into you need not worry much either. Nevertheless we got back all right, only darn tired.

ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED?

Front Lieut. Alec. Campbell.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 10th, 1915.

Just a few lines to say I am well. We are having a trying time on account of the rain, but the boys say, "Let it rain, long may she reign." All are happy and ready for anything. So far we have had no casualties in our column. The Germans, I think, are down-hearted—we are not. The country has been badly torn; some of the holes made by the big German shells are big enough to bury forty horses.

I have met a number of St. Andrew's College Old Boys and I can assure you that it is great to meet old friends. I met Doug MacKenzie, son of the Rev. Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, and Stan Thompson. MacKenzie is a despatch rider. He has had some trying times, but is game like all the boys. The Germans hate us like poison.

MARRIAGES

- BOWDEN, FRANK, Sept. 22nd, 1915, married to Miss Ruby Forfar, of Toronto.
- CROWE, CAPT. J. A., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Zeta D. Myers, of Winnipeg.
- DAVISON, F. H., Sept. 1st, 1915, married to Miss Josephine Margery Wyman, of Bridgewater, N.S.
- DICKSON, IVAN W., Sept. 2nd, 1915, married to Miss Helen London, of London, Eng.
- GEGGIE, THOS. P., Sept. 14th, 1915, married to Miss Sarah R. E. Johnston, of Toronto.
- MCCARTER, GORDON E., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Ethel Phyllis Hyslop, of Toronto.
- MASSEY, VINCENT, June 11th, 1915, married to Miss Alice Parkin, of Toronto.
- NASMITH, LIEUT. D. W., Nov. 11th, 1915, married to Miss Eva Muriel Kennedy, of Toronto.
- WHEELER, N. O., June 16th, 1915, married to Miss Marguerite Isabella King, of Toronto.
- WILSON, A. G., Nov. 20th, 1915, married to Miss Edna Dorothy Tobey, of Woodstock.

BIRTHS

- GOODERHAM, CAPT. M. S., Oct. 16th, 1915, a son.
- GILL, R. J., birth of a son.

NOTES

We received a visit during the term from Major C. L. Cantley, an Old Boy and Master of S. A. C., and brother of our present Head Prefect. Major Cantley was all through the fighting at Ypres last Spring, and has been recalled from the front by the War Office to help in munition work, owing to the value of his exceptional knowledge of steel.

A conspicuous figure among the spectators at our football matches this season was the burly form of Capt. R. B. S. Burton.

Severely wounded at Ypres, where his company was left "in the air" on the occasion of the enemy's first use of poison-gas, he made a wonderful recovery, thanks to skilful surgery, and is now attached to Gen. Lessard's Staff here.

Lieut. "Dug" Cotton (S.A.C. 1901-1905) is also in town on leave from the front. He was the only man of the Queen's Own Machine-gun Section to come through at Ypres unscathed. He was afterwards wounded in action. According to Capt. Burton, "if any man deserves the Victoria Cross, it is Dug Cotton." Contemporaries of Burton and Cotton will remember their prominence in College athletics.

We are proud of the distinction conferred on another Old Boy, Capt. H. F. Hertzberg awarded the Military Cross at Ypres, where he was seriously wounded. He returned from hospital in England to duty, and had recently the high honour of attending His Majesty the King when he visited the trenches.

The great value and efficiency of the training given in the School Cadet Corps is illustrated by the case of Lieuts. "Bud" Brown and "Mike" Malone, so recently with us, and who have found their way to the fighting line so rapidly. They were at once marked out last Spring as officers of exceptional merit in the University Corps, and on proceeding to England quickly obtained their transfers from the 12th Reserve to the 15th Battalion at the front (the 48th Highlanders, our own Regiment). Arnold Davison, who is in the same battalion, writing to the Headmaster recently, spoke gratefully of the splendid foundation-work he had received in the S. A. C. Cadet Corps.

CONGRATULATIONS:

Allen W. Ker (9th Field Battery), promoted Lieutenant.

"Buck" Saunders, promoted Lieutenant.

Olaf Hertzberg (1st Toronto), promoted Lieutenant.

(There must be many other names which should be added here, of which we have no information at present.—Eds.)

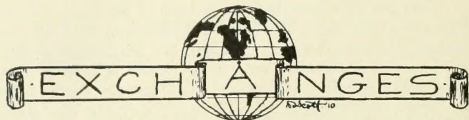
Obituary

An event which has come home to the School with particular sadness was the death of the familiar companion of last year, the popular leader of our orchestra and pianist in Chapel, Lieut. LESLIE A. HYDE. It occurred on October 25th. The cause was blood poisoning of unknown origin, contracted in England, where he had gone with his Battery in the Canadian Field Artillery, from whose ranks he had only recently been promoted to a commission in the Royal Horse Artillery. The following touching appreciation of Lieut. Hyde, written by his Brigade Commander to the bereaved parents, fitly expresses the feeling of all of us who knew him:—"I cannot tell you" (writes Major Bailey), "how very deeply I sympathize with you in your great loss, and how much I personally feel the snatching away from among us of one who was so keen and capable, and so much liked by all who met him. He had not been under me very long, but on the very day he was taken ill I congratulated the officer who selects the R. H. A. officers on the excellent type of man he had sent me from the Canadian artillery ranks, and asked him to send me as many of such splendid material as he could."

Another of our Old Boys who met with an untimely fate before reaching the Front was the late Lieut. GEORGE REESE KAPPELE, who attended St. Andrew's College from 1903 to 1907, passing from us into Toronto University. He was called to the Bar in 1912, and in 1915 obtained his commission in the Cycle Corps of the 2nd Contingent. He was accidentally shot last July.

RALPH EWART HERALD, who was a student at St. Andrew's College in 1910-1911, left here to live in Vancouver, and enlisted in that city in the 16th Battalion, and was killed in April in the terrible fighting at Ypres. News of his death only reached us recently, and we have received no particulars.

News has only recently come to hand of the death of Capt. FREDERICK BUSCOMBE, who left St. Andrew's in 1911 for Vancouver. He was a Lieutenant there in the 6th Vancouver Regiment, and when war broke out volunteered for active service and went to France. He was promoted to a Captaincy shortly before his death, which occurred at the hands of a sniper on the night of June 18th when engaged in attending the burial of one of the fallen. The Chaplain, who was with him at the time, writes, in words which must have brought great comfort to the bereaved:—"It was then 3.10 a.m., and getting clear daylight when we got to the grave. We said the Lord's Prayer together, and then I said the Committal and was about to say Amen, when a rifle cracked and I heard a gasp. Looking round, I saw Bob on the ground. He was only a step away from me. . . . Bob opened his eyes and pressed my hand, but I do not think he felt anything or knew what hit him. The bullet went through his heart. The last words he uttered were words of prayer. The last work he performed was, perhaps, the most trying for a soldier, but he did it nobly. . . . He was admired and honoured by officers and men. No one but had a good word for him. He and I were close friends. Personally, I felt that in him there was so much to lose for his manly, Christian, pure character."



We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges, and regret that owing to pressure of space we are only able to make special mention of a few:—

Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, University of Toronto); *Argosy* (Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N.B.); *Ashburian* (Ashbury College, Ottawa); *Bishop Bethune College Magazine* (Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.); *Boone Review* (Boone University, Wuchong, China); *Carlisle Arrow* (Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.); *Chautauquan Daily* (Chautauquan Institute, Chautauqua, N.Y., U.S.A.); *The Chronicle* (Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A.); *The Elevator* (Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.); *Hilltop* (Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.); *L.W.L. Life* (Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, 16th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.); *Purple and Gray* (College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.); *The Queen's Journal* (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.); *The Ramble* (New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.); *Red and White* (Todd Seminary for Boys, Woodstock, Ill., U.S.A.); *Scotch Collegian* (Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia); *Record* (Trinity College, Port Hope, Ont.); *Windsorian* (King's College School, Windsor, N.S.); *Albanian* (St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.); *Tech. Monthly* (Tech. High School, Scranton, Pa.); *Daedalian* (Denton, Texas).

Trinity College School Record, with its excellent accounts of school events, shows that your staff must be hard and efficient workers. Why not add more interest, though, with a few skits and stories by the fellows?

L.W.L. Life.—We are pleased again to see this well-edited school paper. The stories are first-rate and the snaps and sketches round off the magazine effectively.

Argosy.—Your articles are clever and literary. One misses, however, snaps and sketches of actual school life.

The Windsorian.—This is a publication of much interest to us, as some of our fellows come from Eastern Canada. Why not add a few snaps, etc.?

Acta Victoriana.—We should like to see a photo of your clever editorial staff to make the magazine still more attractive. Your war stories are especially admired.

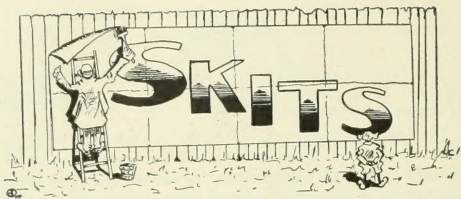
The Scotch Collegian.—This is a very well got-up and cleverly-edited school-paper. It gives a splendid impression of your college. We shall look forward with additional interest to seeing the magazine, since meeting some of your representatives among the Australian Cadets who visited Toronto recently.

Carlisle Arrow.—We are always very glad to hear from you and learn of your school. A very interesting number.

G. E. WHITAKER.



The General Staff at Work.



These jokes, they may be mouldy,
And should be on the shelf;
But if you do not like them
Please hand in a few yourself.—*Ex.*

Wallace—"What's the best way to raise potatoes?"
Soot—"With a knife and fork."

McLeod to Soot—"Say, if you had appendicitis, would they operate or blast?"

Mr. Findlay—"What do you think of Tennyson's style?"
Bole—"Oh, not bad."

Glaucus's Ironsides—the Third Team.

He was wandering aimlessly around in a department store when the floorwalker approached him.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man.

"Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of limousine, with heavy tread, and usually runs on low."—*Ex.*

An English teacher asks—"When you see ten or a dozen Fords proceeding together along the road (as you often find them), would you refer to them collectively as a string, a bunch, a school, a flock, a covey, a swarm, a troop, or a squadron?"—*Ex.*

Mr. Laidlaw—"Who discovered Australia?"

Johnston—"Robinson Crusoe."

Campbell—"I knew a man who was so self-conscious that he suffered from ingrowing sight."

Motto of Room 23—"If you can't smile, pretend you have a cracked lip."

Mr. Magee—"When did the revival of learning take place?"

Hutchings II—"Before the exams."

Am she gone? Are she went?

Have she left I all alone?

Can me never go to she?

Can her never come to me?

It cannot was!

Mr. Fleming—"How do you make a Maltese Cross?"

Voice from back of room—"Pull its tail, sir."

Definition—An abstract noun is one that cannot be seen, heard, felt, touched or smelt.

Reporter—"How shall I handle this mad dog story?"

Editor—"Make it snappy."

It's sort of queer, isn't it, that April can't March, but June May?

Rankin—"Have you forgotten that nickel you owe me?"

McGregor—"No, not yet; give me time!"

Johnston—"Hush, I'm disguised."

Brouse—"How so?"

Johnston—"I changed my mind!"

May (translatin^o) Haec in Gallia importantes—"Hike into Gaul; it's important."

Cameron II—"Do you think I could do anything with my voice?"

Soot—"Well, it might be useful in case of fire."

"My man, where did you become such an excellent swimmer?"

"Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."—*Ex.*

Wright—"What is an oyster?"

Firstbrook—"Dunno."

Wright—"A fish built like a nut."

Little drops of acid,
Little chunks of zinc,
Dropped into a test tube
Make an awful—odour!—*Ex.*

Cantley—"Are you the trained nurse they said was coming?"

Nurse—"Yes, I'm the trained nurse."

Cantley—"Well, let's see some of your tricks, then."

A boy, being asked which of the Biblical parables he liked best, answered—"That one where somebody loafs and fishes."—*Ex.*

Suitor (waiting for the lady)—"Is your daughter coming out next winter?"

Father—"She'll come out when she's good and ready, and if you git fresh I'll knock yer block off."—*Ex.*

Mr. Laidlaw (catching Roger in Reservoir Park)—"What are you doing here?"

Roger—"Admiring the beauties of nature, sir."

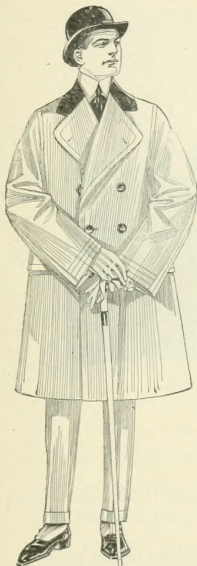
Mr. Laidlaw—"Have many gone by?"

Grant—"What do you call a guy who drives an auto?"

Watson—"It depends on how near he comes to me."

Wanted: Man with large ears to fan soup.—Apply Comstock Cafeteria Co.

Hickey's Is a Better Clothes Store This Season Than It Ever Was Before



COPYRIGHT 1914
THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

THIS store always progresses—standing still is going backward—and we never stand still.

FINE as were our past season displays, you'll find still finer suits and overcoats here this season—finer in style, in value, in pattern, and in all round worthiness.

YOU'LL need Winter clothes mighty soon—the sooner you see ours the more you'll see. Specially fine display of suits at \$12.50 to \$25.00, and overcoats at \$12.50 to \$35.00.

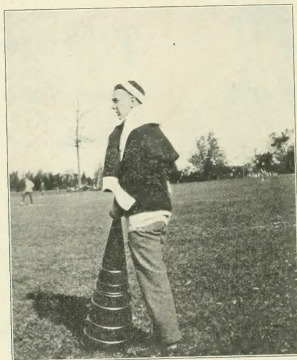
English Haberdashery for Men

HICKEY'S

Clothes, Haberdashery - - 97 Yonge Street

Mr. Robinson—"Now, boys, I will translate the passage. Ask questions if you don't understand"—(reading)—"*Hic Rhodanus vado transitur*: Here the Rhone is crossed by a ford."

Boy—"Sir, I didn't know they were discovered then, sir."



The Trumpeter.

Joe—"Have you taken a bath?"

Young 'un—"Why, is there one missing?"

Insult was added to injury when the the Puritan Laundry sent back Soot's pyjamas, with a note saying, "We don't wash tents."

He (ardently)—"I press my suit on bended knee."

She (icily)—"Haven't you an ironing board?"—*Ex.*

Choppin—"When is a hat not a hat?"

Boyd—"Don't know?"

Choppin—"When it becomes a woman."

St. Andrew's College

TORONTO

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"He's a society man, *n'est ce pas?*"

"How so?"

"See how beautifully he rolls his Bull Durham."

A lady as proud as old Lucifer,
Is tired of her husband's abueifer,
She says she will see,
If she ever gets free,
Love doesn't again make a gucifer.

School No. 4 usually began the day with a discussion of current events and items of world interest.

"Do you know any current events to-day?" asked the teacher, brightly.

One little boy raised his hand excitedly.

"Well, Jake," encouraged the teacher.

"They shot a lady in the C.P.R. yards yesterday for stealing coal."—*Ex.*

Comstock will now favour us with a selection entitled—
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Willoughby—"Why are King and Queen Streets like day and night?"

Rose—"Dunno."

Willy—"Because they meet at Don and Sunnyside."

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Drinks—Campaign, orangeade, cannonade, navy tobacco, Turkish delight, baynut salad, spear-mint gum.

Dessert—Battery pudding.

Bill Cameron—"When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?"

Moseley—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

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Girl—"Oh, no. Just wear your everyday blouse and short pants."

Roger (to cabman)—"Will you drive me to Yonge Street, please?"

Cabby—"I haven't a harness here that will fit you."

"Non paratus," dixit Rankin,
Rising, with a troubled look.
"Sic est semper," dixit Master,
Scripsit nihil in the book.

She—"Oh, Charles, it is so cold! I would like to have something around me."

He—"What would you care to have?"

She—"Oh, anything.—"

And the yap brought her a shawl.—*Ex.*

New day-boy—"Oh, dear. I left my note-book in school with my lunch in it."

A coloured man complained to the storekeeper that a ham which he had purchased there was no good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, Boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The coloured man scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested: "Well, sah, den it must hab had a relapse."—*Ex.*

"Bobby," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me two things necessary to baptism?"

"Yes'm," answered Bobby; "water and a baby."—*Ex.*

Whitaker—"What's a cowardly tomato?"

Grant—"Couldn't guess."

Whitaker—"One that hits you and runs."

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Frith—"I can read minds."

Cameron II—"Ken yuh read mine?"

Frith—"Certainly."

Cameron II—"Well, why don't yuh hit me, then?"

Of two evils, choose the prettier.—*Ex.*

Mr. Findlay in Lower VI—"We have *two bits* to memorize in this poem, boys, but I am afraid it will be more than a *quarter*."

"Pork" Davies on street car—"Do you want my ticket?"

Conny—"You don't think you can travel on that face, do you?"

Mr. Detwiler (passing along hall)—"Who's making all that noise in there?"

Morrison—"That's Comstock calling up Brockville."

Mr. D.—"Why doesn't he use the 'phone?"

Beer—"What's the difference between the North and South Pole?"

McLaurin—"Dunno."

Beer—"All the difference in the world."

Girl (reading letter from brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him."

Old lady—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear."

Yuill I—"Now that you have quarreled with her, are you going to make her send back all your letters?"

Yuill II—"You bet I am. I worked hard over those letters. They are worth using again."

Dack (entering hotel)—"Is this the bar-room?"

Bartender—"Yes."

Dack—"I want a bar of soap."

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Cholly (to shopman)—“I say—aw—could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?”

Shopman—“Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window anytime, sir.”

Cholly—“Thanks, awfully, old top. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good-mawning.”—*Ex.*

“How are you getting along at college, Percy?”

“Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know.”

“Well, heaven knows, you need one!”

Bole—“I'm going to start a bank, and run it on a new system.”

Wood—“Howzat?”

Bole—“Charge storage on the money you deposit.”

Two Lower School boys were standing in front of a movie-show, and noticed on the posters: “Here to-day. Eugene Forde, Francis Ford and Sterling Ford.”

First boy—“My, this must be a jitney stand.”

Cadet Officer—“At the command ‘Form Fours’ you will take a step to the back with the rear foot and a pace to the side with the fore foot, at the same time raising both feet a smart twelve inches from the ground.”

Lectures for the coming literary season are as follows:—

Watson—“Woman, the Cause of Man's Troubles.”

Cosgrove—“The life of a Bell Hop,” or, “Being a Fresh New boy.”

Comstock—“Slinging Hash in a Cafeteria.”

Taylor I—“Looking for the Guy who invented Work.”

Cantley—“The Art of keeping Crutches from Skidding.”

Lawson—“I see the Kaiser has ordered four million pairs of pyjamas.”

Kent—“Why?”

Lawson—“So his army can retire.”

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Turnbull (going from room to room before the cross-country)
"Anybody lend me a large-sized calendar?"

Calvert—"What do you want one for?"

Turnbull—"Oh, I just want to get Harris's time when he runs around the course."

JOE TAYLOR.

SOCIETY NOTES

McGREGOR—WALLACE.

The wedding of Mr. Sookes McGregor and Miss Sneed Wallace was solemnized in the sumptuous rooms of the palatial St. Andrew's Apartments, under the direction of Rev. Cascalet McNulty, whose grave demeanour marked him out as the natural undertaker of the ceremony. At two p.m. the wedding party jitneyed up and stampeded for the platform. Mr. McNulty hitched the couple in a few words, and left early to escape the inevitable rice and vegetable-throwing.

The bride's hair was upholstered in the latest fashion and she carried a full bunch of heliotripe in her left mitt; her train of cheesecloth was held by two dainty safety-pins, and she wore a Cooper creation of berceuse-pyjama effect. The groom's present to the best man, Mr. Skinnem Rolph, was a package of C.P.R. toothpicks. Various missiles were thrown at the happy couple as they left the church, tomatoes and eggs having a most pronounced effect.

A reception was held in the bride's apartments later in the afternoon, the catering being done by the Comstock Cafeteria Co.; only one kick against the eats was registered, and it came from Count Lorient, who complained that the gravy on the roast beef didn't match his vest. The groom, his voice choking with emotion and ginger ale, proposed a toast to the bride, and this concluded the festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. McGregor left immediately for Port Credit and other intermediate resorts, where they will stay while the money hangs out. On their return Mr. McGregor will resume his janitorial duties in Child's, and will take a correspondence course on "How to become a civilized engineer." He has undoubtedly a great future behind him.

JOE TAYLOR.



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S. A. C. Boys Who
Attended 1914-1915

Boy	Years Attended
A. Beer	1
J. Dack	3
J. Darroch	1
M. Foster	1
H. Home	1
L. Home	1
J. Lawson	1
E. Lowndes	4
G. Lumbers	1
J. McDougall	1
D. McCarter	4
R. McLaughlin	1
L. Nerlich	3
V. Nerlich	3
L. O'Dell	4
H. O'Dell	4
G. Patterson	1
D. Patterson	1
E. Rolph	2
D. Ross	3
C. W. Travis	2
H. Willoughby	1
H. Watson	1

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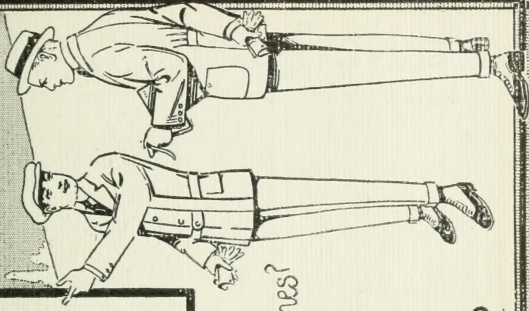
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The
Saint
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Review

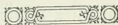
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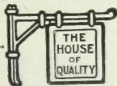
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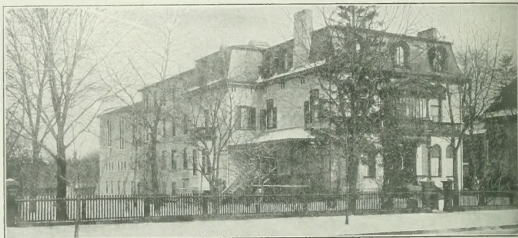
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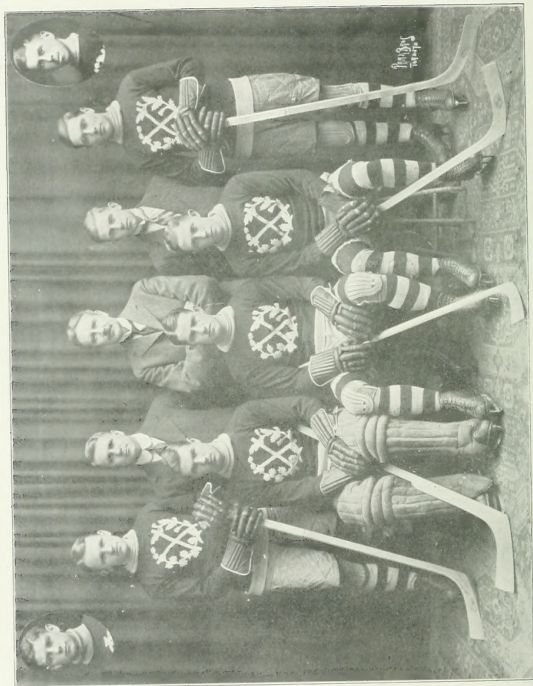
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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM, 1915-1916

The St. Andrew's College Review



Easter, 1916

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H. WILLOUGHBY } (Sports and
H. HUNTER } Exchanges)
J. W. TAYLOR (Skits)

Business Managers

R. C. BROUSE
F. JOHNSON

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Easter, 1916

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St. Andrew's College Review

Easter, 1916

Editorial

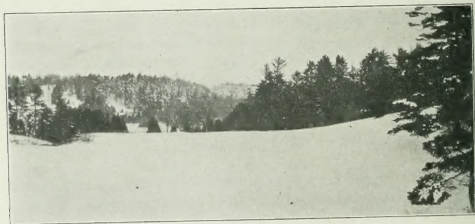
THE unusually long Winter Term draws at last to a close. Balmy evenings and lingering daylight make the snow and ice of recent days already seem a distant memory. As we look forward with pleased anticipation to the warm, sunny days and outdoor sports of next term, let us not forget what the coming of spring means for our brave fighting men across the seas, who have endured another winter of hardship in dreary trench-land, and will soon almost certainly be called upon for fresh deeds of valour and sacrifice.

TO Saint Andrew's boys, indeed, with so many friends and relatives at the front, this reminder is perhaps superfluous. Seven of our present-year pupils have left us for active service since last term. Many more would undoubtedly have gone but for parental influence, backed by the opinion of the Headmaster and Staff, who feel (with an increasing number of the public) that the efforts recently made to carry on recruiting in preparatory schools is a mistake—an injustice to the boys themselves, and a grave injury to the resources of the country. To take a boy away at the most plastic and impressionable period of life, and to turn his immature energies away from productive effort to the hard strain and unsettling tendencies of the military life is—apart from the danger to the individual—to sow a seed that will swell the inevitable harvest of evil caused by war. The enlistment of school-boys is a measure only to be adopted in cases of extreme necessity, when legitimate sources of supply have been exhausted ; and we do not think it has come to that in Canada yet.

A PARAGRAPH in a newspaper the other day reminds us that the whole incalculable train of horror and calamity now in progress was let loose by a school-boy! For so we may fairly describe the wretched student Prinzip, who lies dying of

consumption—so it is said—in an Austrian jail. His extreme youth—indeed at the time of his crime he was no older than several of our present St. Andrew's boys—saved him from the gallows, and it is possible that he may emerge from prison to behold a world struggling to recover slowly from the immense havoc wrought by his single agency. Here is a thought to engage the imagination of some great poet or moralist of the future, for only to a future vision can such a theme begin to appear in anything like true perspective and proportion.

A WORD as to the contributions in this number. Several of them are taken from essays written in the ordinary course of school work, and without any idea of publication. In more than one case, indeed, the authors will probably be surprised to find themselves in print. Judged from this standpoint, the stories and articles, selected with difficulty from a large number examined, show (such is our editorial judgment) that there is a considerable fund of talent to draw upon for future numbers. We would suggest to candidates for literary fame : (1) to attend more carefully to the concluding paragraph of a composition, and not to be satisfied with merely filling up so many pages, and then coming to an abrupt stop ; (2) to keep away, if possible (in stories especially) from the subject of the war—or at least from incidents and scenes beyond the writer's possible experience or knowledge.



Winter Scene—New School Grounds

HONOUR ROLL—Continued

The following are merely the names which have reached us since Christmas. As already announced, we hope to publish an Illustrated Supplement with our Midsummer Number, containing as full a list as possible of Old Boys and Masters serving with the Colours, and we appeal to all friends of the School to aid in making it complete and accurate.

Name.	Rank	Unit.	Con- tingent Home	St. Andrew's College
Anderson, J. M.	Lieut.		Toronto	1906-1911
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.		Vancouver	1911-1913
Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	169th Battalion	Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, M. C.	Private	15th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1906-1908
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	Toronto	1907-1911
Cameron, R. A.	Signaller	147th Battalion	Owen Sound, Ont.	1915-1916
Clare, J. S.	Lieut.	Preston Batt., Mech. Transport.	Preston	1912-1914
Clement, D. W.		118th Battalion	Berlin, Ont.	1913-1915
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	216th Battalion	Toronto	1907-1910
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	77th Battalion	Ottawa	1913-1915
Fleming, G. O.		F.C.C.E.	Toronto	1903-1908
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.		Vancouver	1910-1911
Gooch, H. A.	Capt. and Q'master,	216th Batt.	Toronto	1902-1906
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1901-1902
Harrison, K. J.		220th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1911
Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	Aviation	Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Lieut.	198th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Hughes, B. H.		"C" Co., Can Engineers	Toronto	1902-1904
Kelly, Chas.	Pte.	No. 30876, Imp. Corps, No. 2 Field Supply Depot, B.E.F.	St. George's, Bermuda	1900-1902
Lazier, T. H.	Gunner	52nd Battery	Belleville	1913-1914
Lee, S. B. D.		Royal Flying Corps	Toronto	1900-1906
Livingston, Ross	Lieut.	52nd Battery	Kingston	1911-1912
Lorimer, N. H.			Toronto	1906-1909
MacGregor, I. C.		Halifax Battalion	New Glasgow	1912-1916
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.	Detent'n Camp, Amherst	Amherst, N.S.	1913
Matheson, W. D.	Pilot.	Royal Flying Corps	New Glasgow	1905-1910
Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery, 4th Brigade	Toronto	1911
Neil, R. M.	Lieut.	Infantry	Peterboro	1913-1914
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	155th Battalion	Belleville	1911-1915
Rose, J. E. D.		47th Battalion	Vancouver	1910-1911
Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	75th Battalion	Toronto	1904-1907
Smith, J. R.	Pte.	134 Batt., No. 799030	Toronto	1906-1910
Sutherland, G. C.			Ft. William	1906-1909
Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner	55th Battery	Brantford	1908-1916
Willoughby, H.		Sask. Hospital Unit.	Toronto	1911-1916
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	170th Battalion	Toronto	1909-1913

Fiction and Miscellaneous

LORDLY ISLAND LIGHT

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

OFF the west coast of Nova Scotia, about eighty miles from the mainland, lies a rugged wave-worn mass of black rock known as Lordly Island. Oval in outline and rising not more than sixty feet above the water, it runs north and south about half a mile with a width of about one-fifth of a mile. Near the southern end rises the tall, white tower of the lighthouse, while close by stands the squat, low house of the light keeper and an ugly brick building containing the boiler and mechanism of the fog alarm.

This island lies right in the path of vessels entering or leaving the Bay of Fundy, and the terrible swift tidal current, rushing back and forth with but a minute's rest, combined with other reefs, make it a place which all wise mariners give as wide a berth as possible. But in spite of all this, many ships are wrecked every year in these waters. In the early summer of the second year of the great war the inhabitants consisted of Captain Grey, the keeper of the light, his wife, their daughter Rose, and the keeper's assistant, Les. Crowell. The light was cared for by the two men, who stood watch and watch during the night. There was generally little to be done, but some one must remain awake to see that the mechanism which caused the light to revolve did not run down, and to attend to the steam whistle in case of fog.

On the second of June, Mrs. Grey left to visit some relatives on the mainland. Crowell took her in the motor boat, and on his return to the island he made the boat fast, rowed ashore, and started to cross the piles of huge boulders that covered the beach. Striding with carelessness he suddenly slipped and fell heavily. When Captain Grey, who had been watching him, ran down to him, he found that the man's left leg was broken. He and Rose helped him to the house and made him as comfortable as possible, while a hurry-call was telephoned to the mainland to Dr. Barr, who promised to be there in a couple of hours.

Two, three hours passed by, darkness came, and the great light began to flash its regular warning over the waters, but still the surgeon did not appear.

His wife said over the phone, in response to Captain Grey's anxious call, that he had started long before. At nine o'clock Rose said to her father: "Father, this is Crowell's watch till midnight. You go to bed and rest and I will watch. If the fog comes in, I will call you to start the whistle."

The captain grumbled at first, but finally yielded and retired to his room, leaving Rose and the injured man the only two human beings awake on the island.

Rose sat reading by the dining-room window within easy call of Crowell in case he needed anything. Outside was almost absolute darkness, except for the bright flashes from the light-



"Arms" and the Man

house. Heavy clouds covered the sky, but the east wind was very light, and there was no fog or haze. Time passed slowly. Suddenly there came a rap at the door. Expecting to see the doctor, Rose hastened to open it, but staggered back in surprise when a tall, masked man thrust the muzzle of an automatic at her, and a gruff voice said: "Put up your hands!" She obeyed at once, but at the same time called loudly, "Father, father!" With an oath the man sprang forward and seized her tightly, while two or three others rushed in past them and made for the bed rooms. Mr. Grey was soon overpowered, and Crowell made no resistance. The man ordered the girl to be seated. He had a con-

sultation with his followers. Rose could not understand what they said, but the language was easily recognized as German. She could not make out what they wanted, and her thoughts ran from one thing to another.

She remained quiet and was told by her captor in a pleasant manner that there was nothing to fear—her father was only gagged. "The island is ours," he said. "We have cut the telephone wires and will put out the light. We have waited long and endured much from our enemies, and at last the chance has come to work for the Fatherland." He sat down opposite her and watched her keenly. Presently there was a sound of crashing glass and the regular, bright flashes ceased to strike the window. Rose's brain began to work, but she could not understand why these men chose this night to destroy Lordly Island light. The absence of the light might cause the wreck of some motor-boat or steamer, but what help would that be to Germany? Like a flash it came to her. She remembered the headline of the paper she had just been reading: "89th Battalion nearly ready to leave St. John. More sons of New Brunswick to cross the sea for King and Country." . . . This must be the night the troopship *Metagama* would come down the bay, and these men were there to wreck her, and send most of the brave boys to death! Someone must give them warning. No one but herself knew of the impending danger, and she was alone a captive! What could she do? In anguish of mind she moved restlessly about the room, her captor being satisfied to watch the door. Suddenly a desperate plan formed itself in her brain. She quietly watched for the moment for its execution, and in an instant her arm shot out, and with a dull thud a heavy paper-weight struck the German behind the ear. He relaxed and lay still. She seized the pistol, and ran through her bedroom across the hall, where she listened to see if the men outside could hear her. Lightly she dropped to the ground from the open window, and keeping the house between her and the conspirators, fled down a narrow road leading through the woods to a little cave on the far side of the island. She did not dare take any of the boats from the beach below the house, but she knew where a small dory with oars aboard lay in the cove, and to it she hastened.

It was light, and quickly launched. Rose rowed out of the cove. Almost immediately the island disappeared. At times she paused and scanned the sea for the approaching transport.

After she had rowed for some time, she felt something gently bump the stern of her boat. The tide had begun to ebb, and she was back where she started, in spite of her rowing ! Starting out again across the bay, this time she rowed and rowed without a moment's pause ; when suddenly she heard the regular beat of a gas-engine, which had approached quite close to her unnoticed. She recognized the exhaust of a well-known boat belonging to a fisherman. A friend ! She sent a low cry over the waters ; then another and another. A shout answered her, and in a few minutes a pair of strong arms lifted her into a fishing boat. The first person she recognized was Dr. Barr. He had started from the shore in answer to the call from Captain Grey, but the motor had broken down. He had seen the light on Lordly Island go out, and wondered what the trouble was. Rose soon gasped out the story, and the rest was simple. The motor-boat was turned northward, and in half an hour was alongside the troopship, while an anxious captain wanted to know why he had been stopped, and what had become of the light. As soon as he was informed, the steamer's wireless began to crackle, and soon, with gathering speed, she was again plowing her way toward the battle fields of Europe, with all lights out, and steering such a course as to give Lordly Island a wide berth.

The Germans were captured, with a torpedo rigged up in such a manner that, but for the heroic act of the lighthouse keeper's daughter, this tale would have had a very different ending.

IAN MACGREGOR (FORM LOW. VI.)

THE SENTRY

(WRITTEN IN BELGIUM)

"Halt ! Who goes there ?
 Alone in the Belgium front there stands,
 With rifle clasped in his ice-cold hands,
 In a lonely spot in the dank lowlands,
 A tired sentry.
 His wet feet stuck in the muddy ground,
 His eyes and ears strained for sight or sound
 Of approaching figures o'er a far-off mound,
 To stop their entry.

"Halt ! Who goes there ?"
 Is that a rat that hovers nigh ?
 Or a sniping coward ? Or a German spy ?
 Halt ! Who comes across that grass so sly—
 Is't friend or foe ?
 "Friend !" came the answer in nick of time.
 "Advance, friend, give the countersign."
 And he whispered clearly across the line :
 "Ontario !"

"Halt ! Who goes there ?"
 A long way off down the muddy street
 He hears the slushing of many feet
 Approaching him on his sentry beat.
 "Halt ! Who goes there ?"
 Friends— and a stretcher : a comrade who gave
 His life and his all that he might save
 His fighting pals from yonder grave.
 He knew no fear.

"Pass, friends ; pass on."
 Silent he watched them pass in line
 By the little slope 'neath the ridge of pine,
 And his thoughts roamed back to the countersign
 "Ontario !"
 How good it would be to be back once more
 Back to that place on Ontario's shore,
 Away from this fiendish hell of war
 With its blood-stained snow.

Not fifty yards from the sentry's wood
 Ten thousand men in the trenches stood ;
 And the night was dark and the wind was good
 For the Huns' attack.

Some crouched by on the firing bench,
Others stood in the muddy trench ;
Where the earth breathed up its sickening stench,
And the night was black.

Pals and comrades, divided, mixed ;
The bombing squads in the bays betwixt,
With nerves all tense and bayonets fixed,
They waited there.
Long into the night they crouched in mass,
Prepared for the deadliest fumes of gas,
When its green-grey clouds o'er the glacis passed
Through the foggy air.

Suddenly then, in a great array,
A thousand glares for miles away
Changed all the darkness into day
With a light that blinds.
And a thousand guns from the enemy's hill
Flashed with a roar on the night so still—
And the shrapnel whizzed on its path to kill
In our swollen lines.

Loud were the cries of the men, "we're gassed !"
And every man in frenzy masked.
As the cloud rolled on to the trenches fast,
O'er No Man's Land.
With Maxims and Colts again and again
We swept their ranks with a leaden rain,
But the Huns drove on in an endless chain,
By cruel command.

And their shells burst on with an awful din,
As our first line parapet fell in,
And the cries were hell, and our ranks grew thin,
On that awful night.
Closer and closer the advancing host
Came to fulfil their Kaiser's boast,
And the shrapnel broke o'er the sentry's post
With flashing light.

Firing like mad in that loosened hell
The Canadian heroes fought and fell
As the Huns came on with their murderous yell
And naked sword.
Again and again we drove them back,
And we cut them up in their fierce attack,
As our rifles flashed in the night so black,
On that mighty horde.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Onward they swept o'er that swampy mire,
And they fell like rats in our tangled wire
As we mowed them down with machine-gun fire
From either side.
And then like a war of olden days
A thousand bombs from the bombers' bays
Burst in the ranks of the German Greys,
The Kaiser's pride.

All unprepared for this sudden knock,
Their disciplined lines like a wall of rock
Swayed and crumpled beneath the shock
In full dismay.
Then as a man the Canucks rose up ;
'Twas their time now to taste of the cup
And from it the wine of victory sup
E'er broke the day.

With a cheer they charged on the frantic Huns,
Their bayonets fixed on their long Ross guns,
And every man of them Canada's sons
Of the fourth brigade.
And we drove them back in a wild stampede,
With our gallant officers in the lead,
And they stumbled back with relentless speed
Past their barricade.

The grey dawn broke o'er the field of crime,
Creeping with wounded, and mud and slime,
And the dead lay thick on the glaxis' grime,
To fight no more.
No graves were dug, no bells did toll
For the half-unanswered muster roll,
But each man mourned in his inner soul
The price of war.

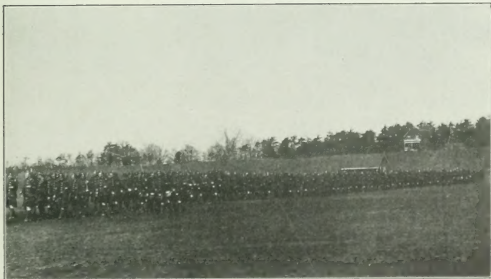
And not far back by the wooded crest
The sentry sleeps in unbroken rest
With a bullet sunk in his cold white breast
And with vacant stare.
And they carried him back by the ridge of pine,
Not far away from the firing line,
And inscribed the word of the countersign
As they laid him there.

And the men worked on from day to day
In the cold, wet mud and the Belgian clay
Clearing the scenes of death away
Under covered night.

And many hearts in a far-off land
Bled for the boys who made that stand
And gave their lives in that fight so grand,
In the cause of right.

Excepting the guns from the Allies' hill
The Belgian front lay quiet and still,
And the days rolled by through winter's chill
On the western line.
And another lonely sentry stands
In the same dark spot in the dark lowland,
Challenging all in his sharp demand
For the countersign.

—M. J. PARSONS (No. 55264)
(S.A.C. 1903-1907).



T.A.C. in War-Time
92nd Battalion Drilling on the Field

MAKING SHELLS

HAVING had some experience in a munitions plant in Nova Scotia, I have been induced to attempt a short article for the REVIEW.

To explain the making of the shell itself would involve a lot of technical terms, which would convey nothing to the reader.

Roughly speaking, the process can be divided into two separate operations, namely, that of forging the "blanks," and that of machining them into the finished article. The former is much more interesting for several reasons. After a few blanks have been machined, as they are all done in the same manner, the work becomes somewhat monotonous ; whereas in forging blanks one is always dealing with something new.

The interior of the forge building where this first operation is carried out is very similar to such a forge as one will see at any steel plant. Along one side are ranged the hydraulic presses with the furnaces between them and the wall. In the centre of the floor the shells are piled, and later taken to the inspection building on "buggies" carried on overhead cranes capable of lifting ten tons. Along the other wall the accumulators which give the great pressure to the presses are seen moving up and down, while overhead miles of pipe run in all directions.

Owing to the great demand for munitions our plant was working double time, which necessitated three shifts of eight working, with the exception of twenty minutes for lunch. These shifts relieved one another and alternated their working hours each week. For example, we are the first shift and work from seven a.m. till three p.m. We are replaced by number two shift, who are in turn relieved at eleven p.m., and they work till seven a.m., when we come on again. The next week we take number two shift, while they have ours, number two taking number three's. So it will be seen that the presses are never idle for a minute except on Sunday from seven a.m. till eleven p.m., during which time all necessary repairs are made.

The work itself is extremely hard on one. The most strenuous job physically is that of "heating the billets." The "heaters" stand in front of huge furnaces drawing the white-hot billets, at the same time charging the cold ones.

There are usually two heaters to a shift who take turn in working alternate heats. Their working time therefore being only four hours a day. One really needs to see these men at work to appreciate what they do ; and a most fascinating sight it is. On a given signal the furnace doors are opened, and through them flames will leap for a couple of feet. The heater takes his "peel" and manœuvres it in such a way that several perfectly heated billets appear. How he finds them is a marvel to one not accustomed to it. Although they cannot be seen, a good heater knows



Scene of Cantley's Article

how many he has in his furnace, and exactly where each one is. The heat is terrible, and it takes a lot of time to become inured to it. As the billets are drawn they are thrown over to the presses where they undergo three distinct operations, after which they are laid out in pyramid piles and marked according to the heat series.

The men have to contend against gassy smoke, heat and burns. A great many are forced to give up forging owing to the gas impairing their health. The extreme heat causes much trouble and sickness. I have seen four different men drop within an hour owing to the excessive heat.

Burns are very common ; a day seldom passes in which there are not many burns, the majority of which are serious and all painful.

The spirit and enthusiasm the men show in their work is splendid. I have in mind one particular night when it struck me more forcibly than ever before. We had been working on the eleven p.m. to seven a.m. shift. Everything was running smoothly and we had hopes of a good output, which were shared by the next crew. The keenest rivalry existed between the two, one always "jollyng" the other.

I was relieved by my "buddie" at three o'clock and had reached the end of the building. On looking back I was fascinated—simply could not tear myself away, although I had seen the spectacle many, many times before. There were some four hundred men working at a battery of seven presses, their straining muscles shining in the sheets of flame that would leap almost continuously from the presses, slowly dissolve into smoke and lose themselves in the grimy darkness above. The men were singing, some joking, while here and there you saw one ducking a hot shell. Everywhere white-hot iron passing to and fro, while coloured flames, rising to a great height, gave shadowed columns and pipes a weird appearance. All this, added to the tremendous noise, at three o'clock in the morning, had a most eerie and fantastic effect.

To one coming straight from this roaring inferno, what a different scene presented itself ! The sun was just then rising in majesty above the quiet surface of the river. A knot of grimy men stood gazing, awed and spell-bound by the wonderful spectacle. Presently an old Scotchman joined the silent group. "'Tis a graund sight, lad," he said, and the simple words fitted somehow better than eloquence would have done. Inwardly I felt how good a thing it was to be alive.

D. CANTLEY, (Up. VI.)

COMMERCIAL CANADA AFTER THE WAR

AT the present time practically all the neutral nations are enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity. The task of filling the great void left as a result of the withdrawal of German products has created an industrial activity that taxes even the gigantic resources of the manufacturing plants of the United States to their utmost. Nor is this all; the capacity of the warring nations for producing the necessary munitions of war has fallen far below their requirements, consequently war orders totalling fabulous amounts have been allotted to eager neutrals, particularly the United States.

At the commencement of hostilities a period of financial depression, unparalleled in recent times, was prophesied for our country, and only by the unlooked-for stimulus to industry caused by the war was it averted. Can we yet, however, congratulate ourselves on escaping this financial crisis? Does not the existence of all this artificial prosperity, which will surely end with the war, mean merely a deferring of these conditions until peace? In a great many, in fact in the majority of cases it does, but fortunately we have every reason to believe that Canada will be one of the few exceptions.

Possibly the grounds for such a statement can best be shown by a short review of conditions in Canada since the war. At the beginning of hostilities, the Canadian manufacturers accepted war contracts but not, as in the States, to the exclusion of other business. The Canadian manufacturers perceived in the war an opportunity for acquiring the home markets, which, if seized, would prove the turning point in their fortunes. Therefore whilst the contracts of all the Allied Governments were received as a means of tiding them over the temporary stringency, a vigorous advertising campaign was also waged, which by directing the attention of the Canadian public to the high standard of home products, has to a great extent destroyed the prestige of foreign goods. Thus at the end of hostilities, the close of the war orders will not be a deathblow to Canadian industry, in fact, it is possible that it will be very nearly counterbalanced by the increased consumption of goods owing to the return of the soldiers. Then taking the problem of the returned soldiers, the fear that thousands of them will be unable to obtain employment and others be a burden to the community is greatly exaggerated. Many of these

soldiers came from rural districts and will return there, and even should there not be industrial employment for others, there will be a demand for even inexperienced farm-help.

Now consider war-stricken Europe. A great percentage of her most fertile fields are now providing trenches for the armies of the various belligerents to fight in. The destruction wrought is incalculable, and many years must pass before it is repaired. During this interval there will be a demand for the very grains that Canada can so abundantly produce. Then, lastly, one must consider that Canada's prosperity is founded on Canada's tremendous natural resources, the stability of which is constant, not varying with war or peace.

N. MACL. MACLEOD. (Form V.)



Keeping their Eye on the Kaiser

LIFE AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY

THE Editor has asked me to write a short account of my stay at Purdue University, thinking my experiences might prove of some interest to present St. Andrew's College boys who intend to take a course in practical science. Unfortunately for this purpose, my career at Purdue was cut short when I decided to enlist, but I shall try to give an idea of the place and its methods. The peculiar circumstance of my being a Canuck attending a college where so many fellow-students and instructors were Germans, may add a touch of interest at the present time.

Purdue College is a large institution something like the Boston "Tech." It is situated in Southern Indiana, and is attended by about 2,000 students. About two-thirds of the white population of Indiana seem to be Germans, or of German origin. At all events that about is the proportion of the German element at Purdue. So you can imagine my feelings when on my arrival there, after a long and lonely train ride from Toronto, I discovered to what nationality the great majority of my fellow students belonged.

At my first interview with the President, he said to me: "Now, Whitaker, I am not going to enrol your name here unless you give me your promise not to discuss the war with the other students or the instructors." Of course I had to agree. You will naturally wonder if the same conditions were imposed on, and adhered to, by the German students. Truth compels me to admit that they were, and that any "scraps" I had about the war were of my own seeking—at least I will take all the blame.

For instance, in the class in German Composition, I found that the prescribed book was emblazoned on the cover with the German Eagle. Naturally this decoration had the effect on a loyal Canadian of the proverbial red rag on a bull, and I promptly proceeded to remove the offending bird and substitute a picture of King George (in the only available form—a postage stamp!). The instructor, a German, happened to notice this, and nearly had a fit. In a furious rage he ordered me out of the class. However, after consultation with the head of the department, I turned up as usual next day, and found that the professor had calmed down considerably on making the discovery that I was a British subject. He at once admitted that this made a difference, and we were good friends afterwards.

If you go to Purdue, you will soon have it brought home to you that you must work hard. There is no "getting away" with anything else. Instead of term exams., weekly tests are held, and for these the percentage required for a pass is 70 per cent. If you fail in two subjects at one of these tests, your case is first taken up by your instructors, and if that does not produce the desired result next week, you are likely to be handed over to the Vigilance Committee. This body has no counterpart, so far as I know, in Canadian Colleges, but it is certainly effective. It is composed, not of "profs.," but of students—two elected from each year. They of course have means of finding out what you have been doing with yourself in the evenings, and if their report is unfavourable, down you go. To show the strictness of the standard of work required, I may mention that out of a class of about 850 who started the year with me, only about 400 survived the first term.

The daily routine was as follows : Up at 7. Lectures, 8-12. The afternoon was devoted to practical work in the shops—viz., foundry-work, bench-work, (carpentry), machine shop, forging—all splendidly equipped, and where you get lots of hard physical labour. At 5.30 came supper, and in the evening you had to "plug" at book-work until bed-time (12 or later—generally later with me). Saturday was a half-holiday, and devoted to shop-work.

Thanks to good grounding at S.A.C., I managed to get through the first term satisfactorily, but got restless about my duty in connection with the war, and in January decided to come back and do my "bit" by enlisting, and here I am, on duty in the guard-house as N.C.O. in charge.

I may say that my experience at Purdue brought home the fact that, whatever happens to the Kaiser and his agents, there is going to be nothing dead about the German *language* yet awhile. Every electrical engineer who hopes to make good in his profession has to know German. Our German instructors were certainly men who knew their business, and knew how to work and make *you* work. They gave one a view of German "efficiency" at close range—the sort of thing we are "up against" in Europe now, and will probably continue to be after the war.

One of these men—I will not say which, as it might be embarrassing to him if these notes should happen to meet his eye—took my fancy particularly, and when I was leaving I went to bid

him good-bye. When he heard what I was doing, instead of getting mad he became confidential, and told me plainly he wished the Kaiser would be licked, and also said that when peace was declared he thought that every German would be glad to shake hands with the British. Remembering Belgium, the Lusitania, the Zeppelin raids, etc., one hardly feels in a mood to reciprocate this feeling towards his countrymen, but for Germans such as he I have nothing but esteem, and I hope to have the advantage of his further instruction when the war is happily a thing of the past.

EWART G. WHITAKER,
Gunner, 55th Battery, C.E.F.



A Habitant

SPAIN'S POSITION IN THE WAR

IT is a widely held opinion that Spain, though neutral, favours the Germans. As a Spaniard and with the latest news from Spain every week I think I can deal with this erroneous impression with some authority.

There has been talking about the supplying of German submarines from Spain, and in Spanish papers I read the news of a German undersea boat having been seen at the Bay of Biscay. If something of that kind took place, no doubt it was done by the German colony, fairly large in the northeast part of the country. A ship was captured by the Customs Service, loaded with gasoline and provisions. Of Spanish Government action, nothing can be said that indicates connivance at such attempts.

The Government is neutral, of course, because nothing calls us to fight, and nobody has touched us so far, but of the country that cannot be said. It is impossible for a European country to stand morally neutral in a war where every neutral's life has some interest. So it is in Spain. In newspapers, magazines, cafés, clubs, etc., pro-Allies and pro-Germans urge their arguments, in language whose violence rivals that used by the belligerents themselves. Concerning the war, two great bodies of opinion are found in Spain. The clergy, the greater part of the middle classes, the army and the nobility are pro-German. They form the Conservative body, and look constantly to the past, trying to make the future run by the traditional paths. So they are imperialists, and they look more to our international position and power than to our interior welfare. Their scheme would be greatly helped by a German victory, so they are pro-German. They say that Germany would give us Gibraltar, colonies in Africa, and back us as a power in the Mediterranean by the defeat of France and Italy. They control the clerical press and some of the Conservative papers, but they are separated from actual Government.

Opposite to this body there is the pro-Ally party. It is formed by all the liberal persons who have broken with the past and wish to see Spain completely changed. All the Left parties, from moderate Liberals to Socialists, are anti-German, and in the speeches of their leaders can be seen a strong sympathy for the allied cause. Most of them say that had the country been prepared, our duty to Spain should be to fight Germany.

Their principal arguments are these : France—the democratic champion of Europe, who gave to the world the French Revolution that liberated Europe from so much tyranny—must win, in order that her ideas shall go on leading civilization. The system of government of the winner no doubt will prevail in Europe, and of course they prefer the English individualistic Democracy to the German State control. France and England always helped our Liberal Government against the reactionary risings. There is a community of ideas between all the Latin countries, and these are now fighting Germany, whose ideals are



Getting Ready

opposed to our Latin ideals. When Napoleon tried to conquer Spain, Spaniards, English and Portuguese fought side by side in many a battle, and in a great degree, thanks to the English help, we saw ourselves free from French domination before other countries.

Our commerce is much greater with England and France than with Germany, and our foreign policy since Napoleon's fall has been closely related to England's.

The violation of Belgium of course had a bad effect in Spain and lowered very much the German prestige. Afterwards the demolition of monuments, the burning of Louvain, the destruction of the Rheims Cathedral, and other horrors, weakened very much the pro-German party.

Many people in Spain asked for and adopted Belgian orphans, and subscriptions for the relief of Belgium were opened in the principal cities and towns.

A Belgian minister of the Crown, M. Carton de Wiart, came with a special embassy to thank Spain in the name of his Government and country. When he was at Madrid, numerous demonstrations of sympathy and sorrow for his country were given to him. Recently a manifesto was published in the leading European papers, signed by a great number of professors, writers, painters, artists, scientists, etc., declaring community of intellectual interest with the Allies, and protesting against the Belgian outrages.

All this may seem strange, as Spain was for a long period the traditional enemy of England, occupying the position that Germany now holds, or seeks to hold. She was moreover hated by Protestant England as the land of religious persecution, autos-da-fé, etc. But this was at a time when religious persecution was a universal instrument of government, not at all confined to Spain.

To-day Spain, as every country, is changed, and there is no use in looking at her as in the time of Philip II, because nothing of that age exists, just as nothing exists in England that equals the time of the Tudors. We are a country that for a long time will not go to war unless attacked, or fighting in Africa the cause of civilization. Our present ideal is to have peace as long as possible, to develop our resources, and live in friendship with everybody.

If we grow strong in resources, it is natural that we take the means to defend ourselves that we think more suitable. In that case if by our strategic position, somebody thinks we are a danger and tries to oppose us, that will be our enemy. But as we do not have any warlike idea, we hope everybody will leave us alone.

VINCENTE L. LORIENTE, (Form IV.)

LAMENT OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

(Authorized by the Reichstag to be said or sung in quires and places where they sing throughout the blessed Fatherland, as an alternative to the Hymn of Hate.)

We remember, we remember,
The time before the war,
The little spies we used to send
To every foreign shore.
The war began a wink too soon,
And brought too long a fray,
And now we sometimes think the fight
Will go the other way !

We remember, we remember,
Our *shining armour* bright,
Our bands, and banners, and our guns,—
They were a lovely sight !
Der Tag on which the Kaiser built—
On which his heart was set,
But though the years have passed away,
He hasn't got it yet !

We remember, we remember,
The treaties that we signed,
On little *scraps of paper*, which
We never meant to mind.
Our spirits flew in feathers then,
That are so heavy now,
To get out from the mess we've made—
We really don't know how !

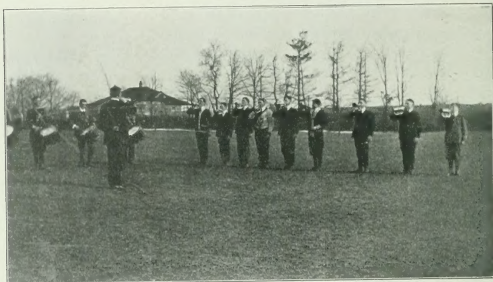
We remember, we remember,
The time when we were free,
Unfettered by the Army and
By all its tyranny.
The Kaiser was a baby then,
A sword his favourite toy.
Poor Bill ! He's further off from heaven
Than when he was a boy !

E.C.B.

(With apologies to Hood.)

A RABBIT'S DEFENCE

THE strange fear that sometimes seems almost to paralyze a rabbit when it is attacked by any member of the weasel tribe has often been observed. Apparently it cannot make any effort at defence, and if cornered it will submit to the fatal bite without a sign of resistance. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and I shall try to relate an exception to this rule that a guide on Rice Lake once saw.



Band Practice

Something was creeping very quietly through the grass. You could tell this only by the waving of the blades. About twenty yards away out in a field, squatted a rabbit, in the afternoon sun. He had been sitting there for half an hour, quite motionless.

The hidden creature in the long grass was slowly and surely stalking him. At length the waving grass stems stopped moving. The stalker had got within two yards of the rabbit and was about to make a final rush. The long grass ended here, and beyond the stalker had no cover.

Then all of a sudden the rabbit reversed its position. It did it very quickly and very quietly. Moreover, although he still sat as motionless as before, the man could see through his glasses that his nose was constantly working, and that meant that he was smelling hard. The hidden foe had made the blunder of approaching the rabbit down wind.

Since there was no longer any need of concealment, the enemy stood up. He was a sinister-looking male stoat. His coat was nice and smooth, and he appeared to be anything but the professional slayer. He stood looking at the rabbit for a minute and then made his rush. It was quite slow, in fact a kind of gallop. Any animal could have avoided it.

When the stoat was within striking distance of the rabbit he stopped short and then very quickly darted behind bunny. This is the regular stoat manoeuvre : to dart around to the side of its prey and leaping upon its back deliver the fatal bite of the weasel tribe at the base of the brain.

The next instant the stoat was lying on his back, with all the wind knocked out of him, and the rabbit was sitting hunched up and facing him as before. It was a most unexpected defeat. As the stoat had reared to deliver the fatal bite the rabbit had pivoted to meet him, and jumping into the air had landed a full-power kick with his hind legs on the stoat's chest.

About this time the human onlooker took a hand in the business. The report of a rifle scared the rabbit and he scampered off to safety.

H. HOME (Form V.)



Prize Photo—Wild Animals surprised in their haunts

AN OLD BOY AT SALONICA*

November 19th, 1915.

IN SALONICA HARBOUR.

YESTERDAY at this time we were sailing past Mount Olympus on the long bay leading to this port. The shore on either side had long been flanked with hills and mountains, but the celebrated Home of the Gods overtopped them all. With its snow-capped, jagged top, it awed into insignificance anything anywhere about, and we could hardly believe that it did not lie a stone's throw from the shore. The calm blue water stretched away to the shore lying in shadow, which as it ascended toward the summit of the mountain changed from a deep black to a filmy blue, and then ended abruptly in the snow-capped summit gloriously lit up by the sun. That soon passed and we were at anchor in front of the city formerly famous as Thessalonica.

* * * * *

The city in front of us has a magnificent situation. It lies on the sunny southern slope of a hill terminating below in the wharves and above in an ancient walled fort, said to have been the prison of Abdul Hamid not so long ago. It forms a square surrounded by a wall, in which are here and there to be seen huge round towers. Outside this wall to the west there is a complete change to fields stretching from the shore to the base of the hills, and interrupted occasionally by clumps of trees. On the opposite side the same description holds, except that for a couple of miles the very waterfront only is fringed by white stately houses, intersected by groups of trees. These white houses, tightly massed together, with their red-tiled roofs and the numerous tall white minarets glisten in the sunlight and form a strikingly beautiful picture from the water, which is made more interesting when some instructive person points out the castles, the walls, the tower from which St. Paul is said to have preached to the Thessalonians, the squat circular building of St. George's, which dates from the time of Constantine, the Cathedral and the domed St. Sophia's.

* We are much indebted to Professor D. J. Gibb Wishart for permission to publish these extracts from letters written by his son, Lieut. D. E. Staunton Wishart, M.B., of the R.A.M.C. (S.A.C., 1901-1906).

A WEEK LATER.

Soon we were among the hills, climbing slowly up one only to rattle dangerously down another immediately afterwards, and among the hills we have remained. We detrained at the "rail-head," a little station in Greece, alongside a beautiful small round lake set among the hills. One-third of the lake shore was in Greece. On our right another third was Bulgaria; the remaining third was Serbia. Hills, nothing but them, all around us. We now marched along the road, crossed the border into Serbia, and climbed up a muddy road to the camp of the 25th Casualty Clearing Station. A more beautiful sight than the view from the officers' mess tent cannot be imagined. Its beauty was much enhanced by the fact that we had just been given hot tea and bully beef and biscuits, on real plates, and were delighted with the kindness of our hosts, all rattling fine Irishmen. Well, we got fed, and before long the sun had gone down and the moon came up. Simultaneously the lake below and the Bulgarian mountains opposite rapidly changed through all shades of blue and purple—and so did our blood. So we put on our "warms" and went for a tramp.

Stewart and I trudged into town, a collection of decrepit huts on either side of a main street, everything closed, not a light visible, and hardly a soul. We passed two sentries who appeared from nowhere and at a turning in the road found ourselves below an electric arc-light. Inquiry in a broken Germano-Englisho-Frencho opened a shop for us, and soon the dingy little room was filled with a mixtum-gatherum, the village mayor, the school master, the Serbian secretary and under-secretary, the inn-keeper, etc., etc. What a half hour we spent! Everybody most polite in his own particular language or in his attempt at English. We had to buy, and finally came away with several pounds of good Turkish delight—nothing else one could want. When I asked the time seven watches were pulled out. The schoolmaster's said 6.30, the senior officer's 6.00, the inn-keeper's 7.30, the clock on the wall ticking audibly 10 minutes to 1, etc. So I was polite and accepted the officer's time. I later discovered that none of the collection of souvenirs was correct.

* * * * *

SALONICA, December 15th.

It is out of the question to give you a complete account of my doings since my note from Doiran Lake about a month ago, but I can give you a few things to go upon.

We travelled away up beyond the rail-head and joined the Field Ambulance behind the British lines. Then the camp moved and divided itself into two deserted villages where we were delayed by men suffering from exposure, and many from severe frost-bite. Talk about work, nothing that we did is laid down in books, the work never stopped. As fast as we could we evacuated to the rail-head, but ever more came in. The cold snap certainly was the finishing touch to an already much shattered division.

All this time the situation was changing, not for the better, and soon the one half of our village was in receipt of occasional shells every day. Then we were deluged with men unable to stand a long march, and then when things reached the breaking point the ambulance got ready to move, and Capt. Mitchell and I were sent as an advanced Dressing Station to a village in the most advanced and most exposed part of the line. Well,—when the shock came we did nothing heroic and we managed to get away with all the wounded that reached us, and that is about all I care to say here. When we again reached the unit there was the bustle of completely moving away, and this we did darkly by dead of night, eventually getting away through the village and past the next British position, and at 3 a.m. dosed down for the night at least four miles from immediate trouble. From that day to our arrival here we were continually on the move, from one bivouac to another, our moves usually coming suddenly upon us at night. Our clothes have come to know us very well, though we have had our boots off now and then. Finally, almost last of all units, we crossed the Græco-Serbian boundary, and took our places in the miles upon miles of retiring French and British, and after several strenuous days, found ourselves here not far from No. 4 General Hospital.

* * * * *

Apropos of this retirement. Many rumours were apparently in circulation here as to "huge losses," "disastrous retreat," "wounded abandoned," "field ambulance wiped out." Without saying more than a few words, let me allay all these *canards* by saying "Bosh!" For I was there every bit of the whole proceeding. Our Field Ambulance was the only one within ten miles of trouble, and Mitchell and I were the only two M.O.'s ahead of our firing line.

The retirement was inevitable in view of the comparatively huge forces opposed to ours and was as orderly as I can conceive

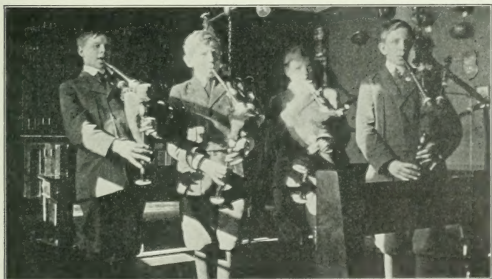
possible under the circumstances. The retirement was not "nice" business, but it was "real good business" well carried out.

Just now in the tents outside there is a steady hum of conversation, and here and there men are singing, a thing they have not done since disembarkation weeks ago. No, there may have been kits, etc., left behind, rations may have become more than monotonous, they may have had many a day of real discomfort, but for the nonce they are resting under canvas, and have a full ration under their belts, and they are not downhearted a bit.

From Parsons I heard much late news of you all—that you were all well—which greatly relieved my mind, though to tell you the truth, there were many days when we had no time to think of anything but the work on hand, and when we dosed down we would drop off to sleep at once. But the last two days, when on the slow retire, we had much time for worry, and I was glad to be reassured by the latest news from Toronto.

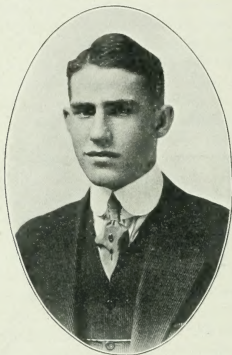
P.S.—I just discovered an interesting bit of news. After part of the very cold snap, all ambulances were asked to send in recommendations regarding frost-bite. Our O.C. consulted Livingston and me and adopted our suggestions, and these were later embodied almost verbatim in Divisional Orders!

D. E. S. WISHART.



Heard Melodies are sweet,
But *These, Unheard*, are sweeter

Athletics



Captain Harry Watson

HOCKEY—PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM

WATSON ("Squirt"), Centre.—Captained his team well, and lived up to his reputation all season.

WALLACE ("Wally"), Rover.—Second year on the team, and is still one of the fastest men and best back-checkers we have.

PATERSON ("Pat"), L. Wing.—A good hard worker, and although he didn't "find" his position for the first games, he well deserved his colours.

CAMERON ("Cam"), R. Wing.—A hard shot and good offensive player. He came up from last year's Thirds.

YUILL II. ("Hop"), L. Defence.—Came up from last year's Thirds, improving as the season went on.

WHITAKER ("Ed"), R. Defence.—An exceptionally steady player and one to be relied upon in a pinch.

WILLOUGHBY ("Hilly"), Goal.—Came up from last year's Thirds, a cool and steady man, his work in the second Upper Canada game was specially worthy of note.

COMSTOCK, *Mgr.*

PICKERING vs. S.A.C.

St. Andrew's first O.H.A. engagement of the season took place on our own ice on Friday, January 15, when we met and defeated the Pickering College seven. The game was a tie at the end of the third period and an extra session was required to decide the contest. St. Andrew's displayed their superiority in this over-time period by out-skating and outplaying their opponents and were, as a result, rewarded with a victory of 6 goals to 1.

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>Pickering.</i>		<i>S.A.C.</i>
Lawrence.....	Goal.....	Willoughby
Rogers.....	R. defence.....	Whitaker
Puglsey.....	L. defence.....	Yuill
Henderson.....	Rover.....	Wallace
Wight.....	Centre.....	Watson
Annandale.....	R. wing.....	Cameron
Cody.....	L. wing.....	Bole

Referee—Dr. LaFlamme.

S.A.C. started off with a rush, and were soon pressing hard on the Pickering goal. Lawrence made a brilliant stop of Watson's shot and the boys from Newmarket took the puck to the St. Andrew's end. Watson and Wallace relieved with a fast combination which resulted in a score from Wallace's stick, after five minutes of play.

The Crimson-and-White again assumed the aggressive and their attack was marked by an end-to-end rush of Yuill, whose shot was neatly stopped by the opposing goal-keeper. Pugsley made a determined effort to score, but found the S.A.C. defence impregnable. Annandale received a bad pass from the side and notched Pickering's first and only goal in 16 minutes.

The period ended a moment later with St. Andrew's pressing.

Score : S.A.C., 1 ; Pickering, 1.

Both teams started the SECOND PERIOD at a fast pace, the goal-tenders on each side having plenty of work to do. A Wallace-Watson combination which beat the defence was phenomenally saved by Lawrence. Watson was hurt, but continued.

The period ended without a further score, but was marked by the clean playing of both teams, not a player being penalized. The work of the Pickering defence pair was clever, while Wallace and Watson were conspicuous on our side.

Score : S.A.C., 1 ; Pickering, 1.

The play now livened up considerably, in the THIRD PERIOD, several penalties being imposed. Watson swung on Pugsley and was benched, while the boys in blue rushed things to the St. Andrew's end in his absence. However, he soon notified his return by a good rush, but was forced to shoot from outside the defence, which availed nothing. Our team had several good chances to score but shot the puck against Lawrence's pads. At full time the score stood a tie, 1-1, and the game went into overtime. Score : S.A.C., 1 ; Pickering, 1.

Watson stick-handled through the whole Pickering team, but Lawrence saved. Wallace loomed up, however, and batted in the rebound.

On the resumption of play, Wallace notched another from a scrimmage in the goal mouth.

A Watson-Cameron-Bole combination resulted in the puck being placed behind Lawrence, Watson doing the trick.

On a pass from Wallace, Watson again found the net, the ends having been changed after the first five minutes of play.

St. Andrew's were now outskating the opposing forwards and Wallace was enabled to find the net as a result of a nice pass from Cameron.

The game ended a minute later with the Crimson-and-White on the aggressive.

Score : S.A.C., 6 ; Pickering, 1.

The effective back-checking of the S.A.C. forward line was largely responsible for the victory, Wallace in particular distinguishing himself. Wight and Pugsley starred for Pickering, while Watson, Wallace and Willoughby shone for St. Andrew's.

JOE TAYLOR.

S.A.C. vs. DE LA SALLE

On Wednesday, January 19, we played our second game of the season, with De La Salle. This team had shown up well in practice and were expected to give us a hard battle; the superior speed of our boys, however, was too much for their heavier opponents, who were defeated by the score of 5 to 4.

At 4 o'clock the teams lined up :

S.A.C.		De La Salle.
Willoughby.....	Goal.....	Ryan
Whitaker.....	R. defence.....	Spellman
Yuill.....	L. defence.....	McAllister
Wallace.....	Rover.....	O'Connor
Watson (capt.).....	centre.....	Maloney
Cameron.....	R. wing.....	Wagner (capt.)
Bole.....	L. wing.....	Ingoldsby

Referee—J. Moxon.

The game started with Whitaker boring a hot one at Ryan, who cleared. St. Andrew's had several good chances to score, but could not find the net, owing to erratic shooting.

Cameron was given a rest for tripping and the red shirts again bombarded Ryan but found him impregnable. The green shirts took the rubber to the St. Andrew's end and got their first shot on our goal after twelve minutes of play, the excellent back-checking of the local forward line having kept the puck in their opponent's territory so far.

Spellman tried hard to beat Willoughby, who made two brilliant saves. Watson broke up a three-man combination and laid a rifle-like shot in the corner of the La Salle net.

Score : S.A.C., 1 ; D.L.S., 0.

The SECOND PERIOD started with De La Salle taking a new lease on life. Ingoldsby and Maloney combined for their first goal.

Watson restarted things for us by circling the net and passing to Wallace, who burned it in.

Cameron made a long shot from outside the defence which Ryan could not stop, resulting in St. Andrew's third goal.

It now became plain that S.A.C. were all over their opponents, their superior speed and combination giving them an advantage over the opposing forwards. Cameron and Watson skated through the La Salle defence, Watson placing in the pass.

Wagner, the D.L.S. captain, who had started the game with a sprained ankle, was forced to retire, Bole going off to even up. Wallace and Watson found it easy to roam around the ice unchecked, having enough speed to leave any of their opponents behind. They flashed down the ice together and Watson poked the puck in.

S.A.C., 5 ; D.L.S., 1.

The final tussle was marked by the brilliant work of our centre-ice men. Both teams showed signs of lagging after five minutes of even play, but some good three-man combinations were made, and the goalkeeper's on both sides gave fine exhibitions.

The period ended without any further score, but giving a decided victory to St. Andrew's. For La Salle, Ryan and Ingoldsby played well, while the whole St. Andrew's team worked evenly. Captain Watson was the best man on the ice although he had little on Wallace. Cameron and Bole showed decided improvement, while the Crimson-and-White defence men worked like veterans, forcing the enemy forwards to shoot from well outside.

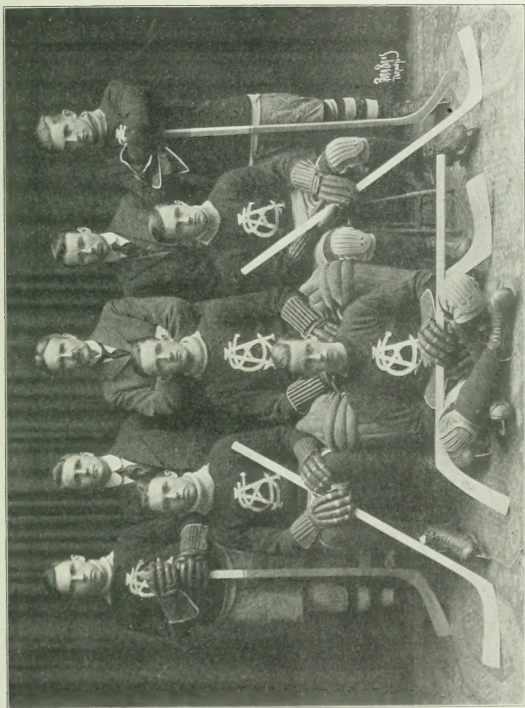
JOE TAYLOR.

DE LA SALLE vs. S.A.C.

(RETURN GAME)

On February 2, S.A.C. hooked up with De La Salle for a second time and succeeded in pulling out a victory and cinching the group. A postponement of the return game with Pickering was necessary, owing to lack of ice at Newmarket, and our boys went on to the ice after a two-weeks' rest.

Both teams presented a different line-up from that of their first encounter ; St. Andrew's having moved Yuill up on the line and placed Patterson on the defence, while the La Salle team had had a general shake up.



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM, 1915-1916

This was the caste :

S.A.C.		D.L.S.
Willoughby	Goal	Ryan
Whitaker	R. defence	Malone
Patterson	L. defence	Spellman
Wallace	Rover	O'Connor
Watson (capt.)	Centre	Ingoldsby
Cameron	R. wing	Wagner
Yuill, II	L. wing	Moyan
Referee—J. B. McArthur.		

For some moments after the start play was even. St. Andrew's were first to hit their stride and bombarded Ryan from all sides. Cameron bored in a hot one and when Ryan stopped it, Maloney accidentally scored against his own team.

Wagner took the puck on the face-off, and netted it for La Salle's first.

Moyen and Wagner combined, the former placing the pass behind Willoughby.

Watson did some pretty work, and after a lone-hand jaunt evened the count by a neat shot.

Ingoldsby put his team ahead again when he batted in the rebound of Moyen's shot.

Watson worked his way in close and dropped the puck. Wallace followed in behind and tied the score again.

Moyen made another for the green when he poked a top-corner shot in the crimson net.

S.A.C., 3 ; D.L.S., 4.

In the SECOND PERIOD St. Andrew's went right to work and soon had La Salle hugging their net. Watson came down the side fast, grabbed a pass and banged one in that Ryan could not get.

Both teams displayed some clever hockey in this period, with our forwards showing better speed and combination. Spellman was the only green-shirted forward who showed much class, while Paterson's shooting and Watson's general work were commendable for S.A.C. Cameron passed from behind the goal and Watson did the trick.

Patterson lengthened the lead on a pass from Yuill.

S.A.C., 6 ; D.L.S., 4.

De La Salle in the FINAL ROUND pressed from the start, and a dangerous shot from outside the defence bounded in off Willoughby's pads.

Watson went through alone and after working right into the net notched another.

Watson repeated this performance a moment later after another brilliant individual play.

Capt. Wagner put some life into his team by a brilliant effort which was well rewarded with a score.

Watson's speed and stickhandling were superb and when the smoke had cleared off it was found that he had scored two more goals practically unassisted, which cinched the game for his team.

On a scramble in front of the net the puck got past "Hilley" for the final score of the game.

S.A.C., 10 ; D.L.S., 7.

The crimson-and-white showed more speed and combination than at any other time to date and proved their superiority as a team over the others in the group. Willoughby was a little off color for the first time this year, but the work of Whitaker, Wallace and Watson deserves honourable mention. Ingoldsby, as usual, gave the best performance for De La Salle.

JOE TAYLOR.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

On Friday, February 4th, the team journeyed to Newmarket, accompanied by a carload of supporters, to play the return game with Pickering College. The result of the engagement could make no material difference in the standing of the teams, as St. Andrew's had already won the group and were waiting for the second round.

The opening period was of the slap-dash variety, the play resembling an unorganized game of "shinney" with too many playing. Pickering managed to score twice, both counters coming from scuffles in front of the net, while our boys were unable to beat Lawrence, although they made many creditable attempts. The ice was in excellent condition, but poor lights made it well nigh impossible to see the puck and the small ice surface rendered it an utter impossibility to conduct combination plays.

Captain Watson grabbed the first goal for his team, in the second period. Shortly afterwards Paterson bulged the net with a neat shot from the side. Pickering scored twice in this period, making the count four to two in their favour.

At the beginning of the final round Whitaker received a gash over the eye and was forced to retire. During his absence the Pickering boys were all over St. Andrew's and brought their total up to eight, while they held us down to two.

For St. Andrew's Wallace was best, although the whole team worked hard under the handicap. Wight and D. Pugsley were good for Pickering.

The teams :

Pickering :—Goal, Lawrence ; r. defence, Rogers ; l. defence, D. Pugsley ; centre, Wight ; rover, Henderson ; r. wing, E. Pugsley ; l. wing, Annandale.

St. Andrew's :—Goal, Willoughby ; r. defence, Whitaker ; l. defence, Yuill ; rover, Wallace ; centre, Watson ; r. wing, Cameron ; l. wing, Paterson.

Referee—E. Doyle.

JOE TAYLOR.

S.A.C. vs. BELLEVILLE

On Friday, February 11, 1916, St. Andrew's College met Belleville's Junior O.H.A. team on the latter's ice.

The rink was of a fair size and the ice sheet was excellent, but the lights were undoubtedly open to improvement. A loyal crowd were on hand to support the home team and together with the military band did much to make the building re-echo with shouts and noise.

The line-up :—

S.A.C.	Belleville.
Willoughby.....	Goal.....Nurse
Whitaker.....	R. defence.....Lynn
Yuill, II.....	L. defence.....Holloway
Wallace.....	Rover.....Whalen
Watson.....	Centre.....Arnott
Cameron, I.....	R. wing.....Armstrong
Bole.....	L. wing.....Green

Referee—Lawson Whitehead.

The puck was faced at 8.30 sharp by Referee Whitehead, an old Belleville boy. Both teams worked hard but through a pretty piece of combination, Armstrong to Gunner to Green, the home squad scored.

St. Andrew's now picked up and rained shots on Nurse, the Belleville goalkeeper. Willoughby kept his head well and stopped a couple of "burners," but Armstrong scored for Belleville. Things were looking excellent for Belleville, but the St. Andrew's lads could not be disheartened.

The game was now very fast, and the excitement was intense, when all at once Belleville broke away from the *melée* and made the score 3-0. Watson and Wallace evidently thought things had gone far enough, for by excellent stick-handling Watson scored. At the face-off Wallace took the puck and scored another for us. The score was now Belleville 3, St. Andrew's 2. The band was silent for a few minutes and the expression on the faces of the fans had changed decidedly.

Armstrong of Belleville now made a beautiful rush, but Willoughby stopped his hard shot and Watson took the puck to Belleville's defence. There he lost it and by a combination by Green and Whalen, Belleville scored. Bole was now sent to the side for accidentally tripping Belleville's man. With the six-man hockey, Watson and Yuill II. played combination and Watson scored for St. Andrew's. The score made, for the first period :

BELLEVILLE, 4 ; ST. ANDREW'S, 3.

The SECOND PERIOD opened with a whirlwind rush. Yuill was sentenced for 2 minutes, and with a weakened defence we allowed the Belleville boys to score another goal. Yuill came back shortly and the game kept going from one end of the rink to the other.

With the score 5-3 against them our team seemed to be losing heart. They allowed the enemy to score another. The fast pace was beginning to tell on both teams and the game became slower. The rooters were becoming a little impatient and passed some rude remarks. Thanks to the watch, this was soon cut short, and the second period ended :

BELLEVILLE, 6 ; ST. ANDREW'S, 3.

Some good advice was handed out in the dressing-room and when the bell rang for the THIRD PERIOD our fellows looked like a team with new life. Watson, by fast skating and experienced

stick-handling, scored another point. Our players had now visions of a victory and played accordingly, but their hopes were struck hard by a piece of combination, and Belleville scored another. This was followed by an eighth goal, and the noise of band and crowd was deafening. Watson was slightly hurt, and after a minute's rest came back on the ice. Willoughby was working hard and it was wonderful what he effected. He jumped all over the net, stopping the puck by his hand, shoulder, leg, skate—any old way. By a piece of hard luck he fell, and the puck hitting Whitaker, rolled in while our goalkeeper was on the ice.

BELLEVILLE, 9 ; ST. ANDREW'S, 4.

Bole had now to retire through an injury and with about two minutes to play Belleville scored the last goal.

BELLEVILLE, 10 ; ST. ANDREW'S, 4.

Although we lost, our fellows deserve a word of congratulation for the way in which they played and conducted themselves both on the ice and after the game. The Belleville paper says : "A cleaner game than that of last night has never been played on local ice and they are the cleverest set of boys we have played this season." The Toronto "News" writes : "A Belleville man said the St. Andrew's boys are to be commended on the gentlemanly way they conducted themselves and the sportsmanlike manner in which they congratulated the winners after the game."

T. R. RANKIN.



A Few Moments Spared from Study

BELLEVILLE vs. S.A.C.

On Friday, February 18th, Belleville Juniors were scheduled to play their return game with St. Andrew's at the Arena. The game was called at 8.30, and the teams lined up as follows :—

S.A.C. (8)	Position	Belleville (4)
Willoughby.....	Goal.....	Nurse
Whitaker.....	R. defence.....	Lynn
Cantley.....	L. defence.....	Holloway
Wallace.....	Rover.....	Whalen
Watson.....	Centre.....	Arnott
Cameron.....	R. wing.....	Armstrong
Paterson.....	L. wing.....	Green

Referee—J. Moxon.

After two minutes of play, Arnott banged one in the corner from a scrimmage in front of the St. Andrew's net.

Shortly after, Watson livened things up for S.A.C. with an end-to-end rush, but failed to get past the clever Belleville goal-keeper. Then, as things began to look dull for Belleville, Referee Moxon came to their aid by benching Cameron, Watson and Wallace in quick succession, leaving Paterson as the only forward for our seven. Even at that Belleville failed to score, owing to Paterson's clever efforts. Shortly after the trio returned to the ice, Watson slipped in a pass from Cameron, making the score one all.

Immediately after Watson, by an individual rush, succeeded in scoring another for Saint Andrew's. He again scored half a minute before the gong by a long, hard shot through the defence.

Score : S.A.C., 3 ; Belleville, 1.

SECOND PERIOD. In the first minute and a half of play, Watson, by clever stick-handling, took the puck through the whole Belleville team, making the score four to one for the Crimson.

Shortly after, Cameron collided with a Belleville man and was forced to retire, taking Green with him. The game now livened up considerably, being marked by good combination on the part of Belleville and hard checking and individual rushes by St. Andrew's. Referee Moxon gave the crudest exhibition of refereeing ever seen at the Arena. Our boys were heavily penalized for trivial offences at the most critical stage of the game. This undoubtedly accounted

for their inability to overcome the six-goal lead. However, Whitaker and Cantley added two more by lone rushes to the Saint Andrew's tally. This made the score six to one or one goal behind on the round, when Moxon pulled one of the worst decisions ever seen on the local ice. He rang the bell with the play in front of St. Andrew's net, and when, after the bell, Whitaker accidentally knocked the puck into our goal, Moxon allowed the count. This ended the second period.

S.A.C., 6 ; Belleville, 2.

THIRD PERIOD. The first few minutes were marked by hard play on both sides and several rather unfair penalties for S.A.C. This enabled the Belleville centre to get away for two goals. St. Andrew's now played hard, and their centre soon scored on a pass from Cantley. Wallace and Watson now got their combination going which resulted in Wallace getting a clever shot past Nurse. In the remaining three minutes of play, S.A.C., were unable to overcome the two-goal lead which Belleville still had on the round.

Final score : S.A.C., 8 ; Belleville, 4.

Harry Watson as usual proved himself the best man on the ice, while Wallace was a close second, although suffering from sore back. Whitaker and Cantley played a good defensive game, and Willoughby was only clearly beaten once. Paterson checked hard while Cameron was hurt and forced to retire in the second period.

Belleville showed two good players in Arnott and Goaler Nurse. They played real good hockey all the time, while Armstrong came fast in the last period.

A. P. HUNTER.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The first of the home and home games with U.C.C. was played at the Arena, Tuesday, February 8th.

For the first eight minutes U.C.C. had the best of the play, but Wallace and Watson livened their team mates by each scoring one in quick succession. Play was very even after that, neither showing much class. Macdonald scored U.C.C.'s first tally from a scrimmage in front of Campbell, which was speedily offset by a clever rush from Watson.

The St. Andrew's centre-ice pair managed to grab three between them in the next session and Paterson also contributed one, making the count seven to one for St. Andrew's. So far Macdonald has shown most for Upper Canada by his aggressiveness while it is hard to pick any outstanding star for St. Andrew's.

During the final round St. Andrew's assumed a dormant attitude and it was very lucky that their lead was not overcome. U.C.C. rushed things, scoring four before the gong stopped their parade.

Score : S.A.C., 7 ; U.C.C., 5.

A. P. HUNTER.

S.A.C. vs. TRINITY

St. Andrew's added another victory to their credit when they defeated the Trinity College School team in Port Hope, on Wednesday, February 23. The contest was fairly close throughout and the large score does not exactly illustrate the evenness of play. Our forward line with their O.H.A. experience plus some good back-checking were too much for the black and red team, who found it impossible to break away.

The teams stepped out on a perfect sheet of ice and the referee rang his bell for commencement promptly at two o'clock. Trinity lacked the services of Morris and Wallace, and the absence of these two affected them greatly at the outset and proved a decided disadvantage during the contest.

The game was not marked by the brilliant playing of any individual on either side, although A. Sutherland of Trinity and Harry Watson played well at times.

St. Andrew's ran in ten goals during the struggle, of which Watson is credited with six, Wallace two, while Paterson and Whitaker contributed one each. The Port Hope boys were only able to beat Willoughby four times, mainly owing to their crude work around the nets ; the inability of the Easterners to draw out the goalkeeper instead of shooting at his pads was the main cause of their defeat. Willoughby had a good day in goal, while the defence was all that could be desired. Cameron and Paterson improve every game and have rounded into a great pair of wings.

The line-up :—

S.A.C.—Willoughby, Yuill, Whitaker, Wallace, Watson, Cameron, Paterson.

T.C.S.—Wigle, Cruickshank, Bonnel, Roach, A. Sutherland, Woodman, Sutherland.

JOE TAYLOR.

U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

In one of the most listless games of the season, St. Andrew's, on Feb. 26, gained a second victory over Upper Canada by the score of seven to two. The contest only livened up in the last part of the second period when our men combined for a succession of goals.

St. Andrew's commenced by running in three shortly after the opening, while U.C.C. were notching their first tally. Watson and Wallace made it four for their team after some pretty work around centre ice. Frances came right back for Upper Canada, however, and beat Willoughby by a close-range shot.

Harry Watson wiggled through the defence and sifted a top-corner shot into the Upper Canada net. A Cameron-Wallace-Watson combination resulted in a score by Cameron which closed the second period, with the count standing six to two for S.A.C.

Watson is credited with the final score of the game, but also could have made the most brilliant play of the season if he had passed to Wallace on entering the defence; these two combined well until they reached the zone of their opponents' goal, when the usual misjudgment took place. A lucky goal followed this time, though.

The Upper Canada boys worked hard throughout but were unable to cope with the experience and speed of their opponents. Macdonald was always up with the play and was undoubtedly their best man. The Crimson and White worked hard throughout and a star is hard to choose. Whitaker and Willoughby, however, deserve much credit for their performance.

JOE TAYLOR.

TRINITY vs. S.A.C.

Saturday, March 4, found St. Andrew's and Trinity battling in the return game at the Arena. S.A.C. had won the first encounter and were strong favourites, although they were without Wallace, the clever rover.

The line-up :—

Trinity—Wigle, Morris, Cruikshank, Wallace, Sutherland, Roach, Woodman.

St. Andrew's—Willoughby, Yuill, Whitaker, Comstock, Watson, Paterson, Cameron,

Referee—R. Grant.

Play was of an end-to-end variety all during the first period, with St. Andrew's displaying more speed and combination work than their opponents. Watson found the net four times, which was the extent of our score. Woodman and Wallace of Trinity combined in an attack early in the period and this terminated in a score for the Easterners.

A general slashing contest in front of the Saint Andrew's net had the usual outcome and Trinity were enabled to count again. Paterson and Watson added one each to our total, and at the end of the second period the score stood : S.A.C., 6 ; T.C.S., 2.

Harry Morris did some clever work for Trinity in the closing session when he scored twice, both goals resulting from individual rushes. Capt. Watson demonstrated his reputation as an O.H.A. "all-star" by circling the whole length of the rink and laying a shot past Wigle which fairly screamed. The final score was : St. Andrew's, 7 ; Trinity, 4.

Morris was easily the best for Trinity, while Watson was, as usual, the best man on the ice. Willoughby put up a splendid game in goal.

JOE TAYLOR.



Something Accomplished, Something Done
Hath Earned — $\frac{3}{4}$ hr's. credit

THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Hockey Team had a very good season. Owing to the long schedule of the First Team they were unable to arrange more than two games. The results, however, were very satisfactory.

In the first game the players were not quite in their proper places, but played very well against the UPPER CANADA COLLEGE SECOND TEAM, holding them to a 3 to 1 victory.

The teams lined up :

S.A.C.	U.C.C.
Campbell.....	Goal.....Hardaker
Knechtel.....	L Defence.....Croden
Mackenzie.....	R. Defence....Fotheringham
Moseley.....	Centre.....Walker
Comstock.....	Rover.....Gash
Morrison.....	L. Wing.....Henderson
Bole.....	R. Wing.....Wright
Referee—Harry Watson.	

The first period opened with St. Andrew's setting the pace, and time and time again their forwards shot at the impregnable Hardaker. In a scrimmage in front of St. Andrew's net Walker shot a clean goal.

The teams worked hard for some time, but Henderson, of Upper Canada, after a lone rush, shot and scored. Moseley now replied by a well aimed shot which Hardaker failed to stop.

After a neat piece of combination Moseley passed to Morrison, who shot, but Hardaker cleared well. The period ended S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 2.

The second period found the teams trying hard, but the misplaced men of the St. Andrew's team were not working together. The game was all lone-rushing. Knechtel and MacKenzie took the puck to Upper Canada's goal, but their shots were blocked by Hardaker. The period closed with slow playing. S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 2.

The last period began with a rush by Upper Canada, but our team held them while Campbell, in goal, stopped some hard shots. Upper Canada shot and Campbell cleared, but Bole accidentally knocked the puck back into our net.

Both teams now made a final spurt and by the splendid work of Comstock and Campbell we kept U.C.C. from scoring further.

The game ended—S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 3.

The second and last game was played with LAKE LODGE SCHOOL, of Grimsby. The misplacing of the men in the Upper Canada game was rectified by playing Comstock as right defence, while Gallagher was put on as rover. Harry Watson refereed. The game began with a rush and it looked as if our team would be outplayed, but the agility and training of the St. Andrew's men soon made itself clear. Morrison made three or four attempts to shoot, but was checked hard by Grimsby defence. Campbell stopped a hot one, but Morrison passed to centre and Moseley shot but missed, and Grimsby took the puck to our defence; Knechtel got it and after a long rush passed to Moseley, who lost it in Grimsby defence. Comstock now rushed up the ice and scored for us.

Lake Lodge rallied somewhat, and after a fine bit of combination, shot the puck into our net. (S.A.C., 1; Lake Lodge, 1). The period closed without further scoring.

The second period showed a little better play, but Gallagher was forced to retire, as a Lake Lodge player broke a skate, having played a fine game. Morrison rushed down the ice with the puck and scored, and Bole tallied another soon afterwards. With their lead our team decided to rest and the remainder of the period was slow. (S.A.C., 3; Grimsby, 1).

The third period showed no improvement in the St. Andrew's attitude. Grimsby rushed, but was checked by Knechtel and Comstock, and Morrison, by a pretty piece of combination, shot but could not score. Grimsby rushed but were checked at our defense by Comstock, who passed to Knechtel. The latter by a pass to Moseley, at Grimsby's goal, tallied another for the Crimson.

Grimsby now made a last struggle while our men slackened in their pace and Lake Lodge scored two goals. With three minutes to play Lake Lodge pressed our boys hard and scored another. This blow seemed to wake up our lads and with 50 seconds to go Moseley scored again.

Bale took the puck up to Lake Lodge goal, but would not pass, and therefore failed to score. The excitement now became intense, as we were only one goal ahead, and the time was almost up. Grimsby were working hard, but by a bit of good stick handling Moseley scored on a pass just before the bell rang.

S.A.C., 6; Lake Lodge School, 4.

NOTES.

Gallagher, who was retired in the second period, played well and proved a good find for the team.

Morrison showed marked improvement over his Upper Canada game and played his position well.

Comstock, by going back to defense strengthened the team very much by his hard checking and speedy lone-rushes.

T.R.R.



Last Appearance in *this* Uniform

THE THIRD TEAM

Owing to the numerous games the First Team played, and consequent lack of ice, the Thirds only succeeded in arranging two games. Our first game on Wednesday, March 15th, was against U.C.C. Our opponents succeeded in scoring five tallies to our one. They had a much faster and heavier team than we, and had also had more practice.

Our next game was against a pick-up team from U.T.S. Their speed and weight, as well as combination, won them the game, the score being 4 to 0. The star of both these games was Gallagher I., who played for the Second in their last game, and showed up well.

The colours were awarded as follows :

Frith, Calvert, Wood, Easson, Watterworth, Mackenzie, Rendell.

H. F. RENDELL.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY SEASON

The Lower School Hockey Season has seen much disappointment and some success. The weather has been unkind to us, and prevented us from getting a proper amount of practice. No sooner was our rink cleaned than down came the snow again, and no sooner did we once more clear the ice than all our efforts were brought to nought by the thaw ; and this not once nor twice. We have had more snow-shovelling than hockey.

However, we managed to play six matches and win one—the last. We should have won more could we have got more practice, for most of our losses were by narrow margins and were due to lack of combination. We have some fine skaters and some fair stick-handlers in the Lower School, but the team never managed to get together, and the lack of combination a little more than counterbalanced the evident superiority of our skaters.

It was decided at the beginning of the season to run two teams—one for the older boys, and one consisting of boys under fifteen who are eligible to play against those of our opponents who adhere strictly to an age limit. Some lucky individuals played in both teams. The most satisfactory feature of the matches was the

fine sporting spirit in which they were played, and the determination with which the teams kept going to the very end.

On Feb. 23rd, the Junior Team played the U.C.C. Prep. at Upper Canada. The ice was soft and the rink very small. The team never got going at all till the last few minutes of the game, and were beaten by one goal to nothing.

On Feb. 28th the Juniors went to Port Hope to play the T.C.S. Juniors. The ice on the covered rink was in splendid condition, and the game was worth going a long way to see, being fought out with splendid determination from start to finish. At the end of the last period the score stood at three all, and though



S.A.C. v. U.C.C. (Jrs.)

it had not been intended to play overtime the authorities yielded to the loudly expressed wish of both teams and allowed an extra ten minutes. The overtime furnished some exciting hockey—a splendid effort by Boyd, a better one by Harper, and one more goal for T.C.S. It was a great game.

The return journey was not enjoyable. The train had been snowbound, and was nearly three hours late, and it was midnight before we reached home. A day to be remembered.

The return match against the U.C.C. Prep. was played on the Senior School Rink on March 1st. Stonehouse made some fine rushes, and Mackay did some good stick-handling, but there was a sad lack of united effort, and we cannot say that our team deserved to win. Score—U.C.C., 2 ; S.A.C., 1.

On March 2nd the Seniors played a U.T.S. team away. Our team was outweighed, but put up a plucky fight to the end.

McMullen was almost the best man on the ice, and Lawson and Boyd played well on the defence. The score was 6—0 in favour of U.T.S.

On March 3rd the Seniors went to U.C.C. to play the Fourth Team of the College. The game was throughout a repetition of the U.T.S. game of the preceding day. Could we have played some more matches the lessons learnt in these two games would surely have borne fruit. Score—U.C.C., 6 ; S.A.C., 1.

Our only victory was that gained by the Juniors on March 9th, when the return match against T.C.S. was played at the Arena. It was touch and go all through the game. Everybody



Shoot ! Shoot !

tried hard, but all were not successful. Stonehouse was the most useful member of the team, playing with great determination throughout. Kent played well in goal. Our defence generally was good, but our forward play compared unfavourably with that of our opponents. However, taking the game as a whole, we were just a little better than they, and the score (2—1 in our favour) was a fair indication of the merits of the two teams.

TEAMS.—*Seniors* : Lawson (capt.), Boyd, McMullen, Secord, Choppin, Lockhart, Kent. *Juniors* : Choppin (capt.), Kent, Stonehouse, Mackay, Douglas, Skeaff, Findlay, Findley.

A. St. J. F.

CRICKET PROSPECTS

Our prospects for a strong Eleven are about as bright as usual. Although we expect to have only three old Colours, there are still a number of last year's Second Team with us, and this, added to the presence of some promising new boys, gives ground for optimism. The bowling department is fairly strong, as we have two of last year's bowlers, while a number of good batsmen should be developed as the season progresses.

We are very fortunate to have with us again our last year's coach, and by giving him our faithful support we should be able to turn out a winning combination.

JOE TAYLOR.



A St. Andrew's Totem-Pole

School News

THE CADET CORPS

DURING the past term, we have lost three of our officers, through their enlisting for overseas service—Whitaker, Grant, and Cameron II.; while Harrison has gone from the ranks. The whole Corps is united in wishing them the very best of luck.

The Corps has been working faithfully under Cantley's instruction, and is in splendid condition for this time of the year. The Bugle Band and Pipers have paid strict attention to their work, and as a result they will prove themselves a great credit to the Corps.

Shooting has been one of the strong features of the work this year. A miniature range has been fitted up in the gymnasium, also the range at the new school has been in use on Saturday mornings. So far some very good scores have been made. Rankin has been appointed acting captain of the Rifle Team.

The Senior Corps, Bugle Band and Pipers have been supplied with khaki tunics.

E. E. Soot (Capt.)

The Junior Corps has made satisfactory progress this term, all drills being well attended, and great interest taken in the work. The rifle practice was especially good for this time of the year. The drills have been conducted by Soot and Cantley.—E.E.S.

UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

WE shall all remember the visit, early in the term, of Captain "Dick" Burton, to the School. Of course we got a holiday out of it—but that is not at all what we mean. His was the first living voice that most of us had heard, telling from actual experience of the great war. Captain Burton held us all enthralled by his straightforward, modest, soldierly and withal humorous address. It would be hard to say what pleased us most—the account of the actual fighting at Ypres (where Burton was wounded); the unforced pathos of the tale of the faithful batman, "Irish;" the episode of the Royal visit to the hospital, and how

the irreverent Canadian scandalized the English nurses ; or the warm and loyal admiration expressed by the gallant captain when he spoke of the simple kindness of their Majesties. Altogether, the address was felt by all who heard it to have added a memorable and unique experience to our recollections of school life.

The usual Cadet Corps dance was of course omitted this year. A small *thé dansant* was, however, given by Mrs. Macdonald on the afternoon of the second Saturday in March, in the Assembly Hall. It is the unanimous verdict of all who were present—including some of the "oldest inhabitants"—that no more enjoyable function of its kind has been held within our walls. Everyone spoke of the prettiness of the decorations and of the ladies' costumes, set off as they were by a number of khaki uniforms. As an eloquent essayist of the Fifth Form expresses it : "The young ladies were all of the highest possible degree beauty and friendliness."

Since Hockey ceased, late in March, the chief athletic activity has been swimming at the University Tank. Mr. Chapman looks forward to having a record Life-saving Class this year.

What with evening hockey matches, special theatre evenings, and other distractions, the meetings of the Literary Society have been somewhat interfered with this term. Some interesting debates were held on subjects such as "City vs. Country Life," and "Oriental Immigration." Perhaps the most successful meeting was that conducted by the Lower School, when McCarter, ably assisted by Kent and Choppin, gave a capital "act" of the Charlie Chaplin variety. Mr. Twigg has been President, and Campbell and Comstock Historians.

The School's bill of health during the winter has been remarkably good. The general freedom from sickness so far (we have duly touched wood !), especially in January, when measles and worse were rife in the city, is a subject for congratulation to all concerned. The Headmaster, and Mrs. Macdonald, are both, we are glad to say, quite "themselves again."

Old Boys' News

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS ON OVERSEAS SERVICE

[We are much indebted to friends of the College who have permitted us the use of these letters, none of which, of course, were written with any idea of publication. Care has been taken, as before, to omit any private references. The first letter from which we quote, though written last November, is so characteristic that we print it with more recent extracts. All are from Old Boys who were very recently with us at School.—EDITORS.]

A WAR PICTURE A LA BAIRNSFATHER

From Lieut. M. E. Malone.

We have just come in from the trenches and are in billets for a couple of days to give us a rest and let our German bloodlust arise again.

Between you and me and the censor I need a bath, *très beaucoup vile*. I have been in France for two weeks now, and I've only had my boots off, nothin' else so help me. So I'm due, don't you think so?

Say, talk about cold feet—both kinds—the weather and the kind the Germans give you. It has been cold as the mischief lately and I'm looking forward to the time when I get my pass (three months from now) so I can have a good hot bath and keep warm for about an hour.

The trenches are very comfortable; nice, warm mud up to your knees and, as a rule, a refreshing drizzle, which goes down your neck.

I had a working party digging dugouts the other day and the Germans started to shell us. They burst up our little party heap vite, and that's not the end of my excitement. I was crossing a field and a friend of mine (in the German trenches) started to snipe me. He had two cracks at me before I realized what he wanted, then you should have seen me dig my nose into the mud. That poor old Hun could not see me for the splash I made into a nice muddy trench. Anyway, I wasn't taking any chances. I'm willing to forego my chance for a V.C. for a return ticket to Canada.

It is really remarkable the ignorance of the tradespeople in this country. I speak to them with absolutely perfect French (U. of T. '17 variety), and they stare at me and pretend they don't understand. One fellow that I was with asked a Frenchie (at least he looked like one) in French how to get to the nearest hotel. The Frenchie listened patiently for a while to the vile efforts this fellow was making and then said in broad cockney, "I dunno, I ain't been in this country more'n about two weeks myself." Instant collapse of interrogateur.

* * * * *

CAN'T YOU HEAR THEM?

From the Same.

February —

It certainly was a great night when we came away from the trenches. We were in Brigade reserve and the guns behind us were raising a merry hullabaloo when the Mounted Rifles came in to relieve us. Then the pipers got their instruments of torture working and we started off again, and with the pipes going all the old Scotchmen in my platoon just drifted along. As soon as the pipers stopped playing, the boys began to sing "Annie Laurie," and every other old Scotch tune you ever heard of. As we were passing through the town the military police wanted less row, but I simply could not stop them singing, and I did not try very hard.

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS

From the Same.

March, 1916.

. The Germans seem to have run their heads against a stone wall down Verdun way; they must have suffered terrible losses. Well, if they keep that up, we will be home all the sooner. . . . I heard from Mrs. Macdonald. She told me all the news of the College, bless her kind heart!

. While in London on my week's holidays, we had a heavy three days' snow, which is very unusual. The country covered with snow reminded me of home. It was quite a sight at Victoria Station to see all the troops starting back after a whole week of civilization. They had their families down to see them off, and, believe me, it was anything but a cheerful sight. The only people who seemed really unconcerned were the Canadians, who had no one to see them off.

. On arrival in France, I had to march a big bunch of men up to the Rest Camp, just outside the town. They kept us there until the next day, so we improved a shining hour by seeing the sights of the town. We saw the French soldiers, who looked very smart in their natty new uniforms. I think the French officers are about the smartest looking men I have seen in a long time. We visited the McGill Hospital and there saw a number of old St. Andrew's boys, who are privates in the units. We finished up by going to the moving picture show, where we saw Charlie Chaplin. He appears to be as great a favourite here as he was at home. The French call him "Charlotte." I am now again within sound of the big guns, which are rather lively.

On my way to London, I stayed off at Folkestone and saw Lindsay Wright, Gamey Stratton and all the boys.

I certainly am in the pink of condition; have not even had a cold all winter. Weigh 182 pounds.

I received the last issue of the ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW. I read everything contained therein, including the advertisements.

A TRIP TO BELGIUM—1916

From Lieut. Irving Findley.

Somewhere in Belgium, Feb. 15th, 1916.

We arrived in Bailleul—the last place in civilization—in the pouring rain shortly after one, where a motor bus met us and took us to an old girls' school, absolutely bare inside, and we had the pleasure of sleeping on the hard, hard floor. In the morning they shot us off again in motor buses to the Com. Royal Artillery headquarters, where we were finally told the numbers of the batteries that we were going to. Eric Wallace and I were told off to the 84th and 83rd Lahore Batteries. First we started to find the 11th Brigade H.C.S., which we finally did, after wandering about in mud nearly up to our knees. From there I began a long hunt for the 83rd. Nobody outside the Brigade had any idea where it was, so I had quite a time. However, after walking another $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, I finally succeeded. We are situated in a rather tumble-down old farmhouse, somewhere about a mile in rear of our first line trenches, and are fairly comfortable. This battery came from India, and is, of course, a very good one. Gord. Crow was with it on the last "Cook's Tour." I didn't do anything in the short time I was here last night, but I've been up in our observation post all day with one of the battery officers. It's situated quite away from here on the top of a very high hill, and one can see the front for about ten miles on either side. After all, it's very commonplace; two long parallel lines of trenches, with communication trenches, a great many ruined farmhouses and some villages. However, it's great to see the shrapnel bursting all along the line, and I actually saw a couple of Germans, a long way back, of course, but I could watch them through a telescope. Our big guns have

got some sort of a "strafe" on to-night, and although they're a long way in rear of us again, the jar is something terrific. We went out to see if we could see the bursts, but it's simply pouring rain out, and is very misty, so we missed them.

A great many planes were up this afternoon and our "Archie" (anti-aircraft guns) simply peppered them. It's absolutely wonderful what they sail through, though they must have fired over a hundred round at one, and they were bursting all around it, but it sailed serenely through it all, made its observation, and flew back to its own lines. I like it fine out here; it's nearly as safe as it is in England just at present, and there is practically no danger to us as long as things remain as they are. I have not received absolutely definite word yet re my remaining in France.

Our heavies have been firing for over an hour now, and the plaster is beginning to fall, but as an old infantryman whom I ran across yesterday said, "It's one of the sweetest sounds I know."

WITH THE BIG GUNS

From Lieut. Harold Rolph.

London, March.

I have been here for about ten days now, getting my equipment, etc. An account of our doings since leaving England last January might interest you. We broke camp at St. Martin's Plains on the 17th, and entrained at Shorncliffe for Southampton. Our transport sailed on the night of the 18th, and we arrived at Havre just as the sun was rising the following morning. From the docks there we went to what is known as a "Rest Camp," where men with slight wounds convalesce. After spending a day and a night there we entrained for the rail-head. We then had a twelve mile march to our billet, which was a farm in a town called Thieshauck. This was some ten miles in the rear of the firing line. We were here for ten days before we relieved the 118th Imperial Howitzer Brigade at a point just in the rear of Hill 63, between Neuve Eglise and Ploeg Street. Ypres was about eight miles on our left and Armentieres about five on the right. Our batteries were just at the foot of Hill 63, and the Ammunition Column just in rear of them.

On the Neuve Eglise Road, just in the rear of us, was a nine-inch Howitzer on the railway track, and through the fields about three hundred yards away, was a twelve-inch naval gun on the same railway, so that you can understand why a few stray shells used to fall in our camp. This naval gun only used to fire about three times a week, but when she did, it was terrific. The candles in the tents would be blown out, the tiles would come rattling off the roof, and the shelves on the sides of our hut would come loose, dropping everything on the floor. . . . When the gun first fired one old woman shut all her windows tight. After the second shot she had no windows to shut! This gun, up to the time we took our position, had always fired in the day time, and for some reason or other she began firing at night. The flash rises about thirty feet into the air and resembles a small city in flames. The following day, unfortunately, was bright and clear. Result—seven German aeroplanes came over our camp looking for big guns. Second result—two days later seventy shells dropped in our camp also looking for big gun. I will send you some pieces of the shells of our first shelling. It was a 5.9 inch naval gun that was firing at us and if every shell that they sent over had exploded, I hate to think of where we would be now. They commenced shelling us at noon, when the men were all at the horse lines. The fourth shell exploded in the lines, killing eight horses, one corporal and four men wounded. The horses were led to a place of safety until they ceased firing, when we hooked in to the ammunition wagons and pulled out to another camp. The following day three shells fell too close to our new camp to be funny, so we took up a new position. In the meantime all our camp had been shelled on and off all the time, but at the end of the second day they seemed to have stopped, so we returned. It was too good a camp to give up. That is the camp they were in when I left. There were four of us who had rather a lucky escape—an officer, myself and two men. The horses had all been taken away and with the exception

of two sergeants, the medical officer, the wounded, and us four, the camp was cleared. We were standing at the corner of the farmhouse where three of the officers' horses were stabled, and every time we heard a shell coming would lie down under an old wagon in front of the horses. The officer had just made the remark "that the shells were flying shorter" when the next one hit the corner of the house, smashing the roof in and killing two of the horses. The man who was lying beside me had a slight scratch over the top of his nose, but that was all. After that, on the officer's suggestion, we took cover.

When the Major told me that I would have to return to England, I asked him to stop my commission altogether, and he said he would, but the next thing I knew about it was when he told me definitely that I would have to go. I saw the Colonel, but it was too late, so they sent me back. However, I don't think it will be long before I get back again, not more than three months anyway. I would be glad if it were to-morrow. I had the best time out there than I've had since I joined the Army.

. I saw four Old Boys from S.A.C. on the station platform on my way here—Doug. Galbraith among them.

. My appointment as a Lieutenant dates from Feb. 5th, the anniversary of the day I enlisted for active service.

A HARD GRIND—AND A HOLIDAY

From Lieut. R. A. Brown

Jan. 29th, 1916.

As you can see, I am in France now, but that doesn't mean I am having a rest—far be it from such. I have never worked so hard before. I almost feel I am neglecting my work to take time to write this letter.

6.30 a.m.	Reveille.
7.15	Breakfast.
7.50 sharp	1st Parade.
	Lectures, Drill, etc., until 12.45.
12.45	Tactics in open.
1.00 p.m.	Lunch.
1.50	Parade, Lectures, etc., until 5.00 p.m.
7.00	Mess.
8.00—9.00 p.m.	Lecture.

You can see by this time table that we are kept busy, but besides these hours of work we have to write up our notes, which keeps us busy from 5.00 p.m. to 7.00 p.m., and as late as 12.00 p.m. or 1.00 a.m.

Strange to say I am really working at this course. It lasts two weeks, and is a mighty good course, only it is rotten getting up so early. John Kay and I are living in a little canvas hut, which is very comfortable.

* * * * *

Feb. 23rd, 1916.

On Friday, the 11th, I got up about 2 a.m. and caught the 5 a.m. train from Bailleul. I had breakfast in the station at Boulogne, left the dock at 12.30—*rather rough*—but I held out bravely till about five minutes from Folkestone, when I gave up the ghost and other sundry articles.

I bought a taxicab and started to look up the boys. I found Tif, Max Haas, Bill Christie, Gus Sinclair, Douglas Higgins, Doug. Webster, Bill Williams, El. Munro, Lin Wright, Harry Leishman, etc. I had dinner with Max, Tif, Bill and Gamey Stratton.

After dinner the hall-porter took the spikes out of my boots, and I had a few dances with my old Folkestone friends.

Next day, Max, Bill and I set sail for London. We stopped at the Savoy, which, believe me, was quite a change from dug-out life. Big breakfasts in bed and two baths a day! Bill and Max went back to Folkestone on Sunday night, but I met a lot of the boys on leave and we started in to enjoy ourselves,—lunch, tea, dinner, supper parties at the Savoy, Carlton and Piccadilly. I saw a lot of the shows.

You couldn't dance in London when in uniform, so I wore Ed. Bickle's civies most of the time. Some dog! but I didn't use a monocle or spats! . . .

On Saturday, 19th, I left London at 9.15 a.m., and came right through to the Battalion. On the boat coming back I found Doug. Higgins, Hugh McLaren and others. Doug. was seasick, but fortunately I wasn't.

I slept all the way on the train from Boulogne, and just before we reached the rail-head a Zep. woke me up by dropping bombs beside our train. I realized at once I was back at the war again. The 48th were still on their supposed rest and I had to walk about four miles to the billets at 2 a.m. I crawled into bed, tired, hungry, cold and sad, and received the cheerful greeting from Ed., "Hello Bud, had a good time? You don't have to get up until 7 o'clock in the morning." My nervous system collapsed at this blow, because I had hoped to recuperate by spending the next day in bed. It is rotten to leave London, but we must go back to the trenches occasionally for a rest.

MARRIAGES

ANGSTROM, L. C., February 22nd, 1916, to Miss Martha Hazel Rogers, of Toronto.

BROWN, LAWRENCE R., to Miss Jean Orme, of Ottawa, Ont.

CANTLEY, HOWARD, March 1st, 1916, to Miss Isabel MacLeod, of Stellarton, N.S.

CHASE, A. E., January, 1916, to Miss Florence J. Shouldice, Chesley, Ont.

DONALD, CAPT. HUGH D., April 5th, to Miss Janet Robb, of Valleyfield, Quebec.

GILMOUR, S. H., Lieut., February 15th, 1916, to Miss Hazel V. H. Scott, of Vancouver, B.C.

HAMILTON, H. K., Capt., December 29th, 1915, to Miss Adele Evelyn Pearson, of Toronto.

ISBESTER, MALCOLM, January 5th, 1916, to Miss Annable Caroline Thompson, of Port Arthur, Ont.

LEE, S. B. D., November, 1915, to Miss Wilson, of Toronto.

KER, LIEUT. ALAN W., January 5th, 1916, at Farnham, England, to Miss Ursula Stafford, daughter of Brigadier General W. H. Stafford.

LEISHMAN, C., March, 1916, to Miss M. Merrill.

LYTLE, CAPT. W. H., December, 1915, to Miss Della Ashley, of Toronto.

MACLAREN, LIEUT. K. B., December 22nd, 1915, to Miss Ida Evelyn Pearson, of Toronto.

NICHOLSON, W. C. H., January 19th, 1916, to Miss Isabella Clenaham, of Kingston, Ont.

SPROAT, ADAM—Married.

TIDY, LIEUT. P. C., January 4th, 1916, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Strathy, of Toronto.

WRONG, ED. MURRAY, December 18th, 1915, to Miss Rosalind Grace, daughter of Mr. A. L. Smith, Jowett Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College. (At Holywell Church, Oxford.)

BIRTH

NORMAN O. WHEELER, March 10th, 1916—a daughter.

NOTES

Congratulations to Capt. Victor Hastings, on receiving the Military Cross. No particulars have reached us yet as to how this high distinction was won.

The following Old Boys have been reported wounded, in Flanders, since our last issue:

E. F. Chesnut, in January.

T. Irving Dymont, in February.

O. P. Hertzberg (Capt.), in February.

C. E. Norris (Sgt.), in March.

Major Allan E. Taylor, who is now in France, recently accepted a position as Captain of a Brigade Staff, preferring the privilege of active service to that of a higher rank on Headquarters Staff. He is now attached to the 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade, at the Front.

Capt. "Jim" Macdonnell and Lieut. Allan Kerr are with the 19th and 18th Batteries, respectively, of the 5th Brigade, and are now again in France (or Belgium).

Capt. Knighton is at Borington Camp (9th Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry), in Dorsetshire, England, busy training "Derbyites" for drafting out in May. He hopes to be able to "get a shift" later, and "see a bit of the scrapping." Lieut. Hugh Macdonnell was in England when last heard from, acting as Musketry Instructor in a Reserve Brigade of the P.P.L.I. at Shorncliffe Camp.

The Headmaster has received interesting letters from Herbert Lash, in Camp in England. We were glad to hear that he enjoyed the Christmas REVIEW, and showed it to other old S.A.C. boys.

"Monty" Montgomery, of the R.A.M.C., our head-prefect of a few years ago, writes from McGill Hospital in France, where at the time of the severe fighting last fall, he was kept very busy. Over 3,500 patients, he says, passed through the hands of the Hospital Staff during that period. Since then things (when he wrote) had been slacker, and there was time for boxing matches with other Hospital Staffs in which, says Monty, "St. Andrew's was well represented, Ross, Spohn and myself taking part."

Others on overseas service who have kept in touch with their Old School are J. S. Allen, Charles Kelly, Frank Milligan, G. O. Paterson and H. P. McKeen. These messages from former members of the College are much appreciated, and friends or relatives who have news of Old Boys will do us a great favour by sending us word of their doings.

Congratulations to Tod Grant, our late Football-Manager and co-Editor, on obtaining his Lieutenant's commission.



This is the Life !

Exchanges

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

Acta Victoriana (Victoria College, University of Toronto); *Argosy* (Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.); *Ashburian* (Ashbury College, Ottawa); *Acadia Athenæum* (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.); *Acta Ridleiana* (Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines); *Bishop's College Magazine* (Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.); *Carlisle Arrow* (Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., U.S.A.); *The Chronicle* (Niagara Falls High School, Niagara, N.Y., U.S.A.); *The Elevator* (Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.); *L.W.L. Life* (Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.); *The Daedalion Quarterly* (College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas, U.S.A.); *Blue and White* (Rothesay Collegiate School Rothesay, N.B.); *The Ocksheperida* (Sheridan High School, Sheridan, Wyoming, U.S.A.); *Queen's Journal* (Queen's University, Kingston); *The Quill* (Alcuin Preparatory School, New York, N.Y.); *Right Angle* (Rochester Shop School, Rochester, N.Y.); *The Ramble* (New York Military Academy, N.Y.); *The Schoolman* (St. Jerome's College, Berlin); *T.C.S. Record* (Trinity College School, Port Hope); *Scotch Collegian* (Scotch College, Melbourne, Australia); *The Searchlight* (West Newton High School, West Newton, Pa.).

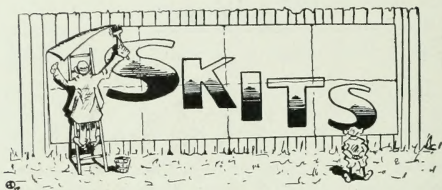
L.W.L. Life.—Undoubtedly one of our best and most interesting exchanges. Your cuts, drawings, and jokes are certainly clever and reflect great credit on your editors. The cover is most attractive, while the whole magazine contains the "pep." sought after by all school papers.

T.C.S. Record.—Better than usual. "Mr. Haultain's Speech" and your "letters from the front" were extremely interesting. A few jokes and snaps would prove a benefit.

The Ocksheperida.—A new exchange to our list. The cover is original and very clever. "Silver" is a great story. How about some pictures ?

The Chronicle.—Yours is strictly a paper for the fellows and contains a splendid line of jokes, perhaps the best on our list. A few more literary efforts would be an improvement.

ART. HUNTER.



Mr. Fleming : "Is that gum you are chewing ? Bring it here."

Easson : "Wait, here's a fresh stick, sir."

Lady : "You haven't forgotten us, have you ?"

Waiter : "Oh, no mum. You are the two fried smelts."—*Ex.*

"I assure you, madam, my ancestors came over with the first settlers."

"Very likely. We had no immigration laws then."—*Ex.*

Mr. Wood : "Hello, Mr. Strong. How is Mrs. Strong and all the little stalwarts ?"

Mr. Strong : "Hello, Mr. Wood. How is Mrs. Wood and all the little slivers ?"

Recruiting sergeant : "Well, how about you enlisting ?"

Wallace : "O-oooh, it's too cold."

Doctor : "Stick out your tongue farther."

Emmerson : "Can't ; it's fastened to my back."

Mr. Laidlaw : "What is a cucumber ?"

Voice from back of room : "The National Bird of Cuba."

Hunter (on hearing the breakfast bell ring) :
"I wish I was a little rock
A-sittin' on a hill,
A-doing nothing all day long,
But just a sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
I'd rest myself, by gosh !"

Taylor I. : "I wonder how the butchers are doing during the war."

Dack : "Oh, I guess they manage to make both ends *meat* ;
it *suits* the tailor all right, anyway."

Campbell : "He must have been born in a fog."

Yuill I. : "Why ?"

Campbell : "Because everything he lays his hands on is
missed (mist).

Wally : "Did you ever wake up in the morning and find a
piece of sleep in your eye ?"

"How much are your four-dollar shoes ?" asked the smart
one.

"Two dollars a foot," replied the salesman wearily.—*Ex.*

"Say, mother !"

"What is it, Reginald ?"

"How can a leopard tell when anything goes to the right
spot ?"—*Ex.*

If college bred means four years' loaf
(Some people say 'tis so)
Oh, tell me where the flour is found,
By one who needs the dough.—*Ex.*

Wanted : A man with a wooden leg, to mash potatoes.—
Apply to Comstock Cafeteria Co.

Mr. Magee : "How do you translate 'Une chaine pareille ?'"
Firstbrook : "A parallel dog."

He : "I'm working as a blacksmith in a restaurant."
She : "Howzat ?"
He : "Shooing flies."

"What do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations ?" she enquired. It is holly over laurel leaves."

"Very good," he replied, "but, personally, I should prefer mistletoe over yew."

Don : "What is dust ?"
Ed. : "Mud with the juice squeezed out of it."

Soot : "Gimme some soap."
Clerk : "Scented ?"
Soot : "No, I'll take it with me."

Tailor : "And the hip-pockets, Colonel, what size shall I make them—pints or quarts ?"

Warburton : "Say, do you know anything about Washington hacking the cherry tree ?"
McNulty : "Sure, I drove the hack."

Dentist : "I see you're wearing military boots."
Man : "Yes, these are the Queen's Own boots."
Dentist : "My, she must have big feet."

Professor Campbell, B.S., the great Todmorden inventor, has invented a new typewriter for cutting alphabet soup-noodles, also a stone bender for fitting curb-stones to street corners.

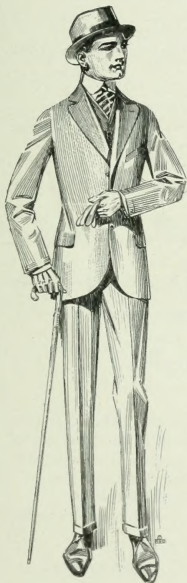
Macdonald : "I ran all the way down town to a fire last night."

Beer : "Did you save anything ?"
Mac. : "Yeah, car-fare."

Knechtel : "Do you believe that dark-haired men marry first ?"

Lightbourne : "No, it's the light-headed ones."

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Morrison : "If you're in doubt about kissing a girl, what do you do?"

Rankin : "Oh, give her the benefit of the doubt."

They had never met B4,
But what had she 2 care,
She loved him 10 derly,
4 he was a 1,000,000 air.—*Ex.*

She : "And don't you go in for sport of any kind?"

He : "Oh, yaas, don't cher know, I'm—haw—passionately fond of dominoes.—*Ex.*

Mr. Laidlaw : "Who built the Temple of Karnak?"

Johnston (half asleep) : "Why—er—I don't think they've made the contract yet."

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband," exclaimed the woman.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know, but I think he wears a 14½ collar."—*Ex.*

Jenkins : "You ought to have been at church to-day ; the sermon was a wonder."

Morrison : "So I heard. Who was telling you?"

Paterson : "There's one thing I can't eat for supper."

Rolph : "What's that?"

Paterson : "My breakfast."

The colonel had just given a new English recruit a lecture because of the state of his equipment. A little later the colonel passed his post. The recruit did not salute. The indignant colonel turned and passed again. The recruit ignored him.

"Why in blazes don't you salute," roared the colonel.

"Ah," said the recruit, softly, "I fawncied you were vexed with me."—*Ex.*

Kent : "Say, how do you like Joe Taylor's piano-playing ; you can hear him now?"

Lawson : "Gee, I thought someone was shovelling coal downstai s."

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"Hey, Moike, and what do ye t'ink of these new sanitary drinkin'-cups?"

"Sure, Pat, and soon we'll have to spit on our hands wid an eye-dropper."—*Ex.*

First Microbe : "Heard you had a dance last night. Many of the boys there?"

Second Microbe : "Naw, only about three million."—*Ex.*

Pat (after cadet drill) : "You should always hold the rifle with the end near your ear."

Joe : "Why?"

Pat : "So you can hear when it goes off."

Definition : A circle is a round line with a hole in the middle.

I'd rather be a Could-Be,
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could-be is a May-Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has-Been,
Than a Might-Have-Been by far,
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.—*Ex.*

First Mother : "Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

Second Mother : "Gawan wid yez."

First Mother : "Well, if you don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller did to it."

Mr. Laidlaw (in Ancient History) : "What was Alexander's purpose?"

Brouse : "To spread Greece all over the earth."

MacGregor says that the next time he is in Boston he is going to be sure and visit the Bunker Hill Bean Mines.

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Mr. Laidlaw : "When did Menes live?" (After the silence had become painful): "Open your books. What does it say there?"

Firstbrook : "Menes, 3400 B.C."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Well, why didn't you know it before?"

Firstbrook : "Oh, I thought it was his 'phone number, sir."

Lady : "And you say you are an educated man?"

Weary Will : "Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar."—*Ex.*

Wanted, an oculist to take the eyes out of potatoes.—Apply to Comstock Cafeteria Co.

Wally : "What's the matter here, waiter? I ordered blue fish and you brought me white fish?"

Waiter : "Sorry, sir, but the cook's colour blind."

Johnston : "I see Wright doesn't talk so much to himself now."

Ross : "Howzat?"

Johnston : "Well, he caught himself cheating at solitaire and he hasn't spoken to himself since."

Cooper : "I washed my hair last night and can't do a thing with it to-day."

Skeaff : "I notice you have pretty good control over your feet, though."

"What did the doctor tell you to do about your red nose?"

"Oh, he advised me to diet."

Father : "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread."

Tommy : "Say, pa, you're having a much better time of it now you are living with us, aren't you?"—*Ex.*

Found in Mackenzie's chemistry note book : "A substance that would make well-water unfit to drink would be a dead cat."

Moseley : "Have you got a thumb-tack?"

Eakins : "No, but how would a finger nail do?"

Glen Haur

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4th Form : "I don't see what you mean."

5th Form : "Don't get you."

6th Form : "Huh?"

A farmer and his wife were dining at a local café. The farmer calls loudly for the waiter.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife.

"My plate's damp," explained the hick.

"Hush dear," she urged, "that is your soup; they only serve small portions now that the war is on."—*Ex.*

Yuill II.: "Why do you charge twenty-five cents for a shave?"

Barber : "I charge you that because it's so hard to find them."

Johnston : "A physical change is a change in which the substance changed is not changed."

Smith : "Go upstairs and tell me to come down; if I'm not there come down and tell me."

May (looking at the new Upper Sixth class pin): "U6, eh? What's that, some submarine creed?"

Little boy : "Ain't there going to be no circus to-day?"

Circus Man : "No, boy, the elephant swallowed the coffee pot and we can't find the grounds."—*Ex.*

Kind Lady : "Is your husband always drunk, my poor woman?"

Poor Woman : "Oh, he's sober sometimes, when I'm out of work."—*Ex.*

Adam : "Say, Eve, was that my suit you threw in the salad?"

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Hunter.....	"Artie old sox"	Those ruby lips	"Bungolof"	To get rested	Farm hand.
Wallace.....	"Sneel"	His upper lip	"One hot bean"	To cook carp	Nothing.
Yuill II.....	"Hop"	His overcoat	"Pretty doggie"	To get six letters a day	Writing letters.
Comstock.....	"Bill"	His voice	"Take it from me, bo"	To sing in a movie show	President of the Com- stock Cafeteria Co.
McGregor.....	"Sooks"	His "soots"	"Use your head and give me some candy"	To argue	Gentleman of leisure.
Paterson.....	"Patsie"	His musical temperament	"Get him, Wally"	To be a fusser	General bum.
Rankin.....	"Piko"	His arguments	"Eh?"	To be a big boy	Playing Santa Claus.
Cameron II.....	"Skin"	His size	"G'awan"	To weigh more than any- one else.	Leading the band.
McNulty.....	"Chas."	His complexion	"I dunno"	To be a beauty specialist	Eating.



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M. Foster	1
H. Home	1
L. Home	1
J. Lawson	1
E. Lowndes	4
G. Lumbers	1
J. McDougall	1
D. McCarter	4
R. McLaughlin	1
L. Nerlich	3
V. Nerlich	3
L. O'Dell	4
H. O'Dell	4
G. Patterson	1
D. Patterson	1
E. Rolph	2
D. Ross	3
C. W. Travis	2
H. Willoughby	1
H. Watson	1



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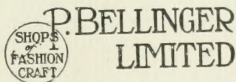
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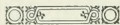
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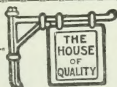
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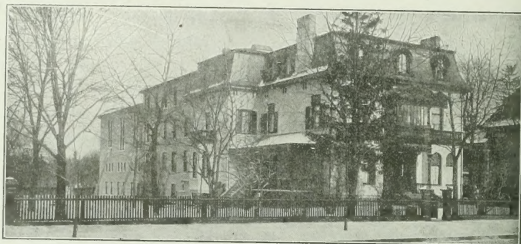
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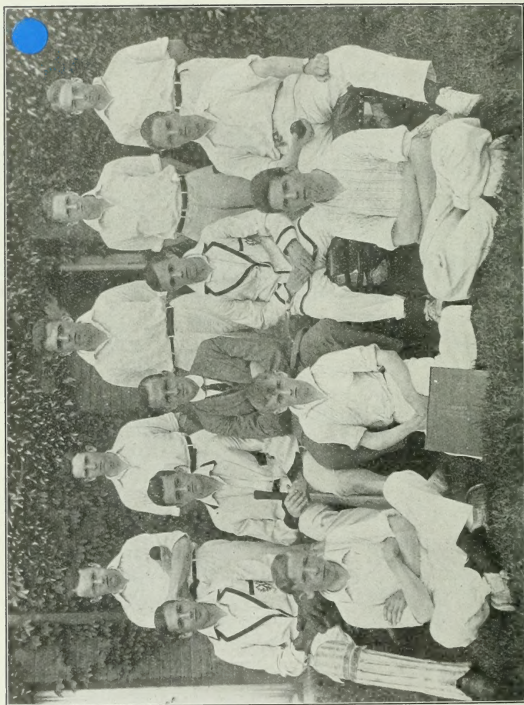
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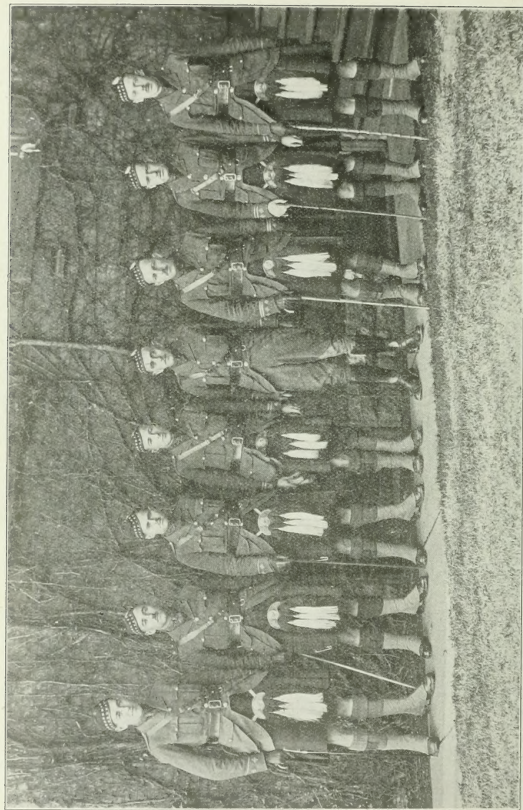


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 Middle Row :—W. S. Cameron, J. W. Taylor (Capt.), Mr. Furnival, P. W. Moseley, W. D. Lightbourn
 Bottom row :—A. S. Auld, N. M. McLeod (Scorer), H. E. Davie



S.A.C. OLD BOYS IN THE 92nd. BATTALION, C.E.F.

Left to Right:—Lt. W. B. Hanna, Lt. J. Forgie, Lt. G. A. Snow, Capt. L. B. M. Loudon, Capt. W. G. Bell, Capt. H. H. Donald,
Capt. D. R. Morton, Lt. K. B. MacLaren.

The St. Andrew's College Review



Midsummer, 1916

Editor-in-Chief : MR. H. M. MAGEE

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Summer, 1916

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St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1916

Editorial

IF we are to believe the Calendar, the summer holidays and the end of the school-year are upon us, hard though it be to realize the fact, owing to the shortness of the term and the very un-springlike weather conditions. So many of the familiar signs and tokens of approaching summer have been absent ! Not once up to the very end of the term have coats been removed—we mean in a literal, not a metaphorical sense—in class-room or even-ing study ; a fact which, to those whose memories go back to former years, will tell its own tale. Games have been prevented, curtailed, or spoiled by rain, and if that were not enough, the war-news, and the sight of the school-flag flying out at half-mast over the chilly, uninviting playing-field, have had a sobering, depressing influence on all of us.

THERE have been compensations, however, even in the weather, which by the way has not been always bad. Our cricket team have given a good account of themselves. Work in the class-room has been accomplished which the excessive heat of former years would have rendered difficult, even with the goodwill that has been shown by all concerned throughout this term as well as the preceding ones. Perhaps the matriculation classes after all may have reason in after life to bless the cold, wet season which marked their final term at St. Andrew's.

THE Honour Roll which we publish in this issue is one that should fill us all with a just pride on our School. It will doubtless be enlarged, before our next issue, by the names of many now going out from among us, who will help to fill the gaps left in the ranks by the honoured dead. To all our gallant boys on service we unite in wishing from the bottom of our hearts : Good luck and a speedy return.

THE REVIEW Staff has been working at some disadvantage this term, four of its members having left for active service during the year. In addition to this, the term has been an un-

usually short one, and the boys in the Upper Forms have been too busy preparing for examinations to have time for literary effort. Athletic material, too, owing to bad weather, has been scantier than usual. We have therefore decided to incorporate the Honour Roll, with its series of portraits, in the REVIEW, instead of issuing it separately, as at first intended; and, this being especially an Old Boys' number, we have given greater prominence than before to Letters from the Front. Another departure is the more frequent appearance in the following pages of initials associated in the minds of our readers with leave-cards, detention-lists, etc., rather than with literature! The use of such heavy artillery must be regarded as only a temporary, but we hope, a justifiable expedient. The portraits which accompany the Honour Roll are from photographs which have been kindly lent by the Headmaster and others. We have published all that have been sent to us, and regret that the series is so incomplete.



The Review Staff---What is Left

Honour Roll

The Honour Roll is as correct as we can make it with the information at the disposal of the College. We know that the list is not complete, and fear that in some cases it may not be exact. The Headmaster hopes that any reader under whose notice it comes will assist the school in keeping the list up to date by forwarding him any additions which should be made, or corrections which should be entered.

St. Andrew's College Masters and Old Boys serving the Empire

Masters.			Con-	Home.	St. Andrew's
Name.	Rank.	Unit.	tingent.	College.	
Bell, Dr. A. M.		Army Medical Service	2nd	Merrickville	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles (Halifax)		Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Caverhill, E. A.	Gunner.	67th Battery			1915
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers		England	1913-1915
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Adj't. 4th Can. Batt.	1st I.B.	1st Sudbury	1908-1911
Grant, W. L.	Major.	59th Battalion		Kingston	
Green, A.		Army Service Corps		Ottawa	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy	1st	England	1912-1913
Kerr, A. W.	Lieut.	18th Battery, 1st Brigade	1st	Hitchins, Eng.	1913-1914
Knighton, G. G.	Capt.	9th Oxford Bucks, L.I.	1st	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Capt.	18th Battery, 5th Brigade	1st	Kingston	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Kingston	1913-1915
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt.	48th Highlanders	1st	Toronto	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Major.	Headquarters 4th Brigade	4th	Toronto	1905-1914
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		England	1909-1915
Old Boys.					
Abendana, Eric M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers, Ottawa		Pt. Antonio, Jam	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred			1st	Campbellton	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	Military Air Service		Toronto	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Toronto	1906-1910
Allan, J. R.		Ottawa Artillery	2nd	Ottawa	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co., R.E.	2nd	Ottawa	1903-1905
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	P.P.C.L.I.	2nd	Vancouver	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps		Toronto	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Lieut.	198th Battalion, "Buffs"		Toronto	1906-1911
Anderson, W. S.	Lieut.	Newfoundland Contingent	1st	St. John's	1909-1910
Angstrom, L. C.		Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1903-1908
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters	1st	Toronto	1905-1906
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	Can. Field Art., 16th Batty.	2nd	Toronto	1904-1912
Ballantyne, C. C.	Lieut.	Army Medical Corps	2nd	Toronto	1901-1905
Barclay, W. C.		Guard at Island		Toronto	1902-1906
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1st	Oakville	1905-1907
Bath, C. L.	Lieut.	Eaton Battery	3rd	Toronto	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Victoria	1911-1912
Beath, M. G.		Sault St. Marie Regiment		Sudbury	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Reserve		Toronto	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Reserve		Toronto	1905-1910
Beecroft, H. T.	Sergt-Maj.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Edmonton	1912-1913
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.		67th Battery		Toronto	1908-1915
Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	44th Battery		Winnipeg	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Lieut.	92nd Batt., Asst. Adjutant		Toronto	1900-1909

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Bennett, F.		Nfld Regt., Rec. Office, London		St. John's	1911-1912
Black, S. C.	Sergt.	21st Battery, C.F.A.	2nd.	Montreal	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.		Vancouver	1911-1913
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks, L.I.		Toronto	1901-1902
Blackstock, G.	Lieut.	British Army, A.D.C.	1st.	Toronto	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.		123rd Battalion		Toronto	1913-1915
Bond, H. St. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Engineers	1st.	Toronto	1904-1909
Booth, C. D.	Lieut.	29th Battery	2nd.	Toronto	1903
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers		Toronto	1907-1911
Booth, D. W.	Capt.	169th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1903
Bowden, H.		Army Service Corps, No. 510202		Toronto	1908-1909
Boyd, J. Errol	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1902-1909
Broderick, F. N.		Yk. Rangers, Kapuskasing Camp.		Toronto	1906-1912
Broughall, Deric		3rd Batt., 1st Brigade		Toronto	1904-1905
Brown, Bernal		4th University Co.		Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, R. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1914
Burk, Gerrie		8th Battalion	1st	Port Arthur	1906-1907
Burk, H. D.	Capt.	147th Grey Overseas Batt.		Toronto	1907-1909
Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	109th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, M. C.		15th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto	1906-1908
Burton, R. B. S.	Capt.	90th Rifles, "B" Co.	1st	Toronto	1902-1907
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion		Vancouver	1911
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment		New Carlisle	1905-1907
Cameron, J. H.		No. 72125, 27th Battalion		Kenora	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A.	Signaller	147th Battalion		Owen Sound	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec	Corp.	2nd Div. Amm. Col., 4th Br.		Toronto	1905-1912
Campbell, A. R.	Major	216th Battalion		Toronto	1899-1900
Campbell, Geo.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	3rd.	Halifax	1906-1911
Cantley, C. L.	Major	5th Royal Highlanders		Halifax	1900-1902
		(Detached for special service)			
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	95th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1912
Carlyle, R. T.		Inspector, Inspection Can. Co.		Toronto	1905-1909
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Battery		Kenora	1907-1909
Cassels, G.	Lieut.	Kingston Battery, C.E.F.	2nd.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.		Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.		Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B.		4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Port Williams	1912-1913
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	"C" Squad, 2nd Brigade	3rd.	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H.		Dalhousie Hospital Unit		Wolfville	1910-1911
Chesnut, E. F.	Corp.	19th Batt., 4th Brigade	2nd.	Toronto	1902-1908
Chesnut, A. W.		4th Univ. Co.		Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg M.C., No. 50884	2nd.	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Lieut.	Preston Batt. Mech. Transport		Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, N. D.				Toronto	1905-1909
Clark, C. T.	Lieut.	74th Battalion	2nd.	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.		1st Motor Mac. Gun Brigade		Renfrew	1901
Clark, A. R. S.		Dorsetshire Regiment	1st	Toronto	1901-1902
Clerk, B. M.	Lieut.	74th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1904
Clement, D. W.		118th Battalion		Berlin	1913-1915
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.		Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion		Ottawa	1905-1908
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Gunner	26th Battery, 7th Div.	3rd.	Toronto	1907-1910
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	216th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1906
Copeland, R. C.	Bdr.	43rd Battery, C.E.F.		Collingwood	1911-1912
Corbould, C. E. B.	Lieut.	18th Battalion		New Westm'ster	1905-1908
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.	7th Battalion, C.E.F.	3rd.	Victoria	1904-1906
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	49th Battery		Brockville	1913-1913 ₃

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Contingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	Machine Gun, 95th Batt.	1st	Toronto	1901-1905
Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	Machine Gun, 83rd Batt.		Toronto	1902-1904
Cotton, H. H.		2nd Brigade, C.M.R.		Cowansville	1910-1912
Coulthard, J. K. B.				Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.				Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.		3rd Can. M.R.		Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.		48th H'landers, Asst. P'master		Toronto	1900
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	134th Batt.		Toronto	1906-1911
Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1 Co., 19th Batt.	2nd	Toronto	1913-1914
Crowther, W. G.	Lieut.	In charge of transport		Ottawa	1912-1913
Darroch, J. C.		No. 2729, Troop 3, Stratheona H.		Toronto	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion		Toronto	1906-1907
Davison, J. A.		48th High'ers, 15th Batt.	1st	Toronto	1902-1910
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Co., Royal Engineers	1st	Bridgewater	1906-1908
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion		Prince Albert	1912-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.	133rd Battalion		Toronto	1903-1908
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Stayner	1911-1912
Dick, J. W.		Artillery	1st	Winnipeg	1911
Dickson, I. W.		M. B.		Toronto	1899-1905
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion		Toronto	1910-1912
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	81st Battalion		Toronto	1910-1915
Dineen, G.	Lieut.	9th Batt., Royal Berks. Reg.	1st	Toronto	1907
Diver, F. G.		109th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	Trans. Column, No. 45511	1st	Toronto	1909-1913
Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion		Winnipeg	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1902-1907
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	12th Brigade		Toronto	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.		Eaton Battery	2nd	Toronto	1906-1910
Douglas, G.		"A" Co., 19th Battalion	2nd	Toronto	1904-1907
Douglas, G. K.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1906-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		Winnipeg, 90th Rifles		Moose Jaw	1913-1915
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	79th Cameron Highlanders		Winnipeg	1904-1906
Duncan, J. M.	Eng. Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Lion"		Toronto	1903-1906
Duncanson, A. E.	Capt.	36th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.		Army Medical Corps		Toronto	1907-1912
Dyment, Irvine		5th Field Ambulance		Toronto	1906-1912
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1907
Ferguson, J. A.		Queen's Engineers	2nd	Massey	1910-1913
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps	2nd	Toronto	1899-1902
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps	2nd	Toronto	1903-1910
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	7th Artillery Brigade	3rd	Toronto	1906-1914
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	216th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1910
Fisken, Sidney	Lieut.	Royal Field Artillery	2nd	Toronto	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.	166th Battalion		Toronto	1901-1909
Fleming, Donald		Winnipeg, A.S.C., No. 4	1st	Winnipeg	1910-1912
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	77th Battalion		Ottawa	1913-1915
Fleming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion		Toronto	1906-1907
Fleming, G. O.		F. C. C. E.		Toronto	1903-1908
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	A.S.C., No. 4 Gen. Hosp.		Toronto	1902-1907
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.			Oakville	1900-1903
Forgie, J.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Pembroke	1904-1907
Foster, W. F. T.	Corp.	50th Queen's Battery		Vancouver	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Lieut.	8th C.M.R.	2nd	Ottawa	1903-1911
Fraser, D. T.	N.C.O.	Casualty Clearing Hospital	2nd	Toronto	1900-1905
Frith, Ed. V.		2nd Div. Cyclists		Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Garratt, P. C.		Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1909-1910
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion		Toronto	1906-1910

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Carlton Place	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1910
Gauld, W. H.		Cycle Corps		Japan	1911-1912
Geggie, W. M. M.		U. of T. Officers' Train'g C.		Toronto	1907-1910
Gibson, W. O.		7th Bri., 25th Battery		Winnipeg	1907
Gill, R. J.	Capt.	Adj't. 156th Battalion		Bowmanville	1904-1907
Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	1st	Toronto	1900-1902
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.			Vancouver	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul	Capt.	17th N.S. Batt., Chapl'n "U"	1st	China	1902
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	48th Battery		Toronto	1905-1908
Gooderham, G.	Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Toronto	1906-1910
Gooderham, M. S.	Capt.	10th Royal Gren's, 15th Batt.	1st	Toronto	1901-1910
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion		Toronto	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Batt.		Pembroke	1910-1914
Graham, D.		4th University Co.		Renfrew	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	34th Battery		Belleville	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport		Napanee	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.		Ontario Mounted Rifles		Perth	1910-1912
Grant, R. H.	Gunner	55th Battery		Toronto	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.	Gunner	67th Battery		Toronto	1909-1915
Greer, W. C.	Lieut.		2nd	Vancouver	1910-1911
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	55th Battery		Guelph	1911-1912
Haas, M. S.	Lieut.	36th Battalion	2nd	Toronto	1903-1908
Hamilton, C. D.	Sergt.	Mech. Trans. 3rd D. S. Col.		Toronto	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.		Toronto	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	Grenadiers, Home Duty		Toronto	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sapper	2nd Field Engineers		Toronto	1902
Hanlan, E. G.	Lieut.	Sportsmans' Battalion		Toronto	1908
Hanna, W. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1903-1907
Hanna, W. N.		26th Battery, 7th Brigade		Sarnia	1908-1910
Harris, H. K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army, 3rd Essex Regt.		Toronto	1899
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	5th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal	1906-1907
Hastings, V.	Capt.	16th Batt. (Military Cross)	1st	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Lieut.	Staff of Mil. Duty, Dist. 10		Winnipeg	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps		Whitby	1910-1914
Hayes, Barry B.	Lieut.	198th Bufts Battalion		Toronto	1904-1906
Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	116th Ontario County Batt.		Oshawa	1910-1913
Herald, R. A.		16th Battalion	1st	Vancouver	1910-1911
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Capt.	2nd Field Co., Div., Eng.	1st	Toronto	1900-1904
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	Engineers		Toronto	1899-1901
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	5th Battalion	1st	Toronto	1906-1909
Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	Aviation		Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Lieut.	198th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1907
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	34th Batt.		Toronto	1907-1909
Hume, R. F.		Dardanelles, C.A.M.C.		Vancouver	1911-1912
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	1st	London	1901-1903
Hodgson, D. E.		14th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto	1908-1909
Husband, G. C.	Pilot.	Aviation		Toronto	1914
Hutchings, D. J.		46th Battalion		Calgary	1909-1912
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.		Toronto	1912-1915
Isbester, M.	Capt.	59th Batt., Mach. Gun Sec.		Port Arthur	1900-1902
James, W. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1910
Johnson, G. R.	Lieut.	177th Co., Royal Engineers		Fernie	1904-1906
Johnston, H. A.		McGill Base Hosp. Corps.	3rd	Montreal	1908-1912
Jones-Bateman, J. B.		1st Div. Signal Corps	1st	Toronto	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, B. W.	Corp.	33rd Batt. Mach. Gun Sec.		Toronto	1909-1913

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers.	2nd.	Toronto.	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	Mac. Gun Sec., 75th Batt.	3rd.	Toronto.	1908-1912
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps.	2nd.	Toronto.	1903-1907
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.		Toronto.	1903-1910
Kay, Jack.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders.	1st.	Toronto.	1901-1909
Keith, N. M.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit.		Toronto.	1899-1904
Kelly, Chas.	No. 30876.	Imp. Corps, N. 2 F. Sup. Depot.		St. George's, Ber.	1900-1902
Kemp, C.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.		Toronto.	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	Detention Camp.		Toronto.	1909-1913
Kilgour, A.	Sub Flight	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps.		Toronto.	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley.	Lieut.	Howitzer Battery.	2nd.	Toronto.	1900-1907
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	19th Batt. 4th Inf. Brigade.	2nd.	Toronto.	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.		Transport.		Toronto.	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	81st Battalion.		Toronto.	1905-1907
Lash, G. H. G.		4th Univ. Co.		Toronto.	1910-1913
Lafferty, Heber.	Adjut.	Horse Artillery.	1st.	Calgary.	1906-1907
Lazier, T. H.		52nd Battery.		Belleville.	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	Paymaster, 30th Ottawa Rifles.		London.	1903-1906
Lee, S. B. D.		Royal Flying Corps.		Toronto.	1900-1906
Leishman, C. M.	Lieut.	Grenadiers.		Toronto.	1905-1910
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	Grenadiers.		Toronto.	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.		Mississauga Horse.		Toronto.	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Gunner.	34th Battery.		Toronto.	1905-1909
Lennard, H. G.		No. 58316, 20th Batt. 4th Brigade.		Dundas.	1908-1910
Lighbourn, A. H.		Vol. Rifles (Home Defence).		Paget, Ber.	1908-1909
Lighbourn, G. O.	Lieut.	180th Battalion.		Toronto.	1903-1908
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.		Toronto.	1904-1914
Livingston, Ross.	Lieut.	52nd Battery.		Kingston.	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps.	2nd.	Toronto.	1909-1913
Lockhart, N. B.		19th Batt., "A" Co.	2nd.	Toronto.	1906-1909
Loudon, L. B. M.	Capt.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto.	1902-1906
Lowe, A. T.	Lieut.	50th Battalion.		Calgary.	1906-1907
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.		Toronto.	1906-1912
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion.		Toronto.	1906-1908
Lorimer, N. H.				Toronto.	1906-1909
McAvity, P. D.		St. John Horse.	2nd.	St. John.	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	18th Battalion.		Elmvale.	1909-1912
McDonald, G. C.	Driver.	No. 302241, 40th Battery.		Chatsworth.	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.		No. 5, Field Artillery.		Winnipeg.	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corp.	"A" Co., 142nd Battalion.		Walkerton.	1915-1916
McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion.		Vancouver.	1909-1911
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	34th Battalion.	3rd.	Toronto.	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.		Detention Camp, Cochrane.		Toronto.	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		No. 37167, Div. Am. Park.	1st.	Winnipeg.	1910-1914
McKenzie, K. G.	Lieut.	Army Medical Corps.	2nd.	Monkton.	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Paymaster.		Ottawa.	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.		Ottawa.	1904-1906
McLennan, A. R.		36th Peel Regiment.	1st.	Toronto.	1907-1914
McMullen, R. P.				Vancouver.	1910
McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	Royal F. Art., Imp. Army, 107th B.		Toronto.	1912-1914
McQueen, H. M.		70th Batt., Signal Station.		Petrollea.	1912-1913
McPhedran, Maurice.	Capt.	Medical Officer, 12th Artillery Bgde.		Toronto.	1902-1906
McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion.	3rd.	Toronto.	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	16th Royal Fusiliers.	2nd.	Toronto.	1902-1910
McTaggart, G. D.		Royal Engineers.		Clinton.	1912-1914
McTaggart, W. B.		12th Battery 3rd Brigade.		Clinton.	1908-1910

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.		Montreal.	1907-1908
Macdonald, F. M.	Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol		Toronto.	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders, 15th Batt. 1st.		Toronto.	1901-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.			Winnipeg.	1911-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery		London.	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders.		Montreal.	1900-1902
MacGregor, D. G.		153rd Battalion		Toronto.	1908-1910
MacGregor, Ian C.				New Glasgow.	1912-1916
MacKeen, D. W.		Royal Can. Artillery	2nd.	Halifax.	1907-1912
MacKeen, H.	Lieut.	Heavy Battery, C.E.F.		Halifax.	1906-1910
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Batt., C. 2.		Washington.	1901-1902
MacLaren, L.		Royal Can. Field Artillery		St. John.	1910-1913
MacLaren, K. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto.	1903-1907
Macnee, W. K.	Lieut.	21st Can. Battalion.		Kingston.	1905-1908
MacNutt, Percy I.	Driver.	Engineers, No. 504278.		St. John, N.B.	1900-1901
Macpherson, C.	Corp.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Glenallen.	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.	Detention Camp		Amherst.	1913
Malcolm, T. R.	Sapper.	C.O.R.C.C.		Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malcolm, E. B.	Sapper.	C.R.R.C.C.		Campbellton.	1910-1912
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion.		Toronto.	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Sergt.	65th Battalion.		Prince Albert.	1911-1913
Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto.	1911
Massey, V.	Major.	Asst. Musk. Officer, Div Staff.		Toronto.	1902-1906
Marshall, D. G.		50th Queen's Battery		Vancouver.	1910-1912
Matheson, W. D.	Pilot.	Royal Flying Corps.		New Glasgow.	1905-1910
May, G. H.	Lieut.	Can. Mech. Transport.		Ottawa.	1903-1905
May, T. C.		R.C.H.A., "C" Battery.		Toronto.	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.		Borden's Arm. Motor Batt.	2nd.	Peterboro.	1907-1908
Mickleborough, K.	Capt.	"A" Co., 84th Batt.		Toronto.	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	2nd Lieut.	Imp. Army, Northumberland Fus.		Toronto.	1901-1907
Mills, L. G.	Asst. Adjt.	74th Battalion.		Toronto.	1907-1908
Mitchell, R. C.		28th Battalion.	2nd.	Weyburn.	1909-1911
Moffatt, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.		Toronto.	1899-1906
Montgomery, A. R.		Westmount Rifles, 23rd Batt. 2nd.		New Richmond.	1909-1910
Montgomery, L. C.	Sergt.	McGill Gen. Hosp. Corps		New Richmond.	1909-1912
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers.		North Bay.	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major.	37th Battalion.	3rd.	Oshawa.	1906-1908
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	213th Battalion.		Toronto.	1903-1905
Mortimer, V. S.		2nd Can. Mounted Rifles.	2nd.	Toronto.	1902-1905
Morton, D. R.	Capt.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto.	1909-1911
Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery.	2nd.	Toronto.	1907-1912
Mulligan, W. R.		Lord Strathcona Horse.	1st.	Regina.	1911
Munn, W. L. G.		Newfoundland Regiment.		St. John's.	1910-1914
Munn, R. S. E.		1st Newfoundland Regiment.	2nd.	St. John's.	1909-1913
Munro, H. Elmer.	Lieut.	34th Battalion.		Toronto.	1904-1909
Munro, Freeman.	Lieut.	114th Battalion.		Dunnville.	1906-1911
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto.	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon.		Body Guards.	3rd.	Toronto.	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.		28th Batt., "D" Co.	2nd.	Weyburn.	1910
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion.		Toronto.	1900-1902
Nation, Geo.			2nd.	Vancouver.	1910-1913
Neil, R. M.	Lieut.	Infantry.		Peterboro.	1913-1914
Nelson, G.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion.		Toronto.	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren.		24th Battalion.	2nd.	Montreal.	1906-1913
Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	134th Battalion.		Toronto.	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. C. H.		14th Home Guards.		Kingston.	1906-1908
Nicol, H. L.	Sergt.	Strathcona Horse.	1st.	Vancouver.	1909-1911

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner	48th Battery		Toronto	1909-1913
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sgt.	Div. Am. Pk. M. T. A.S.C.		Toronto	1905-1908
O'Brian, Lewis	Sapper	Engineers	3rd	L'Orignal	1907-1911
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill Gen. Hosp No. 3		McAdam Jct.	1908
Paisley, J. E. H.		62nd Battery		Ottawa	1908-1910
Page, F. P.	Capt.	126th Battalion		Toronto	1902
Parsons, Myles		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	2nd	Toronto	1903-1907
Paterson, G. O.		Army Service Corps, No. 510721		Toronto	1904-1913
Phillips, Ralph		No. 304665, 9th Artillery Brigade		Ottawa	1912-1915
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	155th Battalion		Belleville	1911-1915
Quigley, F. G.		Queen's Engineers	2nd	Winnipeg	1908-1909
Ramsden, J. C.	Sergt.	95th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1908
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	47th Battalion		New Westminster	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion		Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.		45th Battalion		Portage la Prie	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	8th Can. Mounted Rifles		Toronto	1906-1909
Risteon, G. N.		50th Queen's Battery		Vancouver	1909-1914
Rogers, C. E.	Flying Sub-Lieut., Aviation			Toronto	1902-1909
Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion		Toronto	1903-1913
Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	6th Howitzer Brigade, C.F.A.	1st	Toronto	1906-1914
Ross, Dudley		McGill Hospital Corps	2nd	Elora	1908-1913
Ross, G. F.	Flying Sub-Lieut., Aviation			Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, M. E.		Army Service Corps	1st	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.		47th Battalion		Vancouver	1910-1911
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th Mounted Rifles		Toronto	1905-1910
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	35th Battalion, "E" Co.	3rd	Toronto	1900-1904
Shirriff, Q. S.	Flight Sub-Lieut.	Naval Air Service		Toronto	1906-1910
Sinclair, D. C.		78th Regiment	2nd	New Glasgow	1902-1903
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	Imperial Army		Ottawa	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P.		77th Regiment, 1st Batt.	1st	Cobourg	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner	McGill Siege Battery		Montreal	1910-1915
Slatter, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	Corp.	Cycle Corps		Kincardine	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.		Aviation		Toronto	1904-1910
Smith, J. R.		134th Battalion, No. 799030		Toronto	1906-1910
Smith, L. F. W.		Royal Naval Air Service		Toronto	1910-1912
Snelgrove, C. R.		Can. Army Service Corps		Toronto	1908-1913
Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1907
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1906-1909
Somerville, H. A.				Toronto	1907-1913
Spohn, H. G.		McGill Gen. Hos. Corps	2nd	Penetang	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B., Dr.		Ontario Hospital		Toronto	1903-1906
Stavert, R. E.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	2nd	Montreal	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Lieut.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps	3rd	Toronto	1903-1908
Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery	2nd	Farran's Point	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C.				Fort William	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.		Motor Transport		Vancouver	1909-1912
Stovel, E. F.		Stratheona Horse		Winnipeg	1914
Straith, J. L.		99th Battery		Windsor	1912
Stuart, J. F. P.		English Army		Vancouver	1904-1906
Sutherland, P. E.		"B" Co., 28th Battalion, 6th Br.		Vancouver	1906-1911

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion		Toronto	1905
Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1909-1910
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Signalling Co		Toronto	1908
Taylor, J. S.		Borden's Motor Car Battery		Whitehorse	1908-1910
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	186th Battalion		Chatham	1913
Thompson, E. W.		Can. Army Service Corps		Toronto	1901-1910
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1907
Thomson, R. A.		19th Alberta Dragoons		Paris	1905-1909
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps		Montreal	1911-1913
Travis, C. W.	Lieut.	86th Machine Gun Batt.		Sydney	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner.	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade	2nd.	Toronto	1905-1908
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	"B" Co., 135th Battalion		London	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner.	43rd Battalion		Toronto	1910-1914
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps		Hamilton	1909-1911
Verner, W. S.		"A" Co., 35th Battalion		Toronto	1909-1910
Walker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion, "B" Co.		Ft. William	1907-1910
Wallace, H. D. M.		Aviation		Blind River	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.		Army Medical Corps		N.Y. City	1901-1904
Wallace, C.		5th Batt., 2nd Brigade	1st.	Vancouver	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.		234th Battalion			1909-1912
Wallace, Eric	Lieut.	7th Field Artillery		Hamilton	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	81st Battalion		Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. S.	Lieut.	48th Battery		Brantford	1907-1910
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1911
Wemyss, R. H.	Gunner.	No. 327880, 59th Battery		Neepawa	1910-1913
West, R. R.				Brandon	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mech. Trans. 3rd Div. S. Col.		Brantford	1908-1912
Whitaker, Ewart	Bomb.	55th Battery		Brantford	1908-1915
Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner.	55th Battery		Brantford	1908-1916
Whitney, E. C.		208th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1912
Wilkes, F. H.		Royal Can. Dragoons		Brantford	1908-1909
Williams, J. M.		Mech. Div., A.S.C.		Winnipeg	1913-1914
Williams, W. D.		Ontario Mounted Rifles		Mexico	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B.	Sergt.	Saskatchewan Unit		Toronto	1911-1916
Wilson, A. C.		48th Highlanders		Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
Wilson, J. T.		67th Battery		Toronto	1910-1914
Winter, E. R.		2nd Newfoundland Regt.		St. John's	1912-1914
Winter, M. G.		2nd Batt., 1st Nfld. Regt.		St. John's	1912-1915
Wishart, Dr. D. E. S.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps		Toronto	1901-1906
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	170 Battalion		Toronto	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C.		Trans. Co. Armoured Motor		New W'minster	1906-1909
Wright, H. R. L.	Corp.	31th Battery		Toronto	1907-1914
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lanc. Fus., B.E.F., France		Toronto	1907-1912
Yuille, J. W.	Lieut.	42nd Highlanders		Montreal	1906-1909

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

We have been informed that the following boys are serving at the present time. As the information which has reached the College does not include details, the names of Old Boys concerned do not appear on the regular list. The Headmaster will be very glad to receive further information from any so rare.

Bradley, T. B.	1909-1913	Cox, R.	1912-1913	Grant, Gerald.	1905-1907
Crossen, J. L.	1903-1906	DeBeck, V.	1911-1913	Leckie, H.	1909-1914
Comstock.	1909-1916	Crowe, H. L.	1908-1915	McMurry, U.B.	1915-1916
MacLaren, G. B.	1903-1907	Pedley, J. H.	1904-1909		

Casualty List

KILLED IN ACTION.

Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Killed in France on March 16th, 1915.
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	Killed—Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Broughall, Derie		Killed—Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Buscombe, R.	Capt.	Killed, June 19th, 1915.
Campbell, G. H.	Lieut.	Killed, May 16th, 1916.
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Killed—Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Herald, R. A.		Killed—Ypres, April 22nd, 1915.
Malone, Maurice E.	Lieut.	Killed, June 3rd, 1916.

DIED ON SERVICE.

Greer, Ward C.	Lieut.	Accidentally killed, Vernon, B.C., summer, 1915.
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915.
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Accidentally shot, July, 1915.
Lockhart, N.B.	Pte.	Died March 24th, 1915. Meningitis contracted in camp.

WOUNDED.

Allan J. Stuart	Lieut.	About April 20th, 1916.
Anderson, W. S.		October, 1915.
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	May 4th, 1916.
Bennet, Frank		At Dardanelles, about Dec., 1915.
Brown, Bernal B.		May 1st, 1916.
Brown, R. A (Bud)	Lieut.	Zillebeke, June 4th, 1916.
Burton, R. B. S.	Capt.	Ypres, April, 24th 1915.
Cameron, J. H.		April 7th, 1916.
Chase, George Ambrose		June 13th, 1916.
Chestnut, E. F.		Jan. 5th, 1916.
Clarke, A. R. S.		June, 1915.
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.	June 16th, 1915.
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	Festubert, June 7th, 1915.
Dyment, T. Irvine		Feb. 14th, 1916, & Apr. 25th, 1916.
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	June 3rd, 1916.
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Capt.	Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	Feb. 18th, 1916.
Jones-Bateman, J. B.		June 14th, 1915.
McLennan, A. R.		June 9th, 1915.
McTaggart, W. B.		Oct. 15th, 1915.
Macpherson, C.		May 16th, 1916.
Massey, Raymond	Lieut.	Zillebeke, May 20th, 1916.
		And June, 1916.
Mulligan, W. R.		June 8th, 1915.
Munn, R. S. E.		May 23rd, 1916.
Nicol, H. L.		June 8th, 1915.
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sergt.	March 7th, 1916.
Rutter, G. W.		Zillebeke, June 4th, 1916.
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt.	Zillebeke, June 4th, 1916.
Skidmore, J. P.		Ypres, April 25th, 1915.
Stavert, R. E.	Lieut.	
Sutherland, Eby		April 21st, 1916.
Taylor, J. S.		March 6th, 1916.
Wallace, Clarence		Ypres, May 6th, 1915.
Wilson, Algernon C.		April 20th, 1915.

PRISONERS AND MISSING.

Allan, D. Gordon.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Bath, E. O.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Boyd, J. Errol.....	Lieut.....		Oct. 5th, 1915.	Interned in Holland.
Burk, Gerrie.....		Ypres.....	May 12th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Macdonald, F. W.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Macdonnell, Hugh W.....	Lieut.....		June 7th, 1916.	Missing.



Brothers in Arms



LIEUT. A. L. BELL
10th Royal Grenadiers. Killed in action,
Ypres. S.A.C. 1906-10



CAPT. R. BUSCOMBE
3rd Battalion. Killed in action, June 19th,
1915. S.A.C. 1911



LIEUT. GEO. H. CAMPBELL
40th Battalion. Killed in action, May 16th,
1916. S.A.C. 1906-11



LIEUT. M. E. MALONE
15th Battalion. Killed in action, June 3rd,
1916. S.A.C. 1907-13



PTE. N. B. LOCKHART
19th B ttalion. Died May 22nd, 1915.
Spinal Meningitis, contracted at Exhibition
Camp. S.A.C. 1906-09



LIEUT. L. B. HYDE
B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.
Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915
S.A.C. 1912-15



PTE. R. A. HERALD
16th Battalion. Killed in action, April 22nd,
1915. S.A.C. 1910-11



CAPT. R. B. S. BURTON
90th Rifles, "B" Co.
Wounded, Ypres, 1915. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. R. A. BROWN
15th Battalion. Wounded, June 3rd, 1916.
S.A.C. 1908-14



CAPT. J. D. COTTON
Machine Gun Section, 95th Battalion.
Wounded. S.A.C. 1901-05



CAPT. H. F. H. HERTZBERG
2nd Field Co., Divisional Engineers. S.A.C.
1900-04. Wounded, Ypres. Awarded
the Military Cross



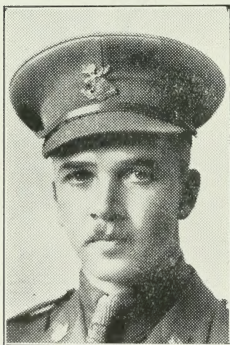
LIEUT. O. P. HERTZBERG
5th Battalion. Wounded.
S.A.C. 1906-09



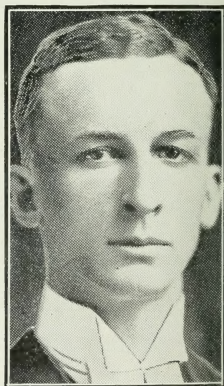
PTE. IRVINE DYMENT
5th Field Ambulance Corps. Wounded
twice. S.A.C. 1906-12



LIEUT. J. C. AULD
Can. Field Artillery, 16th Battery. Wounded
May 4th, 1916. Awarded Military Cross
S.A.C. 1904-12



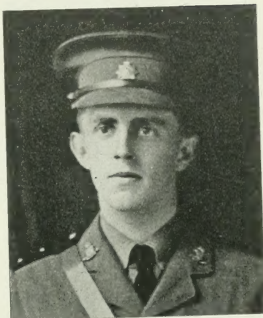
LIEUT. G. W. RUTTER
4th Can. Mounted Rifles. Wounded June
3rd, 1916. S.A.C. 1905-10



LIEUT. HUGH MACDONNELL
3rd University Co., P.P.C.L.I. "Missing."
Zillebeke. S.A.C. 1913-15



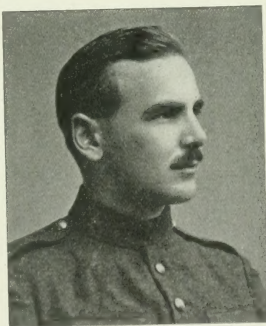
PTE. CLARENCE WALLACE
5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade.
Wounded May 6th, 1915. S.A.C. 1911-12



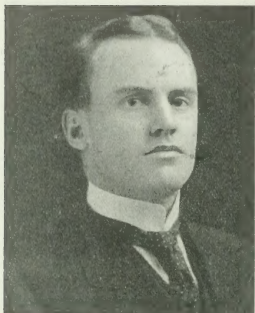
LIEUT. J. P. SKIDMORE
77th Regiment, 1st Battalion
Wounded. S.A.C. 1908-10



PTE. FRANK BENNETT
Newfoundland Regiment. Wounded
S.A.C. 1911-12



STAFF-SERGT. C. E. NORRIS
Div. Ammunition Park, Motor Transport,
A.S.C. Wounded March 7th, 1916.
S.A.C. 1905-08



LIEUT. A. BLANCHARD
76th Rifles. S.A.C. 1899-02



MAJOR A. E. TAYLOR
Headquarters Staff, 9th Infantry Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-14



LIEUT. T. B. D. TUDBALL
92nd Battalion. S.A.C. 1909-15



LIEUT. J. M. MACDONNELL
18th Battery, 5th Brigade
S.A.C. 1909-14



LIEUT. ASHLEY KILGOUR
Howitzer Battery. S.A.C. 1900-07



SUB. FLIGHT LIEUT. ARTHUR KILGOUR
Royal Flying Corps. S.A.C. 1900-11



LIEUT. F. W. MACDONALD
15th Battalion. Prisoner in Germany.
S.A.C. 1901-08



PTE. GERRIE BURK
8th Battalion. Prisoner in Germany.
S.A.C. 1906-1907



LIEUT. J. E. DIMOCK
124th Battalion. S.A.C. 1910-12



LIEUT. G. F. DIMOCK
81st Battalion. S.A.C. 1910-15



PTE. R. S. E. MUNN
1st Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1909-13



PTE. W. L. G. MUNN
Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1910-14



PTE. R. B. WHITAKER
Mechanical Transport. S.A.C. 1908-12



BOMB. EWART WHITAKER
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1908-15



GUNNER G. E. WHITAKER
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1908-16



LIEUT. D. G. McINTOSH
34th Battalion. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. GORDON CASSELS
Kingston Battery, C.E.F. S.A.C. 1903-12



GUNNER W. G. CASSELS
Royal Can. Horse Artillery
S.A.C. 1906-14



GUNNER H. CASSELS
Royal Can. Horse Artillery
S.A.C. 1906-10



CAPT. M. S. GOODERHAM
S.A.C. 1901-10



LIEUT. H. H. WALKER
94th Battalion. S.A.C. 1907-10



CAPT. A. E. DUNCANSON
36th Battalion. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. C. W. TRAVIS
86th Machine Gun Battalion.
S.A.C. 1911-14



CORP. H. R. L. WRIGHT
34th Battery. S.A.C. 1907-14



MAJOR C. L. CANTLEY
5th Royal Highlanders. (Detached for
Special Service.) S.A.C. 1900-02



LIEUT. G. P. ALEXANDER
Military Air Service. S.A.C. 1904-13



LIEUT. S. H. CRAWFORD
134th Battalion. S.A.C. 1906-11



LIEUT. R. H. M. LOWNDES
Army Service Corps. S.A.C. 1906-12



LIEUT. C. A. McMURTRY
Royal Field Artillery, Imperial Army
S.A.C. 1912-14



LIEUT. G. A. TOWERS.
Army Service Corps. S.A.C. 1911-13



LIEUT. R. H. GRANT
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1909-15



LIEUT. A. B. LINDSAY
75th Battalion. S.A.C. 1904-14



SERGEANT H. B. WILLOUGHBY
Saskatchewan Hospital Unit.
S.A.C. 1911-16



LIEUT. D. J. FRASER
8th Can. Mounted Rifles.
S.A.C. 1903-11



FLIGHT SUB. LIEUT. Q. S. SHIRRIFF
Naval Air Service.
S.A.C. 1906-10



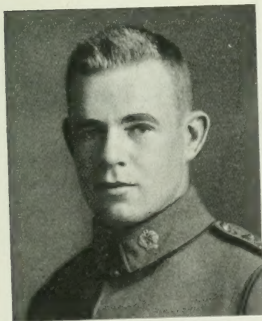
CAPT. C. E. KILMER
19th Battalion, 4th Inf. Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-09



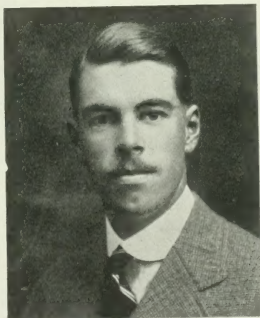
CORP. ALEC. CAMPBELL
2nd Div. Ammunition Col., 4th Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-12



PTE. E. R. WINTER
2nd Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1912-14



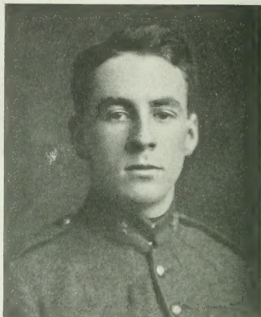
LIEUT. S. C. R. RICHES
8th Can. Mounted Rifles.
S.A.C. 1906-09



LIEUT. F. C. HAMILTON
B. Reserve Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery.
S.A.C. 1911-13



LIEUT. H. ELMER MUNRO
34th Battalion. S.A.C. 1904-09



LIEUT. H. J. ROLPH
6th Howitzer Brigade, C.F.A.
S.A.C. 1905-14



SERGEANT L. C. MONTGOMERY
McGill General Hospital Corps.
S.A.C. 1909-12



CAPT. R. P. SAUNDERS
35th Battalion, "E" Co.
S.A.C. 1900-04



LIEUT. T. I. FINDLEY
7th Artillery Brigade.
S.A.C. 1900-14



PTE. J. W. LOCKHART
Royal Flying Corps.
S.A.C. 1909-13



J. E. H. PAISLEY



GUNNER W. H. LEISHMAN
34th Battery. S.A.C. 1905-09

A Letter from the Headmaster

To St. Andrew's College Old Boys who are serving King and Country :

MY DEAR BOYS,—An effort is being made by the REVIEW staff to place in the hands of each Old Boy serving overseas, a copy of the Mid-summer Number. This is no easy task, when we remember that some five hundred of you are serving at the present time, and that our list at the College is incomplete, while many of the correct addresses at the Front are unknown. That the REVIEW will reach so many of you is due to the help of a number of the Old Boys, who, unable themselves to volunteer, are subscribing to a fund to make it possible for the REVIEW staff to send out the copies of the School paper to those of you who are fighting for us. It has occurred to me that there is thus presented a splendid opportunity for your old Headmaster to send you a line. Consequently, I write this open letter. It is addressed to you in general and yet as the list of your names is before me, I am thinking of you individually ; of all you did, or did not do, in your school days ; of what so many of you have accomplished in business and University life since you left us ; and of your noble response to the call of duty in this day of strife. I address you as "boys" and yet you are men, doing what it has not been possible for me to do, and doing it so well. You make me feel both humble and proud at the same time. There is a feeling of humility when I reflect on the fact that in His merciful providence, God has given to St. Andrew's College a succession of such boys, in whom is present that spirit of service which is evident in your volunteering in such large numbers. Justifiable pride is in all our hearts because so many old Andreians are bringing lustre to their school in their readiness to answer the call of King and Country. The list published in this number of the REVIEW will give you some information as to fellows you may be wondering about. I know it is incomplete, and in some cases, no doubt, incorrect as to details. But, it is the best we can do. For you have gone forward from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, and you have not always told us of your going. Many of your number, you will observe, have been wounded ; some have been taken prisoners ; and a number have been called upon to make the great final sacrifice. Fighting in the trenches, serving with the artillery, striving in the air,

watchful and alert on the sea, building and constructing as engineers, serving in the hospitals at the front and in the rear, working in all branches of the Army Service Corps, present in large numbers in every theatre of the war, your names are honoured in our midst, and our hearts are often weary for you in your battling. There is no branch of the Imperial or Canadian service in which St. Andrew's boys are not to be found. In goodly fashion indeed you are carrying into daily practice your old school motto, "Quit ye like men. Be strong."

But, "What of the school?" you say. "Does she do her work and hold her place while we are here?" She does, indeed, boys, and she is still turning out men. The attendance has been affected by the war, but not unduly. The boys feel that a war is in progress and they are serious in their attitude to life. Some of you would be shocked at the meagreness of the entries in the detention book, as it goes its daily rounds. There is a spirit of earnestness in the land, and we are all influenced by it. Football has been a great success, while the hockey team this year was the best in many years. The cricket season is still young, as I write, but we have played the first match with U.C.C. and have won it. As might be expected, the Cadet Corps work has been quite up to, if not above, the high record of the past. The addition of the pipe band, as well as of the bugle band, has helped a very great deal, and naturally we all feel proud of what the boys have accomplished, both in the Senior Corps and in the Junior Corps. During the year some fourteen boys have left school to enlist and swell your numbers.

All year, Day Boys and Boarders alike, have given weekly from their pocket money to help Red Cross and other funds, which is quite as it ought to be. It indicates that the heart of the school is in the right place.

We have pulled through the year without any sickness, notwithstanding the prevalence all about us, in town and country, of our old friend the measles and other delights of similar character. Now the summer term is fast drawing to a close, and we are preparing for the last days of the school year. Matriculation boys go about with serious faces, for in one week they must face the test, and as many of you know, that test is often not pleasant while it operates, for examinations are a miserable bore at the best.

It is natural that as the year draws to a close our thoughts are often with the boys, who in the years that are gone were in our

midst, enacting in their experience the same old story that the present generation of boys enacts to-day. Now so many of you are away off waging a strange warfare in a strange country. I am confident that I but voice the feelings of the Boys and Masters alike, when I tell you that you have in large measure both our interest and our affection. It is our earnest prayer that the God of your fathers may spread His hand upon you for a covering and keep you in all your ways.

Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

St. Andrew's College, June, 1916.



Starting on a Route March

Extracts from Letters written by Old Boys' on Overseas Service

[NOTE.—It has been thought better, for various reasons, to publish these extracts anonymously in future. An exception is made in this number, in the case of letters from the late Lieut. Malone. His father, Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C., had very kindly made ready a selection for our use, when the news arrived of Maurice's sudden death in action. Lieut. Malone was one of the Old Boys at the Front who was especially well known to a large number of our present boys, and quotations from his cheerful, droll letters have brightened the pages of two previous numbers of this REVIEW. We may add that what "Mike" says, in one of the extracts given below, about his own commanding officer, the late Col. Marshall, may very fittingly be applied to the writer himself. The following striking tribute from Prof. Wallace, of the University Officers' Training Corps, from which Malone so quickly found his way to the fighting line, well expresses what his old friends and teachers felt when the sad news arrived: "When I dream of my own little boy grown up to be a man's years, I like to believe he may be something like Maurice—so happy-hearted, so generous and thoughtful, so wonderful a combination of all the charms of noble youth and the attractiveness of a high-minded man assuming life's heaviest responsibilities. . . . It has never been my privilege to come into intimate association with anyone who seemed to me to represent all that was finest in young manhood in such a complete measure."]

FROM THE LATE LIEUT. MALONE

Mrs. Macdonald sent me clippings from the Toronto papers, telling of the game between St. Andrew's and Belleville. The boys evidently got robbed of the group.

* * * * *

All you people at home seem to take the Verdun affair too seriously. Out here everybody is quite cheerful about it. The French are holding them and are inflicting terrible losses. They figure that the losses are about three to one, the Germans on the big end. They can't keep on making those attacks and last very long. Sir Douglas Haig offered help. Pater Joffre informed him he could handle the Huns very nicely. Out here we have very great confidence in the French and especially Joffre.

* * * * *

I received the letter with money in it, and in celebration thereof, I went into —— and made a purchase for our mess in order to celebrate the great event of to-day—2nd of April, my birthday,—21 to-day. I guess this is the strangest birthday I

have ever had, and if I am not a man now after about 7 months of this life, I do not think I ever will be. I sincerely hope that my next birthday will be spent at home.

We were on the move the other day, sun shining, pipes playing—everyone was feeling happy. The spirit of the men is even better now than ever. Winter seems to have gone with all its discomforts, and the Lord forbid that I should ever spend another winter like the last one. It is pretty tough at times, but it looks as if there were better days ahead.

The other day a British battalion made an attack which was successful. I saw them coming out afterwards. They had carried two lines and dug in afterwards, and had undergone a heavy shelling. They were covered from head to foot with mud and practically slept as they marched out. One chap, an officer, was walking along supported on both sides by soldiers, he was sound asleep. They evidently had had some time.

* * * * *

We have been having most wonderful weather ; just like summer at home ; not too hot. I was lying out in a field reading a magazine ; the farmers were plowing the fields and away in the distance was a certain historic place ; it is absolutely in ruins ; but otherwise everything looked so peaceful that it was hard to believe there was a war on ; then all of a sudden the guns started and made such an awful row that it certainly brought you down again to the mess that this country is in.

We are now having the time of our young lives. We are at the big war, and so far have found it "nae so worse." I am afraid that we will have to train Fritz ; he has been having things his own way too much.

Our friends, the Belgians, can certainly cook. Talking of dinners : Last night we had the regimental dinner with all the frills—pipers, orchestra, etc., etc. The orchestra consisted of 1 fiddle, 2 banjos and 2 mandolins. I do not know where they found the talent, which they had. It is wonderful what one can do with a battalion—no matter what you want you can find it ; even if it is from a cobbler to a preacher, you can always get your man.

* * * * *

There is a Y.M.C.A. tent quite close to where we are now. There is a band playing and everything looks as peaceful as can

be, but up on the road 500 yards away the guns are working and Mr. Fritz is merrily bursting shell all round him.

Ten minutes' walk takes us to a moving picture show and ten minutes the other way takes us to war. This is a funny place ; you are looking at Charlie Chaplin one minute and dodging shells the next. It must have been Shakespeare who said "Life is one (dashed) thing after another."

* * * * *

Just a line from the front trenches. We have only just moved in but have already had very bad news. The Colonel was sniped this afternoon while going through the front line of trenches. He died almost instantly and we are feeling pretty badly cut up about it. The Regiment, in fact the Service, has lost a most gallant officer, and without doubt a thorough gentleman. You will undoubtedly have heard the news by the time you get this letter, but I thought that I would just write and let you know any way. Colonel Marshall's courage had become a by-word in the regiment and he was popularity itself amongst his men. Poor chap, the Regiment certainly will miss him. His death is a bad blow to all of us. He was continuously thinking of the comfort of the men and trying to arrange things so that it would be easier for them. Good-bye and God bless you all.

IN THE TRENCHES

In and Out of the Dugouts—Life Behind the Lines—On Discontentment

—A Display of "Fireworks"—What Our Boys

Think of the Hun as a Fighter

"In the Field," Belgium, April 4th, 1916.

Well, we are back to the dugouts once more and it is the same as ever. The whole game here is to sit tight and keep quiet and old Fritz won't shell you, so we don't put our noses outside of the door all day. I shouldn't be surprised if the regiment went back to the huts again before our company has to go into the front line. The trenches here are better than the ones we left. They are closer together, but they practically never get shelled.

I have one good piece of news. Maybe you have seen it in the paper. About 75 Huns gave themselves up to the regiment on our right, so evidently old Fritz is getting sick of the war.

* * * * *

We finished our last tour in the trenches with our usual good luck in not getting shelled, but we were mighty glad to get out and go back to the huts. It was a late relief and we had to march nearly 12 miles to reach our billet. Our company was the first to get home. We marched hard and got there at 2.30 a.m., but the last company didn't arrive till 5.30 a.m. Good old Steve Maybee had the pipe band all out to play us in. They played while we had a hot supper for the officers and men. It certainly does make you feel proud of the regiment to come back after living four days in the trenches and hear the pipes playing, and have a regimental supper at 4.30 a.m., with everybody tired, but feeling happy as can be to get out of the trenches.

We had a big regimental dinner. It was a huge success. We had a fine meal, speeches, toasts, songs and choruses. The pipe band played and we had a string orchestra of a violin, banjo, guitar and mandolin. It is seldom we have the opportunity of getting all the officers of the 48th together. They are a great bunch of fellows. I am sending you my place card with all the signatures of those present. Please keep it for me.

One day Mike and a gang of us went into Poperinghe to have a bath, etc. It is a very decent little Belgian town and we had tea, a bath, and a very nice dinner party, and then went to see a show that the English troops billeted in town had gotten up. It was the best amateur vaudeville I have ever seen, though I expect the actors were nearly all professionals in civilian life. They had some dandy skits, some great singing, and they took off all the famous London actors. It made you think you were in good old London again instead of in a little Belgian town that Fritz had been shelling that very afternoon.

All too quickly our rest passed and we were back in the line for sixteen days. At present our battalion is in reserve in cellars, dugouts, etc. I have been placed in a little fort with a garrison of about 25 men. It is one of those "last ditchers" places where we have 36,000 rounds of ammunition, a store of bombs, and a store of bully beef, biscuits and water, and orders to hang on till the last man. Of course, this is nearly all bull, because Fritz would have to break through two lines of trenches to reach us. The only thing wrong with the place is that I have to live alone for eight days, and my dugout is well named a coffin. It is 7 ft. by 5 by 4, and has a bed and two big boxes of iron ration in it. I have to use this for a bedroom, kitchen and dining room. There

isn't room to sit up so I spend the day lying down, and my batman comes in and does the cooking on a little coal oil stove.

"Oh! we haven't much money, but we do see life."

* * * * *

(FROM THE SAME)

April 23rd, 1916.

A Happy Easter to everybody. It is Easter to-day, isn't it? I had a big argument with my batman about it. He claims that it was Easter Sunday two weeks ago, but it is such a lovely, sunny morning that I am sure it must be Easter.

To-day is the first day for over a week that it hasn't rained, and it is great to get out of my little coffin dug-out and sit on the fire-step of the trench in the sun. I celebrated Easter by having a wash and shave, the first in five days. I feel like a new born babe. I can't imagine what it will be like to get out of the trenches in about another week and take off my clothes, after wearing them for seventeen days, and have a hot bath.

I am glad to hear old E.—R.—is getting along so well. I suppose he is getting anxious to be back here again. You are never satisfied. When you are home you wish you were out here, and when you are out here you wish you were home. The only time you are really satisfied is when you are on leave, and even then you keep thinking about having to go back to the war again—but if you were told you couldn't go back you would be sore because you had to stay away. This is sort of an Irish rigmarole but it is very true. Out here you hear everybody saying, "If I could only get back to Toronto again," but the other day when the order came for someone to volunteer to go back to Canada to instruct, they all turned it down.

We had a taste of war last night, about six o'clock p.m. The guns opened up—Fritz's first and then ours. There was such a roar that you couldn't hear yourself speak. The flashes of the guns firing and the shells bursting, combined with the red, white and green flare-lights, were some fireworks, but we had to keep in our dugouts because the air was full of shrapnel. The gusts of shrapnel going through the air sounded like the roaring of the wind. This kept up for four hours without a stop. It must have been pure unadulterated "hell" for the troops in the front line. The Germans attacked our line, but were driven back. I am afraid the losses were heavy on both sides. It is funny—I am only half a mile away from where the attack was made, but I didn't know

there had even been an attack till the General told me just now. You will probably have read all about it, in the papers by now. None of our battalion were in it, but some of our stretcher-bearers helped get the wounded out.

Connaught Camp, Thursday, May 4th, 1916.

Well, we are out of the trenches at last, and are resting back in the peaceful countryside. We were in the trenches for 16 days and, believe me, we were glad to get out. We weren't particularly badly shelled, but there were bombardments and attacks on all sides, so the nervous strain was rather heavy.

One evening just as the sun was sinking I was reading a book sitting on the fire-step, and all was peace and quietness. Suddenly there was a huge explosion and the earth quivered. I jumped up and right in the battalion next to us half the trench and earth was up in the air, and I knew immediately that it was a mine. Before the earth had settled again all the guns and trench mortars on both sides had opened up. The heaviest part of the bombardment was on the trench next to us, but we got our share and it levelled nearly half of our trench. The heavy shelling lasted $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the spirits of the men were wonderful. They were all ready to meet Fritz as soon as he came over. Finally, after waiting under all this heavy shelling, the word came that Fritz was coming. Without waiting for any orders every man sprang to the parapet (or what was left of it). Great was our disappointment when we found they were attacking 200 yards farther down the line, and we couldn't even see them for the smoke from the shells. Fritz got into the front trench, which had been all blown to pieces, but he only stayed there a couple of minutes. Our boys from the supports came running up and went at them with bombs, shovels and anything they could pick up. Old Fritz got scared and dropped all his bombs and ran, so our boys picked up the German bombs and hastened old Fritz on his way back with his own bombs. All my men were terribly disappointed at not getting into the scrap and all wanted to go over the parapet and have a go at them.

The Germans have been making these foolish little attacks all along the line and they have gotten the hurr beat off them every time. The German plans, organization, and artillery are good, but the men themselves haven't got the stuff. Every one of our men feels that he is good for about ten Huns.

Our artillery was great the night of the fight. They were firing within 20 seconds of the mine explosion, and they put over 7,000 shells on a 500-yard frontage. As you can imagine, Fritz's trenches were blown to pieces.

WITH THE GUNS.

Trench mortars—"Not really in the scrap"—A "comfortable" dugout—
Bringing up munitions—A narrow shave.

March 22nd, 1916.

Am writing this from the trench-mortar school, about seven miles behind the line. I came down here on Monday morning, arriving about an hour late but did not miss much. We are studying the two main T.M.'s in use, the 1½" and the 2", and it's very interesting work. They are really very wonderful little guns, although they look terribly old fashioned, consisting simply of a smooth-bore barrel stuck on a plate with a fork arrangement in front to hold it up. However, you can get some idea of their value when you see them at work. A 2" bomb, approximately 60-lbs. in weight, makes just as big a hole and does just as much damage to trenches, wire, etc., as a six-inch howitzer shell. 22 lbs. of T.M. ammunition equals 150 lbs. of heavy gun ammunition. Of course the initial outlay is a mere trifle when compared to guns and the ammunition is very cheap, so altogether, they are pretty useful little pieces. The Germans, as usual, are a long way ahead of us in this department, presumably having them before the war started, but the English woke up to their value last summer and they have been coming along in leaps and bounds. Just the same, these little pop-guns are an awful come-down from the 18-pounder, and I am going to make a terrible kick before I get shoved into them.

March 27th, 1916.

I just came down from the O.P. this morning, having been up there since Friday, but I'm very glad I did stay up the extra twenty-four hours as I saw a really wonderful sight early this morning. Last night about 10 o'clock the Major rang me up to say that there was a show on and that I was to keep strict look-out. About 12.30 he again 'phoned me to go to bed until 3.30, so naturally I didn't take long about it. Well, just at 4.15 the row started. The British first blew up a long string of mines, one of which exploded in the trenches in front of us. That was the signal for the artillery to start in and, believe me, they did. The whole

country simply seemed to jump into flames and the funny part of it was that the Hun was only a minute or two behind. He must have been warned and had been "standing to" all night. Well, the bombardment kept up until about 5 a.m., and while it lasted it surely was a wonderful sight. We've been "standing to" all day, but have just got orders to "stand easy." We haven't heard the results yet, but I think it was something pretty big.

Thursday evening, April 6th, 1916.

I've just come out of the trenches after an awful twelve hours. We went in on Tuesday and have been there since, and its absolutely awful up there. Luckily for us, things are in such a terrible state that the trench-mortars can't move, so we got pulled out at 5.30 to-night, probably not to go back for some time.

The very heavy shelling began yesterday. I had to go up to one of the guns from our dugout in the communication trench, and I really was very much afraid that I'd never get back. The shells were literally bursting on every side and the shrapnel spraying all over the trenches; one huge chunk of shell just grazed my shoulder and plunked into the mud—I've got it as a souvenir.

But we weren't really in this scrap. It's the poor infantry that I pity. The communication trenches are so shot up that they haven't been able to move the dead and wounded all day, and they must be thick up there. Only the fellows that could walk passed us, and they had some terrible stories to tell. As a matter of fact from what I've heard since I arrived back at the billet here, I've found out that we really were not in the scrap, the trenches on our right getting the worst of it. The two officers from here that were with their battery, say that they never dreamed that anything could be so absolutely awful. The dead are lying all over the place with no one to move them. G—L— said that he heard one officer, lying wounded in the bottom of the trench, ask the stretcher bearers to walk over him to get some wounded out. I don't wonder now that the men go crazy under shell-fire.

The battery that we were supposed to relieve to-day had their officer blown to bits at 11 o'clock this morning. I thank the good Lord that I'm out of that awful hole to-night.

April 9th, 1916.

Friday, the day after I came out, I had to go back for two guns, one in a very hot place where they had taken the infantry out, leaving it deserted. We have a terribly rough bunch of men,

everybody pawning off the trouble-makers on to the T.M.'s., but they're certainly "there" in the trenches. I took a small squad up with me, getting to the first gun without much difficulty. However, the second one was five hundred yards farther on, which was another matter, so I asked for three volunteers, and the whole squad wanted to go. One place we had to crawl over two dead men, one on top of the other, and it nearly "got" me. One of them had half his head blown off, while the other was simply cut to pieces. After all the infantry went through we saw in the papers yesterday, "Heavy artillery bombardment at St. Eloi." As a man in our battery was temporarily insane after it, dozens of the infantry men must have been in the same condition.

April 19th, 1916.

It's been raining practically continuously since we came "in," but we've certainly got a lot of work done. Three large dugouts in three days is pretty good work, and two of them are peaches. We can easily stand up in ours, and our two batmen have constructed two beds, a table and a shelf for us; besides, some of the men pinched a "has-been" stained glass door from one of the houses in the ruined village we're living beside, and rigged it up. You've got to hand it to the Canadians every time when it comes to making oneself comfortable. The dugouts we took over from the English were a disgrace to the army. You couldn't sit up in the officers', much less stand, and they slept on the ground without a floor or anything under them but a few sand-bags.

Easter Sunday, April 23rd, 1916.

Although we are supposed to be out resting now, yesterday at noon I got orders to take our whole battery up to the trenches last night with a big bunch of stuff, and it turned out to be the biggest job I've had to tackle since I came to France.

We left about 5.30 last night, and caught our motor lorry about half a mile from here; went to our bomb store in a small town about two and a half miles from here and loaded up with one hundred sixty-pound bombs (on a three-ton truck) besides twenty boxes of component parts. The drivers of the truck made a big kick, but I got away with it, as they were not sure how much the bombs weighed. Our bomb store is just out of the village and I had a long argument with a sentry as to whether I was going into the town or not, as he had orders that no vehicles were to go in until nine o'clock. However, I told him I'd take the respon-

sibility, and in the end got in O.K. We then went to another store and loaded on about six hundred pounds more of stuff, including two guns. Then my troubles started. I had orders to proceed to a certain village about a mile behind the line, load up on the trench railway and proceed. But as neither I nor any of my men had been anywhere near this district before we had no idea what roads to start out on. I asked a sentry on one road and he told me that his road was impassable, but directed me on another, which we finally started up only to find it about three feet deep in mud, so we backed out and I walked two miles to artillery headquarters where I was directed up the "sentry's" road. I put in a bad hour going up, as it was full of shell holes, being in full view of Fritz in the day time. If we had stuck on it the whole "shebang" would have been lost as soon as it was light. However, we finally got to the trench railroad, and after passing another hour in blocked traffic we got our load on the trucks. Now flat trucks without any sides on aren't the best things to carry heavy bombs, and after the first three hundred yards we had ten dumps. Once about a dozen bombs went into a stream, and a corporal and I, being the only ones with hip rubber boots on, went in after them, suddenly finding ourselves practically up to our waists in water with our big boots full, and after fishing around on the bottom we got a fairly good swim. Everything came out all right in the end, though; when we got to the X battery dugouts, T— informed us that he had got an infantry carrying party to take the bombs up the last couple of hundred yards.

We had a very queer walk home, a mile of it over a shallow lake with a trench-mat runway two feet wide, and as it was pitch dark six or seven of the men fell in up to their waists. Still everyone was in good humour, and we got home at last some time this morning.

April 29th, 1916.

I had a rather close call last night while B— and I were going our nightly rounds, and I've been thanking my lucky stars ever since that I got off so easy. We were going across open country behind the trenches when a stray "whizz bang" (77 mil.) burst directly in front of us. As you may gather from the name they don't give one much warning, and the first we knew of it was to see the flash. Practically simultaneously I received a very heavy blow just above the wrist. It must have been the fuse, as it didn't break the skin, and all that I got of it is a very bruised

and swollen forearm. The only thing that saved us from the spray of the bullets was the fact that it burst so low and they didn't have time to spread.

(From Another Officer.)

The School Hymn brings back memories

"Somewhere in Belgium," April 16th, 1916.

Just a few lines to let you know that some of your old St. Andrew's boys are out in the front line. I am here with the 18th Battalion, C.E.F., 2nd Division, France, and just to-day, W. S. McClinton came over from England to join us. He was with the 37th Batt. before that. Things have been pretty warm around this section of the front this last week and our battalion was in the midst of it. We are now in the rest billets for a few days but have been called out at nights on fatigues to dig reserve trenches.

You will, no doubt, be somewhat surprised to hear from me, but I'll tell you just what made me think of you. This morning at church parade the first hymn we had was our old College hymn, No. 251, "Fight the good fight," and every time I hear it I think of St. Andrew's College. It seems to be a very popular hymn among the overseas battalions.

While in England at Bramshott Camp and Shorncliffe I ran across any number of old St. Andrew's boys who are out to do their bit, and from all accounts of those who have been out for some time, they are all making good. Do you remember Victor Hastings? Well, he has won either the D.S.O. or Military Cross, I'm not sure which.

Well, sir, I would be very glad to hear from you, if you can spare the time to write me a few lines. Give my regards to any that I may know around the College.

WITH A HOSPITAL UNIT

France, May 7th, 1916.

It was indeed an agreeable surprise to have THE REVIEW drop in with last night's mail. It is just as interesting as it ever was. Perhaps more so these days when it keeps track of all the Old Boys so well.

It was interesting to read Malone's letter, in which he mentioned coming up to visit our Hospital. I happened to be out for a little exercise at the time. On the way back I saw a figure in the

distance which somehow or other looked familiar. It was no other than "Mike," with his same old smile. He has certainly developed into a strapping big fellow. It gave me a sort of a funny feeling to bump up against him out here. It brought back a whole lot of old memories.

Things are running very smoothly here, and no one is complaining of not having enough to do. Our hours are seven to seven and then we are up practically every second night, receiving convoys of wounded. Last night it was one o'clock before we rolled into the blankets. Reveille comes all too soon for this small child.

At present, my M.O., Capt. Little, is on seven days' leave, and I am sort of Sergeant in charge of the ward. It is a wonderful experience we are getting over here. The M.O.'s give us every possible chance to pick up things.

Just now, the most exciting thing, outside the ward, is baseball. The season is just commencing, and we have hopes of being in a league. There is not going to be as much time for ball this year, as last, still the fellows need the recreation after being on the wards all day.

Since coming here we have had four air raids. It was a good show to watch the anti-aircraft guns getting after the raiders. The aeroplanes didn't linger long in one spot.

Glad to see by the REVIEW that Mrs. Macdonald and yourself were once more enjoying good health.

Ever sincerely.

P.S.—Irvine Dymont* was around here the other day. He was at that time at convalescent camp. He is suffering from shock and his head bothers him. Bernal Brown, a day boy when I was there, was in this hospital for a few days. He is now up the line again.

IN THE AIR SERVICE

"Archies"—"Spiegling and Zooming"—A Fokker brought down—What prisoners' letters reveal.

"France."

(Received May 2nd, 1916)

Here I am sent alone to a new squadron, and we patrol the lines daily from daylight till dark, taking it in turns of approximately three hours each making targets of ourselves for enemy

*Twice wounded—the last time in the head. He is in the Ambulance.

"Archies," which I may say after my first experience, is not the most pleasant thing in the world, and every once in a while—about an average of one per day—they find a mark. They don't seem to mind expense, as anything from fifty to two hundred shells at you is quite ordinary.

We are about seven miles behind the lines and cover about sixty miles of them.

I got lost in a snowstorm the other day and my compass was out of commission, and when I could see the ground again, I didn't know whether I was in Germany or not, but seeing a kiltie I came down at about five miles behind our lines, but quite a way from where I should have been.

* * * * *

I would like very much to tell you about some of the papers and letters which we receive confidentially from time to time taken from prisoners and intercepted in other ways.

There has evidently been a great deal of internal trouble that we have not heard of and the price of food materials is evidently out of sight for the poorer classes, and everything is only procured by ticket limiting the amount of purchase.

I went out on patrol at four this morning, and soon after searching the line, an "Archie" greeted me fairly close and a little under my right wing, so to while away the time and kid the "Archie" gunners I did a tail slide and a couple of spiels and zoomed and twined a good deal in that locality. Coming in I repeated the operations from about seven thousand feet, and my observer, whom I've forgotten about, was feeling quite ill.

Yesterday a Hun passed over and I got about a drum off at him, but he was too far above me and my machine (not mine, but the one I had) wouldn't clinch any higher, so I had to let it go.

* * * * *

(Received May 8th, 1916.)

We patrol about half or perhaps a little more of the British front, but as these letters are censored, the things I would like to tell you I can't.

The first stretch of good weather we get I'm going to O.—— to take a scout course, of which I am very glad, as I'm rather tired of these heavy slow machines.

Our fellows have had three recent engagements with Huns, but I wasn't lucky enough to be there at the time. One of our

machines was brought down by anti-aircraft fire, but succeeded in landing this side of the lines, but was crushed.

There is a good deal of general activity all along the front, and looking down you see where the mine craters almost connect up the opposing trenches. The communication trenches are curved or zig-zagged to give protection from shelling, and all seem to be pretty well flooded.

* * * * *

France, May 6th, 1916.

There's nothing much to tell you of interest, and we've been doing a number of formation patrols, going over around the country directly opposite our area looking for enemy machines, but chiefly getting nothing but "Archy."

I was very near and the other day and trying to get there when they brought down a Fokker, for which they both got the Military Cross. It was a very pretty battle to watch, and they swooped like hawks three times at each other, and then they shot away the Fokker's main spar, and one wing crumpled up and he came down turning over and over, the one remaining wing flashing in the sunlight.

The pilot, a son of the Prince of Saxony, fell out about a hundred feet from the ground and into our front line trenches, the machine landing in between the second and third, where it was immediately shelled by the Germans. The pilot was quite dead. We buried him with full military honours, and are taking a note over and dropping it to let them know and to put in a word of admiration for the fight he put up.

Summer here has started in pretty well and while the sun is out it is terribly hot, but quite cool as soon as it clouds over.

* * * * *

France, May 8th, 1916.

The weather here has changed and it is again quite cool and on account of wind and rain there has been no flying for the past few days.

The next thing we are billed with is a photographic reconnaissance over the German lines of a town well known in the annals of the war, so we wait patiently to find out what will befall us.

To-day I am orderly officer and have to stay here in the squadron-office and attend to the various duties and complaints. Also I have to sleep here, and it looks as though it might not be a very successful night, and then some idiot is sure to call up about two a.m. and find he is calling the wrong place or something equally ridiculous.

There has been a good deal of activity along our front lines, shelling and small attacks. Letters from prisoners taken by us all agree in the scarcity and high prices, also of riots by the women on that account and the drastic measures taken for quelling them by the authorities. Fining merchants for exorbitant prices has been very general.

(From Another Officer.)

Lots of Old Boys mentioned here.

Saturday, April 22nd, 1916.

I am still in England and have been at several different air stations around the south counties. I am now stationed at ——. There are a number of Canadians down there and there is only one old St. Andrew's boy besides myself. Ken. Smith (K.G.) has been there for some time.

I met Lindsay and Junor and "Monty" Clarkson to-night. They have only been here about two weeks. Last week I spent an evening with Jamie Auld and "Dutch" Nelson. Jamie has been in France for a long time with the Artillery. Nelson has been in the trenches as a Tommy for seven months and is now taking out a commission with the Artillery. I saw Christie Clark last week in town. He has just arrived. Clarence Rogers is now in France with the R.F.C. Gordon Alexander and Jimmie Lockhart are in England with the R.F.C., also Carlton Angstrom. He is married and has his wife over here with him. Beasley and I were separated for two months, but are now together again at Eastchurch. Nation has just gone to France. Stone is still in England with the Artillery. Art Kilgour went to India with the Flying Corps about three months ago. Henry Gooderham is still Adjutant with one of the Reserve Battalions in Shorncliffe. Grant Gooderham has been transferred from the Coast Guard Station at Whitley Bay to the War Squadron at Dover and will shortly go to Dunkirk (R.N.A.S.). Tom Corsan has been invalided home with a bad leg. I met Wright who played on the 1909 football team. He was in here just now. He has transferred

over from the Canadians to the R.N.A.S. I saw Doug Galbraith and Neil Fergusson about a month ago. They are still in England. Ted Rand is now in France.

FROM THE BALKAN FRONT

(The following letter should have been included in the Easter REVIEW, but unfortunately went astray. It will still be read, however, with great interest. The writer is Dr. D. E. S. Wishart (S.A.C. 1901-1906).)

Salonica Force, Jan. 22nd, 1916.

Your letter was written on Dec. 5th. On that day I was in a little village in Serbia called Tartarh, an irregular collection of small one-storey huts, roofed with rude old beams covered with heavy red earthenware, and with walls about two feet thick—rude stone affairs, only some of the huts having a sort of plaster on the inner faces of the walls to make them somewhat smooth. The doors were all crazy, narrow small affairs, very crude, and there were no windows. The floor was of rubble covered with a good clay surface, and from the smoke-blackened rafters hung large sheaves of huge tobacco leaves, and long rows of yellow corn. Every hut had an attached small plot of ground, say 20 ft. square, and the whole was enclosed in another stone wall. Sometimes several huts would be in the same enclosing wall. Some of them had behind them a rude barn more or less filled with filthy straw or a rotting mixture of gourds, tobacco leaves or yellow corn. The place was indescribably filthy, but somewhat picturesque. Streets were mere paths, twisting in tortuous fashion, and joining the huts in a sort of way. In all my stay there, I only found one building intact—the old mosque—which we promptly commandeered for our cases; all the rest had much amiss,—broken down doors, roofs broken to get at the dry rafters for firewood, stone walls everywhere in most tumbledown condition, and the enclosures full of very dirty messes. Of course the population had disappeared long before, not an inhabitant or native living thing, except an occasional Serbian dog, most dangerously savage from sheer starvation. In one of these one-room huts we washed-slept and ate, in one or two others and a couple of the above, mentioned barns lived the men not on duty, and in eight or nine others, including a mosque, we housed our patients, men suffering from exposure, rheumatism, horrible degrees of frostbite and

gangrene, etc., and the wounded. These came to us walking, crawling, carried on stretchers or on mules, about half from the trenches farther up the hill, and the remainder from our dressing station five miles up a narrow gorge, so difficult to navigate that we had most of our men employed at two relay stations in between us and it. Talk about work—oh, my eye !

All our area was under shell fire, but no damage was done to any of us ; the shells fortunately were occupied in searching for our batteries, and not bothering about us. The weather was about the limit, five or six days of zero weather ; zero in the valleys with about three inches of snow, but much more terrible two thousand feet higher up on the tops of the ridges where our lines lay.

Much cannot be put down on paper—you must let your imagination work to complete the picture.

Writing here is a hard job. I'm in a comfortable dugout on the (sunny) side of a hill. Outside, the moon is shining clear, quite obscuring the twinkling stars, but it's a cold moon, and the odd breeze that whispers down our gully from the snow-covered mountain side that rises immediately above us, is, as usual, fast turning the water in my washbucket into ice. To-night I'm the proud possessor of a writing pad, the first in over a good six weeks, but as ours is the only dugout with a fireplace and a roaring fire, our good hut is jammed with brother officers, and their interjections and Irish good humour are enough to distract anyone. So excuse all faults.

At present we are not in action, but we are right up with the trenches our brigade is building for the defence of Salonica, and we are getting plenty to do without any wounded. As I see all the cases that come, I am getting plenty of good experience.

The men of our mess are a jolly decent set, one of them a Canadian of the class ahead of me at U. of T., the rest Irish and Scotch, the one Englishman being the one exception. We also have three padres billeted with us, very decent fellows.

When not too busy with sick, there are all sorts of other duties,—orderly officer, transport officer, sub-stations, reconnoitring, etc. I enjoy the latter immensely, as it takes me miles over the surrounding country, which I am commencing to know fairly well. Our position is splendid and getting stronger every day. The weather isn't too bad. Very much sunshine, but also occasional snow flurries, which leave the heights above us con-

tinually enveloped in white, while it rapidly melts on the plateaus and in the valleys below, and turns the gullies and all that is therein into a sea of mud, so that for days at a time we tramp about in gum boots and British warmes.

We are so comparatively comfortable now that we loathe to think of the possibility of having to shift.

The arrival of parcels with good things to eat from good friends puts us into the seventh heaven. We welcome plumcake, chocolate, cigarettes, toffee, and feel more or less glum when the parcel contains such things as bovril, of which every Field Ambulance carries a huge stock.

IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

English "as she is wrote"—The tale of a pipe.

You can have no idea of the jargon that we talk here, a sort of Esperanto, chiefly French, with occasional Russian, English and German words thrown in, but, nevertheless, we appear to understand one another perfectly.

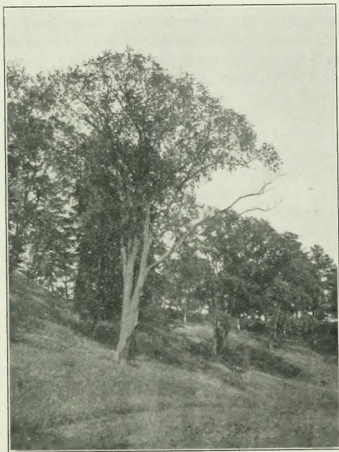
I have a great pal here, a Russian Cossack. He knows the same amount of English as I know of Russian—about a dozen words. He got a pipe of mine ; as it was the one I had all the time in France, I wanted to keep it as a slight souvenir. I got a new one for him and he returned the old one with a letter which I think is quite a masterpiece. It was :—

"Amiable dear Fred,—I send you your pipe. I part with she, very grieving, because she has did to me very much enjoyment, reminding to me from you. When I had she in my teeth it appeared to me that you sit about me, and her tender touch has did illusion of your kiss. I wait for your response.

Yours ever,
KOOSMICH."

NOTES ON THE LOCAL HISTORY OF THE NEW SITE OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

A VISITOR to the new property at York Mills cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the natural amphitheatre which surrounds the playing-field and by the picturesque and venerable elms and pines which adorn its slopes. Splendid old trees they are, the last remnants of that mighty forest which a hundred years ago covered the country. Along the crest of the hills runs



One of the Old Trees

a deserted road, which for fifty years was traversed by an interesting and varied traffic. It follows the original course taken by Yonge Street to avoid the steep banks of the Don. How many strange things the old road and the old trees remember !

Though the road was first surveyed in the year 1795, the portage which Yonge Street superseded has a history which goes

back a hundred and fifty years before that date. It will be found marked in the early French maps, and was no doubt used by the Indians centuries before the coming of the white men. It must not be supposed, however, that the portage from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe followed the straight line of the present street; it ran from the Humber north, but in the main the routes are the same, and both terminated at the Holland Landing.

The earliest travellers over this portage of whom we have historical record were the Jesuit missionaries about 1625, who journeyed south from the Huron Missions on the Georgian Bay. The portage was at that time in Iroquois territory, and if we exercise our imagination we can see, at a little later date, bands of Iroquois warriors, the most formidable savages ever known, creeping stealthily northward along the narrow trail to exterminate the now Christian Hurons.

Then we can picture to ourselves the intrepid explorer La Salle, who passed this way in 1680, in one of his earliest endeavours to reach the headwaters of the Mississippi, and so on to the Gulf of Mexico, in a great effort to forestall the Kings of England and Spain in the possession of that region.

Later, the Toronto portage, as it was at first known, acquired a new importance. Here let me pause to explain that the name "Toronto" is of Huron-Iroquois origin, and was used to designate the country of the Hurons who held, when Champlain found them in 1615, the district north-west of Lake Simcoe, with a population of about 20,000. The word "Toronto" means "populous," and in old maps Lake Simcoe is called "Lake Toronto," while the two portages leading to Lake Ontario, the one by Balsam Lake and the Bay of Quinte, and the other by the Yonge Street route, were both known as "the Toronto portage." The easterly portage was closed in 1674 by the French fort "Frontenac," but the Yonge Street "Toronto portage" continued to be used by Indians and by fur-traders from New England till a much later period.

The importance of this route can scarcely be overestimated when it is remembered that it led directly to the great centre of the American fur-trade, the island of Mackinaw, which lies at the entrance of Lake Michigan. This island on account of its unique situation became at a very early date the centre of all continental trade-routes, and to-day many important cities on the great lakes stand on the old portages or trails which led to

Mackinaw. Duluth, Chicago, Buffalo, Oswego, may be mentioned, and Toronto is no exception.

After the Jesuits and the Iroquois, the fur-traders, then, from the New England States, were the next to use this portage. For the French themselves reached Mackinaw by way of the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing. And that the English succeeded in diverting from the French a considerable portion of this lucrative trade is seen in the fact that the French were compelled to build Fort Rouillé at the southern end of the portage to close the route. As early as 1686 the French governor wrote, "M. de la Durantaye is collecting people to occupy the pass which the English may take by Toronto, the other entrance to Lake Huron. In this way our Englishmen will have some one to speak to." This fort, finally established in 1749, was abandoned by the French about 1760.

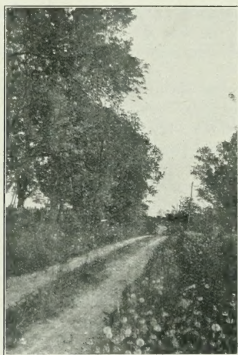
Throughout the 18th century Ontario was the scene of bloody wars between the Iroquois and the Ojibways or Missisagas, in which the latter were finally successful, expelling the Iroquois from the north side of the lake. War parties of both tribes frequently traversed the portage and the Iroquois have left a trace of their prowess in the name given by the Ojibways to the river used by them after crossing Lake Simcoe on their raids, for Notawasaga means "Mohawk outlet."

There is also a record of a large body of Ojibways who after a bloody massacre at Fort Mackinaw following the conspiracy of Pontiac, travelled south along the Yonge St. portage to the great Indian Conference held by Sir William Johnston at Niagara in 1764. They had with them as prisoner an adventurous fur-trader from the New England States, Alexander Henry, who has left a vivid account of his experiences.

Actual records of travel along the Toronto portage before the time of Governor Simcoe in 1791 are few, but with the aid of what records remain one can easily picture it traversed, as we have described, by Jesuit missionaries, Huron, Iroquois, and Ojibway Indians, French explorers, soldiers and traders, and the intruding English from New England.

When Governor Simcoe in 1794 selected the southern terminus of the old portage for the site of his new capital, he ordered a survey of the road and county to be made, and immediately colonists began to take up land, so that by 1812 the county was occupied to Lake Simcoe.

Among all the strange sights that the old road saw in this early period no more extraordinary group of colonists would be remarked than some members of the French royalist aristocracy who sought in this wilderness a shelter from the French Revolution. They settled a few miles north of St. Andrew's property in 1799, and lords and ladies who had danced at Versailles might often be seen travelling to and from the infant capital on ox-carts over the old road, then impassable for other vehicles. The jewels of Mme. la Comtesse de Puisaye and the manners of M. le



The Old Road

Comte de Chalûs dazzled for a while colonial society in York, but eventually these unhappy aristocrats abandoned the struggle with the fierce hardships of colonial life, and returned to Europe.

By the year 1812, when war broke out with the United States, much progress had been made, and although the road was still corduroy and the hills impossible sloughs of mud, up which waggons were drawn by the aid of windlasses, still little farms were emerging in the clearings on either side, and the worst stumps had been drawn from the roadway.

That was a painful occasion for those ladies who in 1815 took refuge at the log-house of Baron Houghe, two miles below the St. Andrew's property. Fleeing from the invading Americans, as they reached the Baron's cabin, which seemed sufficiently remote from danger, they heard with alarm the sound of the explosion of the powder magazine of Fort York. No doubt this dreadful detonation, which killed five hundred Americans, was plainly heard also at York Mills.

Up and down the old road during the war tramped the defenders of the province. And mention must be made of those who passed most frequently, the gallant York Rangers, who fought so bravely at Queenston Heights. Even more activity was manifest along the road when in 1814 an extension was made to Penetanguishene, where a naval station was established. Thus Yonge Street became the military route across the narrowest part of the province, interrupted in the middle by Lake Simcoe. The intervening land link from the Holland Landing to Barrie was not completed till about 1828. As there were no railways in Ontario before 1850, almost all the settlers who thronged into central Ontario after the Napoleonic wars, passed to their new homes over this much-travelled road, and along that very part which lies within the School grounds.

Let us conclude this chapter of notes by placing ourselves in imagination by the roadside under one of those venerable trees about the year 1820 and observing the passers-by.

Here is a settler from across the sea who has arrived after a journey of three months. His weary wife and children are carried with all his household effects upon a capacious ox-cart which creaks painfully along the trail. He will arrive in a day or two at his new home in the forest, to begin life anew under labourious but promising conditions.

Next comes a company of Wellington's veterans, told off for duty at Penetanguishene, or going to claim the lands granted as rewards for service.

A group of Indians in gay blankets attract our gaze as they pass along to exchange their furs for supplies in the shops of Muddy York.

Here is a small boy with a string of fish. He has been fishing in the Don and is bringing home several splendid lake salmon. They shine like silver and are almost as large as himself. It is long since such fish have been taken at York Mills.

A cheerful company now passes. They are clad in buckskin leggings and red shirts, while their dark complexions suggest Indian blood. A train of waggons follow, each loaded with a large boat or canoe. It is a troupe of the North West Fur Company's voyageurs and their destination is Fort Garry, the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Circle. As they disappear in the forest the sound of their singing grows fainter, but we recognize "*A la claire fontaine*," "*En roulant*," and other voyageur chansons. Yonge Street was much used by the voyageurs, and before 1820 the Company had spent £10,000 in improving the road.

Indeed the old road in 1820 presented an animated picture, but no doubt enough has been suggested to enable the readers of THE REVIEW on their next visit to York Mills to reconstruct for themselves some of the many scenes which the old road and the old trees have witnessed. And perhaps in a subsequent number I may have something to tell of the stirring events of Rebellion days, of the stage-coaches, of Col. Cameron, and of the history of the locality at a more recent date.

P. J. R.

THE "PLAYING-FIELDS OF ETON" AND THE WAR

THE famous saying of the Duke of Wellington, about the Battle of Waterloo having been won upon the playing fields of Eton, has nobly served its day, and supplied the text for numerous orators at Prize Day and similar functions, lucky when they were not anticipated by the previous speaker and compelled to fall back on the still more ancient and familiar *mens sana in corpore sano* !

One cannot help wondering if the good old tag will retain its evergreen usefulness, its gospel-like authority and prestige, after the present war. Already in Boer-war days it had forfeited something of our confidence, and even such sturdy Britishers as Rudyard Kipling made scornful ridicule of the "flannelled fools" at the wicket, and "muddied oafs" at the goal. Since that time the presence, over the North Sea, of a hustling and self-assertive, but unpleasantly successful business rival, with little respect for sportsmanship, little regard for what "wasn't cricket," but a terrible equipment, instead, of science, purpose and system, had begun to shake John Bull's complacent pride in the Public School boy and the Oxford Blue as the type of manly perfection intended by Providence to inherit the earth. The strange foreign god "efficiency" made its appearance and began to claim its share of popular homage. And now comes Armageddon, with its sudden, fierce test of all national values, ideals, resources, qualities of will and endurance. How far will the "playing fields of Eton" avail us now ?

There is not much resemblance in warfare, as our Old Boys are learning it to-day, to a game of cricket or football. Gone are the days of the old stand-up, pitched battle with its prescribed manœuvres, established rules and limited area, permitting of a comparison to a match between opposing teams. We are fighting an enemy who is very far from regarding war as a game, with rules which it would be dishonourable to break in order to win ; and we are compelled in sheer self-defence to adopt many of his methods. Will the old reverence for sport, and sporting ideals, shown in a host of phrases which reveal a national habit of thought, and are embodied authoritatively in the utterance of a national hero like Wellington, survive the present war ?

It is instructive to note, in this connection, that our most formidable enemy, the Germans, have a corresponding (or con-

trasting) saying, first used in reference to their war with Austria in 1866, and doubtless applied to their military successes of to-day—that it was won by the German schoolmaster, that is, in the class-room rather than on the playing field. There is indeed no playing field, as we know it, in German schools, and this means that the German youth is brought up a stranger to the salutary spirit of give-and-take, self-reliance, fair play, and other *untaught*, democratic virtues in which, at their best, our field sports are an excellent training-ground. Democracy and democratic principles are in fact the one thing carefully guarded against in German schools. The settlement of disputes between pupils must be referred to the master—*jede Selbsthilfe ist verboten* (every sort of self-help is forbidden)! Tale-telling, or *Denunziation*, is, as might be expected, thus encouraged, and the foundation laid for a system by which, “in German internal affairs, in school and university, in her Church and Army . . . indeed everywhere, spying and tale-telling form just as essential a part of the great system as they do in her relations with foreign lands.”* At the same time the idea is carefully instilled that “a physical blow is a mental, moral and physical degradation.” No wonder the average German grows up with an exaggerated sense of his outward personal dignity—a national trait which finds such ludicrous expression in the bewildering hierarchy of dearly-cherished, and much flaunted titles and distinctions. Everyone who has lived among Germans has been struck by their extreme touchiness, their easily-wounded sense of “honour” (*Ehrengefühl*). In their army, as is well known, this has grown into a monstrous and intolerable arrogance, and in the whole nation (aided by the organized efforts of school-masters and professors) has developed a state of “swelled-headedness” which is the chief underlying cause of the war.

There is no use, of course, in trying to belittle the achievements of the German schoolmaster or the triumphs of German organization and discipline; and still less in flattering ourselves that the methods of the “playing-fields of Eton” are sufficient to

**The Soul of Germany*, by Thomas A. Smith, p. 29. The author resided twelve years in Germany, was a lecturer at Erlangen University, and has had exceptional opportunities for studying the German school system and its tendencies.

defeat them. We are learning, and have yet to learn, tremendous lessons from our enemy, in other regions of material effort as well as in war. There is still a sense, however, in which the Iron Duke's famous dictum may be applied even to a struggle like the present. However historians may dispute about the exact antecedents of the war, there is no doubt that a great part of the driving-power behind the Allied Cause is the feeling of horror and indignation at Germany's breaches of faith, her brutal violations of the laws of civilized warfare—in a word, her want of *sportsmanship*. That, too, is what has won us the decided sympathy of our cousins across the border—a sympathy which, even if it



A "Distant Prospect" of St. Andrew's Playing Fields

strikes no actual blow on our behalf, is nevertheless a powerful moral aid to us, and a corresponding disadvantage to the enemy.

The war might almost be described, without too great a flight of fancy, as a struggle between the spirit and influence of the schoolmaster—left rampant and unchecked, as in Germany, to indoctrinate and pervert a nation to its will—and the spirit and influence of the "playing-field," with its atmosphere of spontaneity and liberty, its untaught, natural code of honour, its hatred of bullying or "dirty work," its ideal of "playing the game." Each is now on trial. Each has much to learn and to adapt from its adversary.

In the ideal school, so in the ideal State, the rival principles of authority and liberty, discipline and impulse, work and play, must be reconciled and harmonized. If the Germans are compelled to respect in future the elements of sportsmanship and fair play, we, who are in so many ways like schoolboys in comparison, must acknowledge and amend our schoolboy habits of unpreparedness, procrastination, slovenliness, contempt of knowledge, and impatience of discipline. Let us hope that in the better order that will arise after the war, the thoroughness and efficiency of the "German schoolmaster" may prove capable of union with the spirit of the "playing-fields of Eton."

H. M. M.



Another "Distant Prospect"

BERMUDA

BERMUDA is a small island lying about six hundred miles off Cape Hatteras. The main island is about twenty-four miles long and not quite three miles wide at its widest, with a population of twenty-two thousand people. There are, besides the main island, three hundred and sixty-five little islets altogether, of which only one called St. David's Island, is inhabited.

The colony is exceedingly important to Great Britain, being a great naval base, and having the third largest dry-dock and the second most powerful wireless station in the world. There are always three or four warships in and out, all the time guarding the coasts.

The capital is Hamilton, a small town with several fine hotels, parliament buildings, cathedral, and public library. The other town is St. George's, a very quaint place with numbers of old-time houses and churches. Here Sir George Somers, the discoverer of the island, first landed in 1609.

As everybody knows, we have no trains, no automobiles, no street cars, nor motor cycles on the island. The only means of conveyance is by cabs and carriages, bicycles and boats. The reason we have no electrical conveyances is that the roads are too narrow and winding. No doubt our means of transportation may seem slow to those who are accustomed to electric cars; however, the method we use is suited for the size of the island.

The houses are built of white limestone, which is taken from the quarries in large blocks, and then cut up into smaller blocks called building stone. The first thing that attracted my attention when I arrived in Toronto was the red brick buildings. All the houses in Bermuda are of white stone.

Bermuda is both a winter and summer resort for tourists. The best time to visit the island is in the winter. During this season thousands of visitors arrive, and during their stay they make it their aim to see all the places of interest, even if they are only there for a day or two, by visiting the caves and coral reefs. The caves are remarkable for solid masses of coral formation formed into stalagmites and stalactites. These are caused by the constant drip of water which percolates through the ground and falls off the tip of a thin limestone thread. This in time gets

larger and harder from the lime in the water and after many years a stalactite is formed. In one of the caves known as the Crystal Caves, there is a natural formation resembling a bust of Queen Victoria. In another, known as Leamington Cave, there is a formation like the pipes of an organ, which if you take a piece of crystal and run it over it, produces the sound of an almost perfect scale. The variety and the bright colours of the many forms of marine life with which the waters abound, attract as great an interest as the caves themselves.

As there are no minerals such as coal and iron which would give rise to a manufacturing town, the only industry carried on is agriculture. The soil is very fertile and suitable for the growing of onions, potatoes, celery, beets, and other vegetables. Every year thousands and thousands of boxes of these are exported. Most of the smaller islands are used for cultivation, except one called Ports Island, where there are sixty or eighty German prisoners interned. These men are all sailors off different steamers that have been captured by the British since the outbreak of the war. Many of these men are University graduates, and during their spare time they amuse themselves by teaching the others. One who has studied mathematics will act as master, and carry on school for half an hour, and when he has finished another will take his place and teach French, and so on. The prisoners also occupy themselves with wood-work, and it is surprising what they can do with an ordinary knife. Some of the things made by them are napkin-rings, walking-sticks, paper-knives, and cedar boxes. They have now been on the island for over a year and will be there under strict guard until the end of the war.

There are surrounding Burmuda coral reefs at intervals of two miles or more, extending about twenty miles from the shore. On the last reef there are powder mines placed some distance apart, the fuses of which are run ashore through a thick cable and connected with a switch at Whale Bay Battery.

By means of mirrors it is known exactly when a ship is directly over a mine. Then by a simple operation of pushing the electric button the ship can be blown to pieces. The Whale Bay Battery controls the south and the west and the battery at St. George's, the north and the east.

At present the 38th Ottawa Regiment is there. These men are kept in very strict training. From the time they get up until

dinner time the battalion is broken up into small companies and under the command of an N.C.O. they are instructed in drill signalling and musketry. In the evening they go for a route march about twelve miles with full equipment. Shortly they expect to leave Bermuda for the trenches.

W. D. LIGHTBOURN (Form V.)



" Merrily We Roll Along "

WHAT THE BRITISH NAVY MEANS TO AMERICA

The dark forebodings felt, at the outbreak of war, about a period of financial and commercial depression for Canada, have fortunately, so far, remained unfulfilled.

War-contracts from the Allies have taxed our industrial resources to their utmost capacity, rendering unemployment practically unknown. A decrease of foreign imports has greatly enlarged the market of the home manufacturer, and less active competition in foreign fields has made expansion in that direction possible. The government having drawn the farmer's attention to the necessity of increased production, we have a vastly increased acreage under cultivation, with a corresponding increase in agricultural produce.

And if such a stimulus has been unexpectedly communicated to Canadian industry, how much more strikingly is this the case with our neighbours to the South. To-day the United States are the financial dictators of the world. They, too, have benefited as a result of the industrial activity occasioned by the war. The making of munitions is bringing unparalleled wealth to the country, while the withdrawal of necessary articles of German manufacture has led to the establishment of new industries. In the feeding of the Allied armies American agricultural products have also played a prominent part.

Thus we find practically a whole continent experiencing an era of unprecedented prosperity, consequent on its ability to produce the various necessities required by belligerents.

What circumstance makes possible this immense increase in production? The answer is obviously the country's practical immunity from the depredations on her sea-borne trade. Little would the activity of her factories or the fulness of her granaries avail her, if the outflow from them to foreign lands were liable to constant interference or destruction on the ocean.

From this danger she is secured, and a safe market assured for nearly all her surplus products, by the supremacy of the British Navy, the silent sentinels of which are guarding ceaselessly the interests of the British Empire, and of neutral nations, on the limitless trade routes throughout the world.

That, without the British Navy, German ascendancy in America would be assured is incontestable, and whether the lack of Canadian men and grains, together with that of American

munitions and money consequent on this domination, would permit the Allies to prosecute the war to a successful termination, is a question of extreme doubtfulness.

It is to this watchful and competent fighting force that we owe our freedom from such depredations as were practised in devastated Belgium. In its proved efficiency therefore let us place full reliance, confident in its ability, assisted by our gallant land forces and those of our Allies, to conclude successfully the present struggle.

G. A. BEER (Form V.)



Hoisting the Flag

THE "HAUNTED HOUSE"

I NEVER was a believer in ghosts and haunted houses, but an experience of two summers ago has always led me to keep as far away as possible from the real or imaginary neighbourhood of either.

It was in Muskoka that I met my first, and I hope my last ghost, and although in the telling, my tale may lack somewhat of the proper thrill, the fright I got I hope will never be repeated.

One afternoon my chum and I went to examine a house, which, as rumour had it, was haunted by the ghost of a settler who had been murdered and scalped in former times by the Indians. The reason for his nightly vigil was supposed to be the quest for his lost scalp.

Though we laughed at the idea, we visited the scene in the day time, and found nothing more formidable than an empty house in a dilapidated condition. The front door banged to and fro in the breeze. The floor threatened to give way any minute, and to complete the dreary and depressing atmosphere of the place, all the windows were boarded up. The only relic of human occupancy was a rusty stove.

Cautiously ascending the rotten staircase we found that the upper rooms contained only a few pieces of rude furniture. A brief look round satisfied our curiosity, and we were making our way below again, when—crash!—the stairs gave way, and we were sprawling in the wreckage. We picked ourselves up from out of the débris and found to our surprise that we were unhurt. We were just preparing to leave, when a curious dull thud was heard overhead. It was now getting dark, and about time for the ghost to commence his evening search. At such a moment the sudden, mysterious noise was startling, to say the least. Without waiting for further developments we both started to run for the back door, it being the nearest—only to find it boarded up. We turned about, but had only taken a few steps when my foot went through the floor and my chum stumbled over me and fell.

Just then a long, wailing cry struck our ears. To our excited imaginations it seemed to come from upstairs. My chum scrambled to his feet, and after some difficulty pulled me out of the hole. Two more thuds from above sent us running for the door. The

thing could meanwhile be heard approaching the opening where the stairs had been, and we could not help casting a scared glance in that direction. What was our amazement and relief to see a very large porcupine looking curiously down at us ! But there was still that mysterious cry to be accounted for. Porcupines, we knew, are not in the habit of uttering such howls as we had heard, so we were not yet quite reassured.

As we rowed home in the dusk, however, we saw a loon swimming off, uttering the long wail that, coming at the "psychological moment," had so terrified us. Everything was now explained ; but needless to say, we never visited the "haunted house " again.

R. McLAUGHLIN (Form V.)

Athletics

THE CRICKET SEASON

THE First Cricket Team deserve the hearty congratulations of all true sportsmen on their performances this season. Under a combination of adverse circumstances which might almost have excused despair, they have "played the game" in the true cricket spirit and have been rewarded by one of the most successful seasons which we have had for some years.

During the opening part of the term it was of course impossible at this time to resist the claims of the cadet-corps, and the Annual Inspection gave us a foretaste of the weather which was to



At the Scoring-Table

be vouchsafed to us during the short period available for cricket. Regular practice, even for those who have not been working hard for matriculation, has been impossible, but a few undaunted spirits took up the game in earnest, and the results were better than anything that was expected.

There has been little or no net practice, but a system based on parties of thirteen players has produced some of the best fielding which we have seen, and it is the fielding that has won us our games.

A special word of praise is due to Moseley for the unselfishness with which he undertook the duties of acting captain when Taylor was unable to leave his books, and we must not omit to congratulate Taylor and Lightbourne on their bowling. They would be the first to admit that their efforts would have been in vain had they not been backed by good fielding. Those responsible for the coaching were undoubtedly right in deciding that, under the circumstances, it would be worse than useless to try to teach scientific batting. In spite of this, or, shall we say, because of it, the batting of the team has been erratic but effective.

A few words about what the season has taught us. The lessons of unselfishness, courtesy, self-control and determination which can be learnt by those who play the game are among the things which can be felt rather than described. We should like to emphasize a few technical points, attention to which will be of real value to the future of St. Andrew's cricket. Some of them have been neglected this year ; some have not.

First : Young cricketers who study the game keenly should be put on a team whenever possible. The painstaking David is of more value than the wild slogging Goliath.

Second : No excuses should be accepted from a boy who does not turn out when selected.

Third : A good pair of cricket boots would have saved many a dropped catch, and broken many a duck's egg this season.

Fourth : A run saved by good fielding is equal to a run made from the bat.

Fifth : A great deal can be accomplished by private study of the game. It is useful to practise swinging a bat even when there is no ball to hit, and two boys and a ball are all that is required for catching practice.

Sixth : English-made cricket material breaks up rapidly in the Canadian climate. A good workman cherishes his favourite tools.

A. ST. J. F.

PERSONNEL OF THE CRICKET TEAM

MOSELEY ("Paul").—Vice-captain and an old colour. He is one of our steadiest and most consistent bats, but was hampered greatly by hard luck in relation to the l.b.w. rule. Is a careful runner between wickets and although not a brilliant fielder, his knowledge of the game is invaluable.

CAMERON ("Bill").—An old colour. Took his place behind the wickets this year and proved to be steady and a decided encouragement to the bowlers. Plays a careful, steady bat; his work at Ridley under the trying conditions was a creditable performance.

HEWITT.—Played on last year's seconds and as a fielder is probably the best on the team. Bats fairly well but is not quite seasoned enough. Will be of great value to next year's eleven.

PATERSON ("Pat").—Did not play cricket last year, but is an ex-captain of the seconds. His bowling was very effective during the Ridley game and he proved to be a steady bat at all times, although somewhat handicapped by glasses. Was a very clean fielder, letting very few get past him.

SOOR ("Eimer").—Learned and played cricket this year for the first time, and succeeded in knocking up many creditable scores during the season. Has a splendid batting eye and uses the half-volley stroke almost incessantly. His fielding was of a spectacular nature at all times.

AULD ("Archie").—Turned out to be a "find" as the season progressed. His peculiar style of batting is very baffling to the bowlers and is of a high order at all times, the best exhibition of which was shown during the U.C.C. game. Is a strong fielder.

ROLPH ("Ernie").—Also one of the seconds of a year ago. Is a good fielder but inclined to be a trifle over-anxious. His batting is of the stonewall nature and of great assistance in trying out the opposing bowlers.

LIGHTBOURNE ("Buster").—Came to us from Bermuda, where he learned the game. Is a thorough, all-round player, but certainly excels in bowling; he bowls a ball which falls well up the pitch, and this is preceded by a rather confusing delivery. His best performance was given during the Upper Canada game.

HUTCHINGS I. ("Um").—Another of Bermuda's gifts to our team. His batting is of a high order and of the hard-hitting type. A particularly good fielder and made numerous brilliant saves during the season.

DAVIES ("Pork").—Although not a fast run-getter, is very valuable on account of his ability to hold up the wicket for a long time, plays a steady, straight bat and is a keen fielder.

TAYLOR ("Joe").—Captain. His experience, which he gained as captain of last year's first eleven, was very valuable to the team. An excellent bowler and a good bat. Showed up exceptionally well in the T.C.S. game. J.W.T. AND J.W.P.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Saturday, June 3rd, U.C.C. and S.A.C. met in the opening game of the Little Big Four on the latter's ground. It was an all day match, commencing at 10.30 a.m. For the first time in our history we beat Upper Canada fairly and squarely at cricket. The good effect of the method of practice adopted this season was shown in the freedom from that nervousness on the part of our team which has so often proved fatal. Perhaps in this connection Soot deserves special mention, his runs coming very usefully just at the right moment. The bowling and fielding were excellent. The score follows :

FIRST INNINGS.

U.C.C.	S.A.C.
Thompson c L'bourne b L'bourne...15	Moseley lbw b Henderson..... 3
Hardaker lbw b Lightbourne..... 1	Hutchings I. b Burrows.....10
Edwards c Cameron b Lightbourne. 0	Cameron b Henderson.....16
Henderson (Capt.) b Taylor..... 0	Lightbourne b Henderson..... 4
MacDonald b Hutchings..... 4	Taylor II. (Capt.) b Burrows... 3
Burrows c Soot b Lightbourne.....12	Hewitt run out..... 1
Tyrrell b Lighbourne..... 2	Davies c Hardaker b Burrows.... 0
Mitchel b Taylor.....10	Soot b Burrows.....14
Denegy b Taylor..... 2	Auld c Pipon b Tyrrell.....15
Pipon b Hutchings..... 6	Kent c Tyrrell b Tyrrell..... 1
Gillespie not out..... 0	Rolph not out..... 1
Extras..... 1	Extras..... 1
Total.....53	Total.....69

BOWLING.

U.C.C. : Lightbourne five for 15 ; Taylor II. three for 23 ; Hutchings two for 5 ; Auld 0 for 8.

S.A.C. : Burrows four for 35 ; Henderson three for 31 ; Tyrrell two for 1.

SECOND INNINGS.

U.C.C.	S.A.C.
Thompson b Taylor..... 2	Auld c Edwards b Tyrrell.....15
Mitchell b Lightbourne..... 2	Moseley b Tyrrell..... 6
MacDonald c Kent b Lighbourne .. 0	Hutchings I. c Mitchell b Burrows. 9
Edwards c Soot b Lightbourne14	Soot b Tyrrell.....10
Burrows b Lightbourne..... 2	Cameron b Tyrrell..... 0
Hardaker b Lightbourne..... 2	Rolph c Mitchell b Burrows..... 9
Henderson lbw b Taylor..... 1	Taylor (Capt.) b Tyrrell..... 0
Tyrrell c Cameron b Taylor..... 1	L'bourne c MacDonald b T'mpson.12
Pipon c Moseley b Lightbourne.... 0	Hewitt c Denegy b Thompson... 1
Denegy c Auld b Taylor..... 0	Kent not out..... 9
Gillespie not out..... 2	Davies b Thompson..... 8
Total.....26	79

BOWLING.

U.C.C. : Lightbourne six for 13 ; Taylor four for 12.

S.A.C. : Burrows two for 21 ; Tyrrell five for 21 ; Thompson three for 22 ; Henderson 0 for 9.

ART. HUNTER.

RIDLEY vs. S. A. C.

About the Ridley game on June 7th the less said the better. It was not cricket. Ridley made 111 runs on a slow wicket and in threatening weather. In a pouring rain and on a pitch from which mud and water splashed wherever the ball fell, St. Andrew's made 16. During our innings the ground was quite unfit for play. Neither team considered the result a fair one, but although Ridley very decently offered a re-play, the lateness of the season and the imminence of exams. decided the Powers-that-Be against it.

RIDLEY.		S.A.C.	
Mills run out.....	0	Moseley lbw b Lefroy.....	3
Wood c Taylor b Taylor.....	9	Hutchings b Wood.....	1
Barr b Taylor.....	0	Lightbourne c Mills b Wood.....	2
Alexander b Paterson.....	46	Hewitt c Mills b Boyd.....	0
McCulloch c Taylor b Taylor.....	23	Auld c Lefroy b Boyd.....	2
Lefroy b Lightbourne.....	6	Cameron b Wood.....	1
Williams c Soot b Paterson.....	7	Taylor (Capt.) c Lefroy b Wood ..	0
Walton lbw b Lightbourne.....	1	Soot b Boyd.....	7
McCulloch II. lbw b Lightbourne ..	3	Paterson b Wood.....	0
Boyd run out.....	7	Rolph not out.....	0
Jarvis not out.....	0	Davies c Williams b Boyd.....	0
Extras.....	9	Extras.....	0
Total.....	111	Total.....	16

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

The Port Hope match on June 10th was the last, and, perhaps, the most pleasant of the season. Port Hope won the toss, and decided to bat first on a very doubtful wicket. They were all out for 45. Paterson and Taylor kept an excellent length and our fielding was nearly all that could be desired. That we obtained 75 in our first innings was due to bad placing of the Port Hope field, and to some very lucky short runs.

T.C.S. second innings was a repetition of the first. During our second innings the wicket was rapidly getting worse and the Port Hope fielding vastly improved, but the proper amount of confidence enabled S.A.C. to knock off the runs with ease.

On neither side was the cricket of a high scientific order, but the weather was comparatively respectable, the best of feeling prevailing throughout, and the day was thoroughly enjoyable.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. C. S.		S. A. C.	
Harper c Rolph b Paterson.....	7	Hutchings b Lazier.....	0
Martin c Auld b Taylor.....	2	Moseley c Howard b Lazier.....	6
Strathy (Capt.) b Taylor.....	2	Auld run out.....	21
Ketchum I. b Lightbourne.....	16	Lightbourne b Martin.....	2
Taylor b Taylor.....	1	Cameron b Wigle.....	0
Lazier b Taylor.....	1	Paterson b Martin.....	1
Morris c Cameron b Paterson.....	1	Taylor (Capt.) b Martin.....	10
Howard II. b Taylor.....	13	Soot c Wigle b Croll.....	14
Wigle lbw b Taylor.....	0	Hewitt lbw b Croll.....	3
Croll c Hutchings b. Lightbourne..	1	Rolph c Clarke b Howard.....	8
Clarke not out.....	0	Davies not out.....	5
Extras.....	1	Extras.....	5
Total.....	45	Total.....	75

SECOND INNINGS.

T. C. S.		S. A. C.	
Harper b Lightbourne.....	7	Soot b Lazier.....	1
Martin c Paterson b Lightbourne..	8	Paterson c Lazier b Wigle.....	0
Ketchum c Hutchings b Taylor....	0	Moseley not out.....	10
Taylor b Lightbourne.....	0	Hutchings c Harper b Morris....	9
Morris run out.....	3	Auld not out.....	1
Strathy c Lightbourne b Paterson..	8	Lightbourne.....	
Lazier b Lightbourne.....	0	Taylor.....	
Howard II. b Lightbourne.....	0	Cameron.....	Did not
Wigle not out.....	11	Rolph.....	bat.
Clarke b Taylor.....	1	Davies.....	
Croll b Taylor.....	7	Hewitt.....	
Extras.....	3	Extras.....	1
Total.....	48	Total.....	22

A. ST. J. F.

THE SECOND TEAM

Our readers must not be discouraged by the fact that the Second Eleven lost their two matches. Owing to circumstances which have been already too often described, they have been somewhat starved in the respect of coaching and of material. We have, however, got our eye on several promising candidates for next year's First Team—young, enthusiastic, and ready with a very little coaching to develop into first-class cricketers.

The first game was with U.C.C. on their ground. Only two practices were had before this match, and we lost by an innings and 31 runs. Though we managed to take nine of their wickets for 39, one of their men batted up their score to 71. Our total for two innings may be deduced !

The second game was with Ridley Seconds, at St. Andrew's, part of it in the rain. We again lost, by an innings and 3 runs. The game was marked by a great catch by Easson. Turnbull batted well, and the bowling of Kent and Wood was worthy of mention.

The following made the team : Calvert, Rendell, Turnbull, Thorley, Tod I., Easson, Wood, Cosgrove, Morrison, Kent, Harris (Capt.). Spares, Secord, Choppin.

GEO. HARRIS (Capt.)

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

The Lower School Cricket season is not over as these words are being written. It has not been easy to obtain a proper



Interested Spectators

amount of practice, and we have suffered as others have suffered from the weather, the war, and the lack of labour for the preparation of practice wickets.

We lost the first match against Upper Canada Prep. through over-confidence and poor cricket, but did much better against T.C.S., and hope to do better still in our return match against Upper Canada.

The T.C.S. match taught us that a game is never won till the last ball is bowled, and that it is dangerous to rely on two star

players. Kent and Choppin did their duty nobly as batsmen—Kent in the first innings, and Choppin in the second, but they were tired when T.C.S. were batting for the second time, and we had no change bowlers. Had T.C.S. declared ten minutes earlier they might have saved the game. The all-day match is an innovation in the Lower School, and we all enjoyed it very much.

The selection of candidates for the First Eleven has been a very difficult task. The last five places in the team are still open to aspiring young cricketers. We have two good bowlers, and two good batsmen, and we have discovered a first-class wicket-keeper who never played cricket before this season. However, our tail wags but feebly.

The most satisfactory feature of our season has been the keenness shown by the boys of the two lowest forms in the school—the future stars of the Upper School firmament. They have responded well to the enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Blomfield, and we are grateful to him for the trouble that he has taken.

A. St. J. F.

Two matches were played—with U.C.C. and T.C.S.—both on our own grounds. Against U.C.C. we lost by an innings and 10 runs. The following represented the school: Choppin, Richardson, Stonehouse, Mackay, Douglas, Skeaff, Robertson, Pollock, Blomfield, Findlay II., Kent (Capt.). Kent and Choppin were the bowlers.

We did much better against T.C.S., winning the match by 29 runs (61 to 32), on one innings. It was not possible to play out two innings in the time, but T.C.S. went in again and knocked up 78 for five wickets, and then declared. We followed, and made the required 22 runs for the loss of eight wickets. The final result therefore left us with two wickets to spare.

Our team was made up as follows: Choppin, Richardson, Stonehouse, Douglas, Mackay, Skeaff, Applegath II., Blomfield, Nerlich I., Findlay II.,

In the first innings Choppin took 7 wickets for 15 runs.

THE TOURNAMENT

The Eleventh Annual Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament was held on May 1st and 2nd. There were many entries and the competitions provided the usual sport.

FENCING.

School Championship—Hewitt won from Rose.

WRESTLING.

65 lb. Class—Smart won from Green.

75 lb. Class—Merry won from Paterson II.

95 lb. Class—Gallagher won from Macdonald.

125 lb. Class—Secord won from Home I.

145 lb. Class—Paterson I. won from Lightbourne. Although Lightbourne was somewhat heavier Paterson made up for this in quickness.

School Championship—Paterson won from Rankin. This bout went four rounds, neither contestant obtaining a fall. Paterson won the decision by his aggressiveness.

BOXING.

Special Light-Heavyweight—Draw between Smart and Green.

65 lb. Class—Easton won from Dennison by default.

75 lb. Class—Findlay II. won from Rogers.

115 lb. Class—Auld won from McCarter.

145 lb. Class—Semi-finals—Firstbrook won from Hutchings II. Cosgrove defeated Jenkins. This bout was very evenly matched and could only be decided after five rounds.

125 lb. Class—Semi-final—Easson won from Choppin.

115 lb. Class—Final—Auld won from Wright II.

125 lb. Class—Final—Tod I. won from Easson. This bout went four rounds on Monday and was decided after three very evenly-contested rounds on Tuesday. Although Easson hit like a sledge-hammer and placed his blows well, Tod I. had the condition.

145 lb. Class—Final—Cosgrove defaulted to Firstbrook.

Taylor won the School Championship, being unchallenged.

ART. HUNTER.

SPORTS DAY .

The Annual College Sports Day was held on Friday, May 19th. The preparations were not so elaborate as in former years nor were there as many guests. Although it rained during the latter part of the afternoon the spectators cheerfully sought shelter on the tuck-shop verandah and the sports proceeded. Owing to the wet condition of the grounds there were no very fast times made, but this did not affect the way in which the events were contested, and there were some very close finishes.

The School Championship was won by Mackenzie, with a total of 28 points. Yuill I., with 18, carried off the House Championship.



Hundred Yards Dash---Senior

Kent won the Junior Championship, obtaining 30 points. Boyd was next with 22 points, thereby winning the Junior House Championship.

The cup for the best contested race was carried off by Cosgrove.

The events were decided as follows (championship events are marked with an asterisk) :

KICKING FOOTBALL—Senior.

1. Campbell.
2. Wallace.
3. Soot.

KICKING FOOTBALL—Junior.

1. Nerlich. 2. Kent. 3. Macdonald II.

Distance 105 ft. 6 in.

*1 MILE RUN—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Tod I.

*½ MILE RUN—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Tod I. 3. Knechtel.

*440 YDS. DASH—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Yuill I. 3. Moseley.

THROWING CRICKET BALL—Senior.

1. Wallace. 2. Morrison. 3. Yuill II. Distance, 104 yds. 6 ft.

THROWING CRICKET BALL—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Choppin. 3. Nerlich. Distance, 206 ft. 6 in.

HURDLE RACE (under 16)—

1. Hewitt. 2. Kent. 3. Boyd.

*RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Macdonald II. 3. Nerlich. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

*STANDING BROAD JUMP—Senior.

1. Yuill I. 2. McKenzie. 3. Yuill II. Distance, 9 ft. 6 in.

*STANDING BROAD JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Robertson. 3. Macdonald II. Distance, 8 ft.

*RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Senior.

1. Yuill I. 2. Yuill II. 3. McKenzie. Distance, 18 ft. 2 in.

*RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Macdonald II. 3. Robertson. Distance, 14 ft.

PUTTING THE SHOT (Open)—

1. Soot. 2. Wallace. 3. Rankin. Distance, 40 ft. 9½ in.

50 YDS. DASH—Preparatory Form.

1. Blomfield. 2. Rogers. 3. Cassels.

*100 YDS. DASH—Senior.

1. Cosgrove. 2. McKenzie. 3. Yuill I. Time, 10 4-5 secs.

100 YDS. DASH—Under 13.

1. King. 2. Blomfield I. 3. Nerlich. Time, 13 secs.

THREE-LEGGED RACE—Open.

1. Applegath and Findley II. 2. Secord and McCarter.
3. Blomfield I. and Paterson III.

*220 YDS. DASH—Senior.

1. McKenzie. 2. Cosgrove. 3. Yuill I. Time, 26 2-5 secs.

100 YDS. DASH—Under 16.

1. Boyd. 2. Hewitt. 3. Macdonald II. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

LOWER SCHOOL HANDICAP.

1. Applegath II. 2. King. 3. Denison II. Time, 13 secs.

*100 YDS. DASH—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. King. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

*HURDLE RACE—Senior.

1. Knechtel. 2. Cosgrove. 3. McKenzie. Time, 21 1-5 secs.

*220 YDS. DASH—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. McDonald II. Time, 30 secs.

SACK RACE—Open.

1. Findley II. 2. Nerlich.

OBSTACLE RACE—Open.

1. Findley II.

*RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Senior.

1. Tod II. 2. Yuill I. 3. Cosgrove.

*HURDLE RACE—Junior.

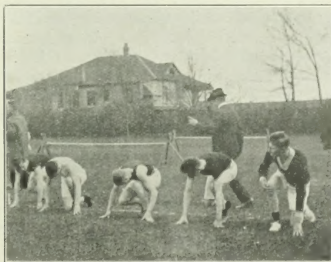
1. Kent. 2. Findley II.

CONSOLATION RACE—Junior.

1. Merry.

After the sports the guests repaired to the Assembly Hall, where Lady Hendrie kindly consented to present the prizes. After this ceremony had been performed, Lady Hendrie requested that Dr. Macdonald give the school a half-holiday, to which he consented amid rounds of applause. An informal dance was held, during which refreshments were served in the dining hall.

ART. HUNTER.



Are You Ready ?

School News

THE CADET CORPS

THIS summer term, despite unusual discouragements, the Cadet Corps has achieved a high and significant place in the activities of the school. This is as it should be. Almost every day brings news of our boys' heroism and endurance even unto death, in France and Belgium. So it has been well to keep in being the School Corps which has given so many of them their earliest military training for these soldiering days. Moreover, realizing the advantages offered by company drill, the present members have taken this early opportunity with serious mind and have done their best to make enthusiasm atone for a lack of numbers.

To Mr. Chapman's energy and cheerfulness amid difficulties, the Corps is again greatly indebted. Especially is this true with reference to the bands, whose work he has supervised throughout the year. In this he has been fortunate in the services of Lieut. John Slatter, of the 48th Highlanders. Mr. Slatter has trained at least five overseas bands since August, 1914, yet his kindly interest in the boys of the College has enabled him to devote part of his busy week to their instruction. For this they would again like to thank him.

The bugle band has latterly had as its drum-sergeant, "the boy Warburton," an old soldier who was discovered by his parent at Valcartier camp—soloist to a Prince Edward Island battery.

The pipe band, organized for the first time this year, was able to secure the offices of Pipe-Major Fraser, of the Highlanders. Under his tuition these juniors have mastered many a martial air and have attained a gravity of deportment we believe no school discipline could ever have inculcated.

In speaking of difficulties this term, we refer to the frequent if temporary disorganization of the Corps, caused by the enlistment of fourteen of its members. Of these ten have gone in the ranks. Soot succeeded Cantley as captain. Whittaker was succeeded by Willoughby, who in turn was followed by Paterson as lieutenant. The Corps also lost its Colour-Sergeant, Grant; its Drum-Major, R. A. Cameron, and a Sergeant, Comstock.

Whether or not it was best they should go so soon we cannot say. They would not have understood anyone who would have tried to prevent them. One after another they left, and for them as for many others, it will be but a short step to the great struggle abroad. We wish them God-speed.

By those boys meditating active service this year, the red coat came to be viewed as something of an abomination. It has passed, and the corps, clad in khaki tunics, has by its businesslike appearance, converted everyone.

Shooting on the range at the new school site has been supplemented by the installing of movable targets in the gymnasium. Here the rank and file have gained some practical experience in musketry with a great saving in time.

One of the brightest afternoons enjoyed by the corps was on the occasion of its being invited to Government House. The boys will never be able to express their appreciation of Sir John and Lady Hendrie's gracious courtesy and hospitality. Gen. Logie was pleased to inspect the corps, after which the boys were given the freedom of the premises. On the occasion of her last visit to the College, Lady Hendrie informed the boys that she hoped the visit of the Cadet Corps would be an annual event. It will be one greatly looked forward to.

At the request of Lieut-Col. Chisholm, the corps had the honour of escorting the 92nd Highlanders to the Riverdale Station. This was also a much appreciated compliment, as the 92nd has among its officers one of our masters, Lieut. Tudball, and no less than eight of our Old Boys. The pipe-and-bugle bands of the Corps supplied the music en route. For the younger members it will some day be a proud memory that they played to the station a very gallant regiment during the first stage of its departure for the great war.

The Cadet inspection was a credit to the boys and to those responsible for their training. Here we wish to acknowledge the services of Cantley, who, despite his youthfulness, held a commission in the Nova Scotia Highlanders, as well as an instructor's certificate. Major Marling's remarks add another inspiration for those who follow, to carry on the high standard maintained by others in the past.

Of former members of the Corps who have gone down in the great fight, two of our best beloved just recently, we cannot

speak here. Nor do we, who have known and lived with them, offer conventional sympathy to those who are nearer and dearer. "One fight more, the last and the best," they *have* fought. Killed in action, struck off the roll of their regiments and with stars against their names—for us they are not dead. R.L.



The Band

UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

AN unexpected treat was enjoyed by the School when one afternoon, instead of proceeding to our classrooms, we were summoned into the Assembly Hall. The occasion turned out to be a visit from Major Pringle, just back from the trenches, where he has been serving as Chaplain. Major Pringle will be remembered by many Old Boys for the splendid address he gave at the School in the year 1904, on his experiences and adventures in the Yukon.

In his very graphic, entertaining talk on the present occasion, Major Pringle took us on a walk right through the trenches



"Kultur"---The Matriculation German Class

explaining their construction and the manner of life lived there. It was news to most of us to hear how useful a knowledge of cookery comes in. We had heard about the rats, and enjoyed the tale about the Aberdeen terrier and how he accounted for sixty-five in no time; but the description of the wasp nuisance was something new. A very hearty cheer was given when Major Pringle told of coming to his son's trench.—"Some of you will remember the boy who walked 500 miles from Peace River to Edmonton to enlist—that was my boy"—and we sympathized with "dad" when that boy admonished him for "ducking" the whistling bullets. Perhaps the most impressive thing in the

whole address was the account of the unconcerned way the natives of the country behave under shell-fire. Here is an instance :

"I was waiting for the orderly to bring up my mare when two big shells came up from the German trenches. One of these struck the house of a labourer standing a short way off the road, and took a bite of about ten feet out of it, and carried the whole thing quite a distance. If I had been in that house, and had not khaki on, I would have hit the trail for the rear, and would have put a sixty-mile-a-day gait on ! Just wait and see what happened.

Evidently it didn't bother them at all. After a few minutes, first of all the door opened, and out ran a little girl about eight years of age, and then her mother followed her with a birch broom, and very quietly she swept the mud from the little brick walk, and off the front of the house, and then they both went in again!"

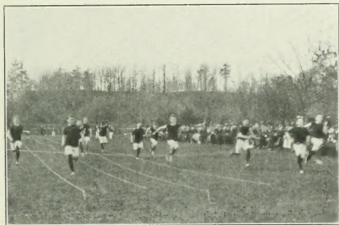
The lecture closed with the description of two exciting air-fights witnessed by the speaker, and a very reassuring statement as to the efficiency of our air-service. Altogether it was a most enjoyable and inspiring talk. Good luck to Major Pringle, and may we soon have him with us again!

A handsome book has been issued by Messrs. Dent and Son : "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by S. T. Wood. The illustrations of flowers, birds and butterflies, beautifully printed in colour, are by Mr. Holmes, our drawing-master ; and there are effective decorative headings done by his pupils at the Ontario College of Art. The beauty and value of Mr. Holmes' studies of flowers are well known to competent judges. The present volume will, we hope, make his work familiar to a wider circle. The book will be a desirable addition to the library of any boy who is interested in the life of the woods and fields.

A LOWER SCHOOL CHRONICLE

I MET the Editor of THE REVIEW the other day, and he challenged me to write an account of all the things that have been going on lately in the Lower School. As it seemed easier at the time to accept the challenge than to refuse it, I took up the glove; but I find now that it would have been easier to let it alone, for I'm hanged if I know what has *not* been going on in the Lower School. Everything and everybody has been going on, and there is no stopping them.

To begin with, there's the clock. It is not a striking object. It does not possess a peal of bells. But, for all that, it takes it into its head to *strike* every now and then. That is to say, it sometimes refuses to work. And, let me say, in passing, or, as



Hundred Yards Dash--Junior

the learned editor would express it, *en passant*, that there is this fundamental difference between a clock and a workman. A clock strikes when it works; whereas a workman only works when he is not striking. I invented this joke myself; so, if you repeat it, please do not palm it off as one of your own. I perpetrated it as a set-off to some of those silly jokes one is always hearing about *Fords*: "When you want a new pair of roller skates, buy a pair of—" (and all that sort of thing).

But to return to the Lower School clock. This ingenious contrivance goes on in a more or less desultory sort of way, that is to say, by fits and starts. They tell me that it is connected by

electric current with all the observatories in the world. That is, no doubt, why it indicates so many different kinds of time. I have discovered that although you can't tell by this clock what time it *is*, you can always rely upon ascertaining to a fraction of a second what time it is *not*. This is a great advantage, as will easily be seen. Furthermore, I have calculated that when the big hand is at seven, and the little hand at eleven, the correct time is always a quarter-past four. Starting from this *datum*, it is a comparatively easy matter to calculate other arrangements of the hands, especially if one has a slight knowledge of trigonometry, conic sections, the binomial theorem, and differential calculus.

What else has been going on? Let me see. On Empire Day we had some fireworks; but *they went off*! There was the craze for marbles; but *that went out*! Pocket money has been going *down*, and the cost of "tuck" has been going *up*! What, alas, has been going *on*? A happy thought flashes across my foot. I will consult the archives. The archives are kept in the Muniment Room, otherwise known as the Masters' Common Room; and these said archives, chronicles, annals, records, or *gesta Romanorum*, are vulgarly known as the Detention Book. In this important register we preserve, keep, and hand down to posterity, the various achievements of the present generation.

What do I find among the entries for the present term? I find (*miserabile dictu*) that on the ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, a certain boy—who shall be nameless—*came down late to breakfast*!

Now I can never understand how any boy possessed of a reasonable amount of intelligence, can ever find it in his heart to come down late to breakfast. Being late for school, or, indeed, for any kind of work, is comprehensible enough. But being late for *breakfast* is an offence for which I can see no justification whatever. What can be the motive or intention of a boy who comes down late for breakfast? What useful purpose is served by such a course of conduct? Personally, when I was a boy, I would rather have stood outside the dining hall all night, with my hand on the door-knob, waiting to be the first to get in, than miss a single moment of the bliss of eating breakfast. As Cicero saith (in the *Via Latina*) "Live to eat, not eat to live." That used to be *my* motto as a boy.

I would like to give some further particulars; for example, about the "little goings-on" in Upper North Dormitory; but I

am reminded that it is against the rules to tell tales out of school. Therefore I will not say what Merry and Skeaff got for beginning the day too early on one occasion, or what 'Black II, and Calvert got for ending it too late on another. Silence is golden. So I will only say, in the words of a certain ghost in a certain play (see Shakespeare's edition of Bacon) :

 'But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house,
 I *could* a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul."

E.C.B.

Old Boys' News

MARRIAGES

[AN APOLOGY AND A CORRECTION !—In the Easter number an announcement was made, in error, of the marriage of Captain W. H. Lytle. We greatly regret the annoyance which this mistake must have occasioned. We also offer our apologies to Capt. H. K. Hamilton, the notice of whose marriage should have read : "To Miss Della Ashley, of Toronto."]

ACTON, J. CLARK, April 26th, 1916, to Miss Vera Irene Collins, of Toronto.

BURTON, CAPT. R. B. S., April 15th, to Miss Ida Beatrice Ellis, of Toronto.

DONALD, CAPT. HUGH H., April 5th, 1916, to Miss Janet Robb, of Valleyfield, Que.

HANNA, LIEUT. W. B., April 21st, 1916, to Miss Marion Olive Powis, of Toronto.

HERTZBERG, LIEUT. OLAF P., April, 1916, to Miss Janet C. Morris, of Toronto.

KILGOUR, R. CECIL, May 3rd, 1916, to Miss Ruth R. Jackman, of Toronto.

McKENZIE, CAPT. KENNETH G., June 5th, to Miss Irene Evelyn Biette, of Tillsonburg, Ont.

OBITUARY

MALONE, MAURICE EDWARD

"Mike" Malone, as he will always be known at his old school, was born in Toronto on April 2nd, 1895. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1907, going in to Form II. His removes were obtained with regularity, and the year 1912-1913 found him in Form Upper VI., and one of the leading spirits in residence. In that year he received a Prefectship and was very influential in the House. Possessing extraordinary ability as a goal-keeper, he played on the Second Hockey Team in that position in 1912. In

1913 he obtained his First Team Hockey Colours, again playing in goal.

In 1910 he made his place on the Third Football Team. In 1911 he played as outside wing on the First Team and filled the same position on the First Team in 1912.

During the Summer Term of 1911, he captained the Second Eleven; and kept wicket for the First Eleven both in 1912 and in 1913. His last year at school found him a member of the Athletic Directorate, the REVIEW Staff, and of the Executive Committee of the Literary Society. During that year he was also one of the Senior Officers of the Cadet Corps.

His good temper, ready humour, steady worth and unfailing thoughtfulness rendered him unusually popular with the boys of his generation.

His regular presence at all school activities, and his frequent attendance at Chapel Service during the two years succeeding his leaving school, made him very well known to the present generation of boys, who feel particularly touched by the knowledge that he has made the supreme sacrifice.

He had completed his second year in Arts at the University, and in May obtained a commission in the 48th Highlanders, almost immediately joining the 58th Battalion for overseas service. On arriving in England in November, 1915, he was transferred to the 12th Battalion, and on his arrival in France was transferred to the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders), with which battalion he was fighting when he was killed in action, "leading his men like a veteran under a particularly dangerous shell fire." His life after leaving school, all too brief as it was, evidenced the same unselfishness and thoughtfulness, and the same brightness of spirit that was present in such marked degree in his school days.

CAMPBELL, GEORGE HENDERSON

"Geordie" Campbell was born in Halifax on May 18th, 1893. He will long be remembered with affection by the boys who were with him in school. He entered the Third Form in September, 1906, and went through the school, matriculating into Dalhousie University in 1911. He spent his first two years in residence in the Lower School, coming over to the Upper School the following year. While at St. Andrew's College he took a keen interest in the general activities of the school, and was always ready to help

*Killed
May 16, 1916*

where the fellows wanted him. In 1907 he was a member of the Lower School House Team. In 1910 he played on the 2nd Football Team; was one of the Librarians during 1909-1910, and obtained his First Eleven colours in 1911, being noted for his bowling and fielding. For several years he was a member of the Cadet Corps. He was one of the most lovable boys that we have ever had at the old school. Those of us who knew him can readily appreciate the great sorrow that is experienced by his many friends in the home circle in Halifax. For as he grew up to young manhood in his University life, those who knew him had learned to love and trust the lad. There was real sorrow at his old school when on May 19th (almost on his very birthday) we received the sad news that he had been killed in action.

NOTES

THE names of many Old Boys will be found mentioned in the Letters from the Front.

At the moment of going to press we are still waiting in anxiety for tidings of Lieut. Hugh Macdonnell, who was reported wounded and missing after the recent heavy fighting near Ypres. Lieut. J. M. Macdonnell was in England, we believe, at the time of this engagement.

We have all been filled with joy at the glad news about Lieut. Guy Rutter, who had been at first reported killed in the same action. He is now said to be improving rapidly, and bound for England. More cruelly sad appears the contrary mistake, by which Lieut. Malone's parents were at first led to believe that their son was safe. The Headmaster has just now received a letter from Rutter expressing pleasure at receipt of the REVIEW.

Two more Old Boys to wear the Military Cross!—Lieut. E. R. Allen, for heroism in an extremely difficult undertaking, tunnelling under and blowing up German trenches at St. Eloi. Out of five men who accompanied him on this occasion, four were killed—and Lieut. "Jamie" Auld, for gallantry in bringing in wounded under heavy fire at the same place. He was wounded in several places, but, we understand, not seriously. It will be remembered that Auld passed through the school from the lower

forms up, and consistently led his Form each year. Lieut. Allen, in acknowledging receipt of the Easter REVIEW, sent us the names of two other Old Boys to add to the Honour Roll, and added : "I have met S.A.C. men in all branches of the Imperial Service, from the Navy up and down, so together with the large number supplied the Canadian Contingents, the School can certainly lay claim to an unbeaten record of all-round useful men."

Flight-Lieut. Rogers passed *first* in the flying-tests held in England before his departure for the front. He is now on active service there.

Lieut. T. F. Findley, when last heard from, was in hospital as a result of drinking bad water. He says : "I spent part of a day with Mike Malone and Bud Brown about a fortnight ago. . . . Bud looks as if he had put on a good forty pounds since joining the army. I also saw Alex. Sinclair and Arnold Davidson. The former looks larger if possible than when he used to teach us to form fours, slope arms, etc."

"Tod" Grant, our former co-editor, who qualified for a commission in February, decided about Easter to go as gunner in the same battery as the Whitakers. They are all in England now. Tod writes interestingly about Old Boys he has met. He says : "Who do you think I had dinner with last night ? No one but 'Unc.' Dymont. He is in hospital here—was buried in a dugout. He lost his voice, but it is coming back. . . . The longer I am here the more Old Boys I meet." He mentions Don McGillivray and "Bobs" Jones-Bateman. Dudley Ross, he says, is taking a commission in the Navy. Victor Diver is a sergeant. Bennett "primus" was wounded at the Dardanelles and has been in hospital for five months. All news of great interest to many of our readers.

Lieut. W. K. Macnee, writing from a dugout in Belgium, expresses kind appreciation of the REVIEW, and especially of the Old Boys' Letters. He had recently fallen in with Corbould, who has also kept in touch with the old School. Macnee was expecting to be sent home shortly to act as instructor in grenade work, so we may have the pleasure of a visit from him next term.

Lieut. A. B. Lindsay had the honour of receiving and carrying the colours presented by Mayor Church to the 75th Battalion before they left recently for the front.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war." Great honour has been won for the School by the success of an Old Boy, E. L. Cousins, Engineer of the Toronto Harbour Commission. He has just been promoted to the position of General Manager of that important body, which is carrying out such immense and far-reaching changes on the Toronto water-front.

Again we appeal to our readers to help by sending us items of information for this department of the REVIEW. The Old Boys' section should, we feel, be an important feature of a school magazine. In this connection the REVIEW staff have to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Miss Brookes, whose good memory of, and interest in the Old Boys has been an invaluable help in the production of the REVIEW and especially in the compilation of the Honour Roll.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the College, at the Old Boys' Dinner, April 19th. These dinners seem to be a bit pleasanter each year. A number of new faces were seen and many old friends turned up. Over sixty per cent. of the Old Boys are serving the Empire, and a showing of fifty-seven at the dinner many in uniform, speaks particularly well at this time for the interest taken in the Association.

Toasts were drunk to the King, the College and the Boys at the Front. We have undertaken to send the REVIEW to every Old Boy on service. Dr. Macdonald told how greatly this had been appreciated and already we feel repaid for the work. Tobacco and cigarettes were also sent at Christmas to Old Boys, prisoners in Germany.

A new feature was introduced at the meeting, that of granting the Life Membership for twenty-five dollars. This is an idea that we feel sure will be taken advantage of by a great many Old Boys. We also had the honour of electing Dr. Macdonald as our first Life Member.

Any information of the whereabouts of Old Boys, sent to

the College, will be much appreciated, so that record may be kept complete.

The interest taken in the Association is very real and is yearly growing greater. We will be pleased to have any boys who have not enrolled do so by sending in their names to the College, so that we may keep in touch with one another.

The following officers of the Association were elected :

President—Mr. Lloyd Wood

Sec.-Treas. : Mr. Lyman Howe.

1st Vice-President—Capt. Victor Hastings.

2nd Vice-President—Dr. H. Tovell.

The Executive Officers were given power to complete the membership of the Committee.

L. H.

EXCHANGES

The following is our Exchange List for the year. We regret that there are not as many as usual and hope there will be a larger list next time :

The Argosy—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

The Ashburian—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

The Albanian—St. Alban's College, Brockville, Ont.

Acta Ridleiana—St. Catharines, Ont.

Acadia Athænæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Black and Red—University School, Victoria, B.C.

The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The Carlisle Arrow—Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Hilltop—Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J.

High School of Quebec—Quebec.

Queen's Journal—Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

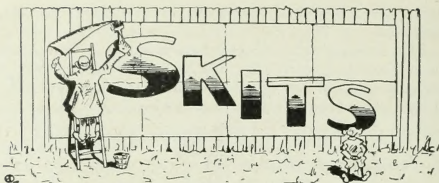
The Ramble—New York Military Academy, Cornwall on Hudson, N.Y.

The Schoolman—St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.

Vox Lycei—Hamilton Collegiate, Hamilton, Ont.

Red and White—Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Illinois.

A. P. HUNTER.



Cadet Captain : "Beer, eyes right !"

Beer : "So's I !"

Third-Former, coming up to Dack : "Say, what are the masters paid for around here? Seems to me we do all the work."

Paterson : "I wonder why women don't have beards."

Hunter : "For the same reason that vegetation never grows around a gas works."

Warburton : "Oh, Maud, this knife is dull and the steak is like leather."

Maud : "How would it do to strop the knife on the steak?"

Mr. Laidlaw : "Who was Xerxes?"

Firstbrook : "Wasn't he the editor of the Delphic Oracle, sir?"

Marc Antony (to the ghost of Cæsar) : "Julius, art thou sure thou art dead?"

Julius Cæsar : "Dead sure."—*Ex.*

Teacher : "Well, Dorothy, what is a panther?"

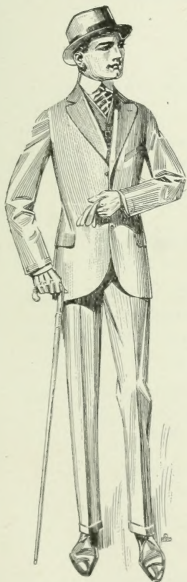
Dorothy : "Pleath, ma'am, a panther ith a man who makth panths."—*Ex.*

Lightbourne : "That fellow reminds me of Atlantic City."

Jenkins : "Why?"

Lighbourne : "Because of his bored walk."

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Mr. Laidlaw : "What were the three class-divisions in Sparta?"

Rolph : "Men, women and children."

Hutchings II. : "What are you going to do next year?"

Brouse : "Take a course in pharmacy."

Hutch : "I didn't know you were going to be a farmer."

"He's a great mathematician."

"Sum professor, eh?" —*Ex.*

Master : "Do we import any raw material from France?"

Voice from rear : "Only plays."

It was at the back of the fighting line where several men of an Irish regiment were having a quiet game of cards, the following conversation ensued :

"What was that last card oi dealt ye Moike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on yer hands before ye picked it up." —*Ex.*

President "Fin" Hunter of the Garbage-man's Reform League, has a new proposition to offer us, instead of the daylight-saving scheme, Why not have four meals a day? It amounts to the same thing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," asked the famous lecturer, "what is the most important question before the American people to-day."

"What's the score?" came back the chorus.

McNulty : "Why is fresh bread like a caterpillar?"

Rankin : "Because it makes the butter fly."

Soot : "What is the capital of Mexico?"

Cameron : "About thirty cents."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Name one memorable date in Roman History."

Johnston : "Oh, yes! Antony's date with Cleopatra."

St. Andrew's College

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Mr. Fleming : "What's that noise down there."

Campbell : "It was only Smith, sir. He dropped a perpendicular."

Mr. Magee (in German class) : "Wo kommen Sie denn her ?"

Watson : "I did comb it, sir."

Yuill II. : (Putting on Cadet uniform) : "No wonder the Scotch are noted for swearing."

Her hair is lank and sorrel,
Her face a homely scar ;
Her form is like a barrel,
And her feet canal boats are.
You ask, what makes me love her ?
What makes you think I do ?
I don't !

Tod I. : "Whazza matter—got a cold ?"

Tod II. : "No ; froze my nose last winter and now it's thawing out."

Ross : "I heard to-day that Minerva sprang from the head of Jove."

Wright : "Sort of an extract from the bean, as it were."

Hutchings I. : "Do you take old clothes and bones ?"

Ragman : "Yes, anything ; get on the scales."

Seen in a daily paper : Don't kill your wife. Let us do your dirty work. City Laundry.—*Ex.*

Class Room—derived from the Greek work $\ddagger_3 ? ! x O S$ (meaning "to sleep"), and $\%_x \ddagger @cxz$ (meaning "place," hence, a place to sleep.

Passenger : "What makes the train move so slow ?"

Conductor : "If you don't like it you can get out and walk."

Passenger : "I would, only I'm not expected until train time." —*Ex.*

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Magistrate : "What brought you here ?"

Prisoner : "Two policemen, yer honour."

Magistrate : "Drunk again, I suppose."

Prisoner : "Yes, sir ! Both of them."—*Ex.*

Talk about being hungry!

I was hungry as a bear.

So walking into Bowles's Lunch

I ate off the arm of a chair.—*Ex.*

Mr. Findlay (speaking of *The Ancient Mariner*): "What did the Wedding Guest do after he received the moral lesson ?"

Firstbrook : "Joined the Salvation Army."

Emmerson : "Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones ?"

Moseley : "Why—oh, I give up !"

Emmerson : "To keep their coats buttoned, of course."

Lower School Boy : Just think of it—a full course meal with meat, vegetables, and entrée, roast and dessert, all for 10 cents !

Upper School Boy (excitedly) : Where is that ?

Lower School Boy : Nowhere ; but just think of it ! (*Exit, hurriedly.*)

Morrison : "Jenkins is worried over his feet ; he's afraid they are not mates."

Lorient : "Howzat"

Morrison : "He says they won't go to sleep together."

Jones : "How much is a marriage license ?"

Clerk : "One dollar."

Jones : "I've only got fifty cents."

Clerk : "You're lucky."—*Ex.*

Cross : "Say, you want to keep your eyes open when you walk around here."

Harris : "Why ?"

Cross : "Because you'll look like a fool if you go around with them shut."

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Fat lady : "Yeah, my husband."

Floorwalker : "First aisle to your left—mail order department."

Hunter (very bored) : "I think I'll sell the C.N.R. It's causing me too much worry."

The routine of a boarder's life, told by a few well-known

7.15 a.m. (Rising Bell) : "Awake, ye Saints, awake."

7.30 a.m. (Warning) : "Christian seek not yet repose."

7.45 a.m. (Breakfast) : "O come, all ye faithful."

9.30 a.m. (School) : "Go labour on."

10.40 a.m. (Recess) : "O Paradise, O Paradise."

12.40 a.m. (Lunch) : "Hark the glad sound."

1.30 p.m. (School) : "Here we suffer grief and pain."

3.00 p.m. (School over) : "O happy band of pilgrims."

6.00 p.m. (Dinner) : "Come ye thankful people come."

7.15 p.m. (Study) : "Work for the night is coming."

9.15 p.m. (Study over) : "Now the labourer's task is o'er."

9.45 p.m. (Warning) : "Return, O wanderer to thy home."

9.55 p.m. (Last Warning) : "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

10.00 p.m. (Lights out) : "Peace, perfect peace."

Lady : "I want a pound of coffee in the bean please."

Clerk : "You'll have to go upstairs, madam. This is the ground floor."—*Ex.*

There once was a student of math.

Who showed as he stood in the bath

A chest like a ladder

A shape like an adder

As long and as thin as a lath.

(With apologies to B.H.W.)

Notice :—A number of Soot's boots have been left about the grounds as waste paper receptacles ; don't mistake them for boats, because we are two miles from the lake.

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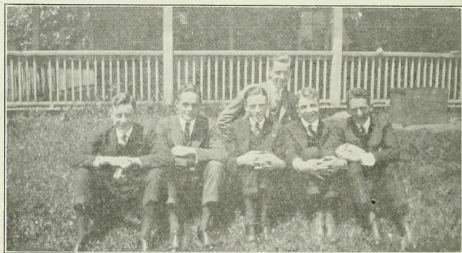
Cor. Yonge and Richmond
Streets

She went down to the round house
And interviewed an oiler ;
"What is that thing ?" "Why," he replied,
"That is the engine boiler."
"And why do they boil engines ?" asked
The maiden, sweet and slender ;
"They do it," said the honest man,
"To make the engine tender."—*Ex.*

"Have you a stove-lifter I could borrow ?" asked the woman
who had just moved in.

"I am sorry to say I haven't, but my husband is a piano
mover," suggested the woman next door.

JOE TAYLOR.



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M. Foster.....	1
H. Home.....	1
L. Home.....	1
J. Lawson.....	1
E. Lowndes.....	4
G. Lumbers.....	1
J. McDougall.....	1
D. McCarter.....	4
R. McLaughlin.....	1
L. Nerlich.....	3
V. Nerlich.....	3
L. O'Dell.....	4
H. O'Dell.....	4
G. Patterson.....	1
D. Patterson.....	1
E. Rolph.....	2
D. Ross.....	3
C. W. Travis.....	2
H. Willoughby.....	1
H. Watson.....	1



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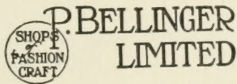
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